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RARE


Anna Dorman

Potpourri

1915



The Annual of the Louisiana State Normal School. Being a record of the life, activities, and interests of its students



Grace Atkins

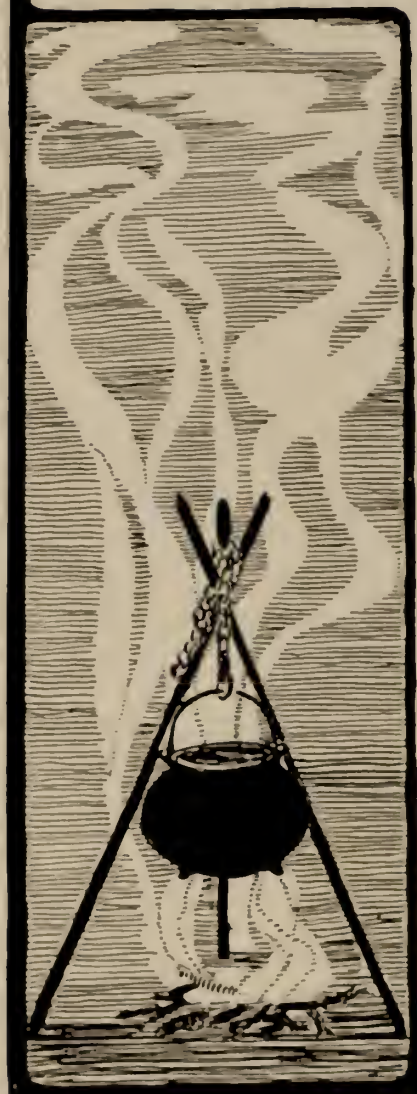


Dean Varnado


For all the gladness you have spread,
When joy was gone, and hopes were dead:
For all your counsel, for all hope,
That came to us from words you spoke.
For all our sorrows you have shown:
For all the loving words you've said,
And all the hearts you have borne:
Our elder sister, and teacher true,
Our helper, friend, mother too,—
Unworthy though this gift may be,
Yet, gentle Dean, it is to thee
We dedicate this Potpourri.
UNION JUSTICE CONFIDENCE
STATE OF LOUISIANA

70320

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G. ATKINS

Prologue

Come, come, come,
From thy dwelling place, O Queen,
And bring thy fairy hand
That makes the old Hill green.

Come, come, come,
Let them work with us, O Queen,
To make our Potpourri
What we would have it mean:—

A mixture of everything
We have loved and thought of here,
A medley of mem'ries glad,
A medley of mem'ries dear.

Elmira Montgomery.


CALENDAR
1914
Sept. 14, Fall Term Begins
Dec. 4, Fall Term Ends
Dec. 7, Winter Term Begins
Dec. 23 } Christmas
Jan. 3, 1915 } Vacation
Mar. 5, Winter Term Closes
May 8, Spring Term Begins
May 23, Commencement
May 27, Spring Term Ends
May 31, Summer Term Begins
Aug. 7, Summer Term Ends
Marguerite Frayhr - '15

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The Cottage


FACULTY



President V. L. Roy

Hoch der President

Der President of dis Normal plandt
On dis high hill all dings command,
Ve two—Ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Faculty.

Dere's Freshies swaggering all aroundt—
Dey's augespieldt
To much we dink dey don't amount—
Myself—und Faculty.

Dey will not dare to break der rules;
But if dey should, I've got de tools
That'll show dem blain dat dey are fools—
Myself—und Faculty.

Der Seniors dinks dey is nicht small seers,
Midt books UND SUCH dey interferes.
Dey'll learn none owns dis hill up here
But me—und Faculty.

Dey dinks some clean slips dey's got,
Und papers mit der scarlet "P."
Ach! Ve could give dem F! Like dat—
Myself—und Faculty.

My office is de blace of wars;
I bear der slips mit absent marks,
Und care not for dem thousand aks—
Myself—und Faculty.

In fact, I humor efry whim,
Mit aspects dark und visage grim;
Ven dey pull mit me and I mit dem—
Myself—und Faculty.

ELISE RAMKE.



Some Are Born Great

The Faculty

Mr. Harold R. Harvey ("Jeff")
Director School of Music

Miss Noelie Hart ("Mademoiselle")
French

Miss Lucy Dancy ("Lucy")
Girls' Athletics

Miss Evelyn Sheen ("Crepe de Chine")
Art

Miss Mabel Moore ("Mabel Clare")
English

Mr. Henry W. Stopher ("Snookums")
Public-School Music

Dr. J. C. Hazzard ("Haphazard")
English

Mr. Alfred D. St. Amant ("Augusta")
Social Science

Mr. John C. South ("John Corbley")
Latin

Mr. R. W. Winstead ("Cicero")
Latin

Mrs. Ruby Price ("Ruby")
Secretary to the President

Miss Dean Edwards Varnado ("Sister Dean")
Dean of Women, History

Mrs. Lizzie Carter McVoy ("Lady Mac")
English

Miss Cecile Mandot ("Cecile")
Piano

Mrs. Fannie Montgomery ("Miss Fan")
Stewardess



Some Achieve Greatness

The Faculty (Continued)

Miss Cora Frances Davies (" Mutt ")
Voice

Miss Scharlie Russell (" Chollie ")
Librarian

Miss Grace Bordelon (" Grace ")
Fifth Grade Critic Teacher

Miss Bessie Russell (" Bessie ")
First Grade Critic Teacher

Miss Martha Feltus (" Cousin Mattie ")
High School Critic Teacher

Miss Berta Haupt (" Hippity-Hop ")
Second Grade Critic Teacher

Miss Bess Ashton Graham (" Queen Bess ")
Fourth Grade Critic Teacher

Miss Augusta Nelken (" Gussie ")
Seventh Grade Critic Teacher

Miss Amelia Gaulden ("Amelia")
High School Critic Teacher

Miss Virginia Hulsart (" Hulsie ")
Third Grade Critic Teacher

Miss Edna Levy (" Eddie ")
Sixth Grade Critic Teacher

Mr. C. C. Whisenhunt (" Whizzie ")
Head of the Training Department

Mr. J. E. Guardia (" Ned ")
Principal of the High School

President V. L. Roy (" V. L.")

Mr. S. C. Claman (" Sammie ")
Psychology

Dr. Herbert C. Cooley (" Herbert ")
Pedagogy



And Some Have Greatness Thrust Upon Them

The Faculty (Continued)

♠

Mr. George W. Williamson (" Pap ")
Biology

Mr. J. C. Monroe (" Money Man ")
Auditor

Mr. Arch M. Hopper (" Mr. Hopper-Craft ")
Manual Training

Mr. Peter T. Hedges (" Peter Thompson ")
Mathematics

Mr. Charles K. Payne (" Red ")
Mathematics

Mr. H. Lee Prather (" Slats ")
Mathematics and Athletics

Mrs. Flora Evans Bowers (" Mother Bowers ")
Trained Nurse

Mr. Francis G. Fournet (" Frenchie ")
Physics

Miss Lalon Nelson (" Lalon ")
Domestic Science

Miss Margaret W. Weeks (" Tilly ")
Domestic Science

Mr. John W. Bateman ("John Wesley ")
Rural Training

Miss Norma Overbey (" Norma ")
Agriculture

Mr. Leon A. Davis (" Lad ")
Chemistry

Heaven or Normal

O, last night I did dream the most wonderful dream
I was far away from this old place, so it seemed
Though old Normal, it was but a thing of the past
Still, her spell, it did hang over me till the last

And I'd finished here, with great honors and all
And in some State high school had then been installed
All my teaching and training were speedily blest,
For I soon went to Heaven to take my long rest

As I paused at the top of the bright golden stair
Quite an interesting group did I see gathered there
At them long did I gaze, and at last recognized
Every teacher from Normal in angelic guise

Mr. Roy was there in the midst of the band,
With a scepter of power raised high in his hand
It distinctly recalled all the old Normal joys,
When he was the ruler of us girls and boys

Mr. Winstead was there, with a smile on his face,
Because, since he'd reached Heaven, he'd sure found his place
And, along with the rest of the Latinists great,
He could sing Latin songs at a very great rate.

Mr. Hedges had drawn poor old Euclid aside,
And was showing him "props" that he hadn't tried
Miss Davies I saw, and I soon heard her say
Sure, this is the midst of one perfect day."

Mrs. McVoy kept Shakespeare ashamed all the time,
And showed why he knew little of rhythm and rhyme,
For was not she preparing a paper of might
To be read to the club of the angels that night?

Mr. Davis, with Chemistry still on his mind,
Had just paused on the way, and so been left behind
But he hurried a little and arrived at the gate
And the guard let him in, though a few moments late

Miss Overbey still had her butterfly net,
In hopes that she'd catch just a few more bugs yet
Then Miss Dancy, all flushed, up to her rushed and cried
"Why, these angels are the *grandest folk dances* I've tried."

Mr. Stephen was there at the head of that band
Of angels he had heard of while here on this land
And Miss Sheen was quite gay with the artist, Van Dyke
For he'd learned to see art in a far different light

Mr. Prather was sad, and felt out of his sphere
And he peevishly said: "Why, no football is here!"
But he stayed on, in hopes that enough Normal boys
Would forsake their old ways and so reap heavenly joys.

So that up in Heav'n he could recognize
His beloved team, then all games he'd monopolize
Mr. St. Amant thought Heaven in politics strong,
So his World's Almanac he, of course, brought along

First, I looked at the teachers, and then I stood still
O, why, being in Heaven's like old Normal Hill!"
For I saw they were all there, but e'er I could count,
I heard a "ding dong" and a "clang" from without

When I opened my eyes, then I found 'twas my doom
To be back in old East in my selfsame old room!
So I sprang from my bed just as quick as could be,
For there were lessons to get for that same Faculty

Josephine Quinn


Ye Olden Time.

The Days at L. S. N.

Should friends and schoolmates be forgot
When teaching days begin?
Should friends and schoolmates be forgot,
And days at L. S. N.?

CHORUS

For L. S. N., my dear;
For L. S. N.;
We'll talk of all the happy days
We spent at L. S. N.

We've gone now out into the State,
Fresh laurels there to win;
But the way seems long and weary since
Our days at L. S. N.

Let's take a cup o' kindness now,
Ere farewells shall begin,
In hopes we all shall meet some day
At dear old L. S. N.

KATHERINE PHARES.

The Graduates' Farewell

O, how sad 'mid the sunshine that gladdens this scene
Comes the thought that so soon we must part;
That the bonds which true friendship has ever kept green
Must be severed in March in the heart;
That we meet in this place of our school days so dear,
As we faithfully meet to the last;
That we never again in Assembly Hall here
Be united in songs of the past!

But how gladly our thoughts will return to the spot
Where we spent many happy school days!
And our hearts will rejoice while we cherish the lot
That our mem'ry with us through life stays.
Farewell to our school and farewell to our friends,
Who have lighted our pathway with cheers.
Though to-day we must part, our hearts will remain
Filled with thoughts of them all through the years.

WILMA K. DUPUY.

Louisiana State Normal School Alumni Association

♣

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♣ ♣ ♣

The Abby L. Smith Loan Fund of the Louisiana State Normal School Alumni Association

♣

THE Alumni Association of the Normal School maintains a fund known as the Abby L. Smith Loan Fund, from which temporary loans are made to the students in the three last terms of the Normal Course. Only those persons who have already been students of the school and have proved their intellectual and moral fitness for the teaching work can secure loans from this fund. They pledge themselves to repay such loans out of their first year's earning, after graduation, at six per cent interest.

At the meeting of the Alumni Association in New Orleans in April, 1913, the Abby L. Smith scholarship maintained by the Alumni Association since 1897 was discontinued. This scholarship paid the entire expenses of one student at the Normal School, and by means of it nine young women were educated and sent into schools of the State. All funds of the Alumni Association, including the Five Thousand Dollar Alumni Loan Fund, have been merged into a general fund, known as the Abby L. Smith Loan Fund. This fund is now approximately four thousand four hundred dollars. Out of this the Alumni has helped between eighteen and twenty students during the session of 1914-15. More than a hundred and fifty students have received financial aid through loans.

My First Impression of the Normal

EVERYBODY has his trials and tribulations, and so I, as a "Freshie" at the Normal, had mine.

As the train puffed into Natchitoches, my friend and I very excitedly grabbed our suit-cases and hurried out. Just as I stepped off the train, some one (whom I afterwards discovered was Mr. Winstead) grabbed my suit-case. I, thinking he was a thief, yelled: "Stop him, stop him!" But I was soon assured by Mr. South that he and Mr. Winstead were Normal teachers who had come to meet us.

Mr. South then brought us up to the Normal. As we passed through the hall to Mrs. Hawkins' room, we saw heads popping out from back of doors, steps, windows, etc., and heard remarks such as these: "Isn't that a funny hat?" "Her skirt's too short." "Wonder if they are sisters?" "They look pretty green."

We stood these very personal remarks as Freshies should, and meekly walked into Mrs. Hawkins' room, followed by a curious crowd of girls.

After we registered, Mrs. Hawkins asked us if we would like something to eat. It was then 9:30 P.M., and we had had nothing to eat since 12 o'clock; but I was so frightened I faltered out: "N-o-o-o, t-h-a-n-k y-o-u." But I was immediately brought to my senses by several vigorous pokes in the back with: "Take it, you greeny! If you don't want it, give it to me."

Mrs. Hawkins said, as we had no bedclothes, she would get some of the girls to take us in for the night. So saying, she showed us *Boyd Hall*, and said: "Go to No. 57 and tell them I say to take you in for the night."

We went and knocked at the door of No. 57. Entering, to the invitation of a loud "Come!" we heard an uproar of, "Freshies, Freshies!" and two of the girls rushed at us. Pinning us each to the door by the throat, they said: "Is your name 'Mary?' Because if it *is*, you can't stay in *here*, because there are three 'Marys' in here now."

When we had assured them that we were not "Marys," they released their grasp, and, offering us a chair, they all screamed: "Have you anything to eat in your suit-case?"

After eating everything they could find, offering us nothing, they asked us a dozen questions and told us as many more things about the Normal. One among them said that when the light bell rang, we all had to kneel around the table for prayers. So when the bell rang, we both rushed and knelt down beside the table. Soon we looked about to see where the others were. They were in bed, screaming with laughter. We saw then that it was only a joke, and sheepishly got in bed.

After I had crawled in, I remembered that my purse, with *all* my money, was on the table, and I said: "Girls, is the office open?"

"Well, what on earth do you want to know that for at 11 o'clock?"

"Well, if it is, I will have to dress and go and deposit my money; for the catalogue says: 'Deposit your money immediately upon arrival.'"

Amid screams of laughter, they assured me they would not steal my money *that* night, if I would just hush and go to sleep.

ZELLY LAWRASON.

"Pap"

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Science is an empty dream,
That the bug is dead that slumbers,
And won't wake for something mean.

Lives of students oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, by asking foolish questions,
Waste Pap's recitation time.

Let us, then, be up and doing
Ask a question, howe'er small
If you don't Pap's sure to fall you
For he'll have to ask them all.

MIRIAM GRIFFIN

"Alumnae Meditatio"



THERE was a subdued rustle in the audience when the music started—the moving of fans and programs and stiff organdy dresses; and there was the tang of cedar in the air—that unmistakable, familiar smell of commencement time.

"Who are they—all those ladies and that man?" I remember asking, swinging my feet.

And Edith, who always knew everything in a mysterious sort of way, replied, enigmatically: "They're the Alumni."

"The what?" I ventured.

But Edith deigned not to answer.

I sat there and regretted that grown people and folks who always knew everything were not more communicative.

"Well, what *is* the Alumni?" I asked, desperately.

Edith said, "Sh-sh!" and frowned; for the line was passing us now, and Edith, who occupied the end seat, was engaged in feeling the ladies' dresses.

"What *is* the Alumni?" I whispered again in Edith's ear.

And Edith whispered back: "Goosie!"

She alluded to me, of course, and she used the expressive and classic term that the knowing ones applied to one of the ignorant mass.

I sank into discouraged silence.

School was the most mysterious institution, anyway. You started in the first grade—I was a first-grader—and it seemed that you went up, up, up forever and ever and ever. And then, some day, when you were grown, you wore a shimmering white gown and carried flowers, and you graduated. It was not unlike getting married.

I reflected on all this, swinging my feet. I had flattered myself that I knew all about school. I even knew that Miss Bessie and Miss Lawless and Mrs. McVoy and several others were called "The Faculty." But here was something new—the Alumni, a long line of beautiful ladies and one gentleman that marched in behind the Faculty and occupied the front seats, and received as great an ovation as the graduates themselves. "The Alumni—the Alumni—Alumni." I repeated it over and over to myself until the three mysterious syllables fell trippingly from my tongue. "Alumni, Alumni"—what were they? Where were they? And *why* were they?

When the program was nearly over, I remember that a great tall man, whom people spoke of in awed tones as "The President," announced that there would be a meeting of the Alumni after the exercises, followed by a reception.

On our way home I sought information from Edith again; but her replies were evasive, and she suggested hastily that we race down the hill to the wishing-tree. I raced sullenly.

No wonder Edith knew so much. She had a brother and loads of cousins who lived and moved and had their being in that vague, distant sphere known as "The Normal Department." And I had nobody. My sisters were aged two and four, respectively, and knew absolutely nothing about the world outside our garden gates; and my mother and father were not given to imparting knowledge, being greatly concerned with housekeeping and Single Tax.

However, I questioned papa that night as to the mystical term—only I pronounced it wrong somehow, for I know now that he imagined I meant 'aluminum.'

"It's a metal," papa answered from behind The Literary Digest.

"A what?" I asked, plaintively.

"A metal, honey," mamma explained, "like the pots in the kitchen—something you cook with, you know."

Here my cousin, Isabel, who was spending the night with us, added, vaguely, that "it" was something that shines.

"Al—al—alu—alum"—something that shines. Well, they shone all right—that long line of ladies and one gentleman—shone with smiles and flowers and glowing eyes. But

mamma said you cooked with 'em! I was unsatisfied, blessed as I was, or cursed, with an abnormal curiosity.

I remember that I worried papa so that he finally reached down the dictionary and read in a terrible voice above my head: "'Aluminum: a light, bluish-white, malleable, ductile, metallic element, which does not oxidize or tarnish, is lighter than glass, and by hammering and rolling becomes as hard as iron.'"

Gracious! If you hammered and rolled them, they became hard, like iron! It was awful.

The next day we played at graduating—Edith, Seessel, my two little sisters, Judith and Miriam, and I. Edith was the President; Seessel, the Faculty; Judith and Miriam, open-mouthed and mystified, the graduates; and I was the Alumni. I insisted upon it, in spite of a certain misgiving as to the hammering and rolling process. As I trailed up the aisle to the goods-box stage, I smiled and bowed like a flower in the wind.

I was in the fifth grade, I believe, when I stumbled upon it in the big dictionary at school. Looking up words had a strange fascination for me, the dictionary being on a high stool by the window, where you could see almost all over the whole world. I came upon it, and thrilled: "Alumni: the graduated body of a college or other institution of learning." I suppose I must have been lost in retrospection then, for I have a vague memory of Miss Jessie's calling me away from the window to study the multiplication table!

In high school I learned "alumnus-a." It was intensely interesting. It seemed that if you were a girl, you became an "Alumna;" and if a boy, you were an "Alumnus;" and where two or three were gathered together in the name of "graduates," they were called "Alumni." "Alumni—Alumni"—I learned much concerning them. After graduation, it seemed, you came back, all dressed up, from some region called "out of the State," and were welcomed and toasted and called "old boys and girls" by the President, and you said to each of the teachers in turn: "O, it's *so* good to get back after so many years and find *you* still here! The Normal wouldn't be the Normal without *you!*"

Gradually, as I ascended the ladder of learning, graduation—that goal of all students—became less vague, less mysterious. We had been moving toward it since creation, it seemed—this culmination of the years. But some day, not so far distant now, we would know the felicitous state of being Alumni!

One day, when Normal Hill was sweet with bloom, we marched up the aisle amid flowers and music and the tang of cedar branches, and we sat on the stage, and we graduated, and we became members of the Alumni Association.

I remember that an old graduate welcomed us, dripping with eloquence; and we, listening, thrilled with inspiration. "Alumni—Alumni" I repeated it over and over to myself until the three mysterious syllables fell trippingly from my tongue. "Alumni—Alumni"—what were they?

As if in answer to my question, the old graduate defined "Alumni" in glowing, frenzied phrases: "The glorious sons and daughters of the Louisiana State Normal School—that mighty body of graduates who have trod the path of learning to its goal!"

Where were they? "Everywhere—in the rice fields of the South, in the pine woods of the North, in the towns and cities of our great and glorious State!"

Why were they? My heart answered: "That they might love and serve in the name of the old Alma Mater."

Later, at the reception, I grabbed Edith around the neck. My heart was full.

"Edith," I whispered, "what *is* the Alumni?"

"Goosie!" she answered back, wiping her glad, wet eyes. ADA JACK CARVER


CLASS
1915
Carolyn Roux

Pericleans

WINTER CLASS, 1915

President	Claude J. Ellender
Vice President	Finly Stanly
Secretary	Jeanne Keller
Treasurer	Paul Cancienne
Faculty Representative	S. Morris Shows
Class Representative	Eunice Adams
Honor System Representative	S. Morris Shows

Motto

With the ropes of the present we ring the bells of the future

Colors

Green and White

Flower

White Rose

Pericleans and Their Ambitions



WILMA K. DUPUY
White Castle, La.
To be what I am not



GLADYS MAY COMEAUX
Bayou Goula, La.
To have a career



LURLINE M. DUPUY
White Castle, La.
"I want to be a suffragette,
With warlike banners furled,
And captainess a battleship
With sailoresses girled"



JEANNE KELLER
New Orleans, La.
To keep Francis out of mind



JOSIE KELLEY
Houma, La.
To be a professional Domestic Science teacher

3320



DELLA TRAMEL
Fort Jessup, La.
To help others when they are in need



ELIZABETH LEHMANN
Baton Rouge, La.
To carry out some of Mr. Bateman's dreams of rural schools



WILLIE E. CAVETT
Shreveport, La.
To reform the world



S. MORRIS SHOWS
Jonesboro, La.
To write a World's Almanac



FINIS STANLY
Leesville, La.
To be successful in all my undertakings



ELIZABETH KATE TALLY
Plaquemine, La.
To be a musician and a great Singer



LEE CRAIG RAGAN
Clarence, La.
To talk faster



EVELYN HEBERT
Abbeville, La.
To taste the draught of conjugal bliss



ARNAUDLIA SNODDY
Marksville, La.
To be an old-maid school-teacher



ALLENE ALEXANDER
Greenwood, La.
To be an amiable old maid



PAUL CANCIENNE
Albemarle, La.
To get an M.A degree



IRIS LORRAINNE HUCKABY
Campti, La.
To get the freckles off my face, so that Giddens, Jr., will not try to learn the multiplication table by them



BESSIE ROBERT
Boyce, La.
To be a second Miss Russell



JUDY HARKAN
Houma, La
To get and to give a little bit of love



NANCY LONG
Winnfield, La.
To show kindness to every one



MARJORIE HENRY
Natchitoches, La.
To be always just what I am



HOWARD WINBARG
Natchitoches, La.
To carry heart-breaking to infinity



BESSIE BONNER
Homer, La.
To captivate a tall brunette with a six-cylinder Hudson



ANNIE MAE PETTIT
Monroe, La.
To hitch my wagon to the stars.
And fly away to heights of Mars



ELISE BABERS
Jennings, La.
To bring happiness to those who have it not



LUCY GUYTON
New Orleans, La.
To be a doctor



MAYELE GAUTHIER
Baton Rouge, La.
To love and be loved by odds



MRS. DELLA HERRING AFFORD
Wilmar, La
To be an up-to-date housekeeper



EUNICE ADAMS
Jena, La.
To get rich teaching school



HILDA BRENZEALE
Natchitoches, La.
To grow tall



ANNETTE EUGENIE HEWITT
Mansfield, La.
To be able always to do what I want to do



THELMA HEWES
New Roads, La.
To render unselfish service



CLAUDE ELLENDER
Bourg, La.
To be taller than "Jeff"



CAMILLE TAYLOR
Hammond, La.
To be a friend to every one



JUDITH CARVER
Natchitoches, La.
To stop talking some time



MAUD KLINGMAN
Houma, La.
To graduate in March



EUNICE MCGAILLARD
Donaldsonville, La.
To go abroad



NETTIE PHILLIPS
Montgomery, La.
To be a music teacher



ROSE JUNEAU
Mansura, La.
To teach



MARGARET MORRIS
Amite, La.
To study art



ALICE KNIGHTON
Gilead, La.
To teach "astronomy"



BOWEN EUBANKS
Kelly, La.
"To tame a Shrew"



KATE CARLA GOSLING
Monroe, La.
Not to be a gosling always, but to become a goose some day



HELEN WALSH
Covington, La.
To get good looking



MARY REID
Jonesboro, La.
To be as the sun—casting its radiance over the whole earth



CLYDE SCHILLING
Amite, La.
To be a heart-smasher



GRACEY BROWN
Coushatta, La.
To be a "Mrs."



MATTIE JOHNSON
Tallulah, La
To get fat

MARY TURNER
Minden, La.
To be a "harpistress"



BERTHA EMMONS
Mineral, La.
To be "natural"

Periclean Dictionary

(Key: a., adjective; n., noun; v., verb. The initial letters of the definitions correspond to the initials of the persons. All pronunciations given in parentheses.)

Alice Knighton (Slōw-pōkĕ), a. Always Kicking.
Allene Alexander (Ăllie), n. Ambitious Artist.
Annette Hewitt (Tutti-Frutti), a. Awfully Heartless.
Annie Mae Pettit (Smīles), v. Acting Monstrously Pesky.
Arnaudlia Snoddy (Sīs'tā), n. Awful Stepper.
Bertha Emmons (Răt), a. Beastly Egoistic.
Bessie Bonner (Bess), n. Big Bluff.
Bessie Robert (Tôp), v. Begging Revenge.
Bowen Eubanks (Sun), n. Baby Elephant.
Camille Taylor (Tămmy), a. Celestial Type.
Claude Ellender (John Bŭnny), n. Certainly Endearing.
Clyde Schilling (Pie-face). n. Celebrated Singer.
Della Alford (Sweetie), a. Distinctly Ardent.
Della Tramel (Kid), a. Down-Trodden.
Elise Babers (T$\overline{oo}$tsie), a. Easily Bent.
Elizabeth Lehmann (Fritz), a. Especially Loquacious.
Elizabeth Tally (Cūt'ie), n. Energetic Talker.
Eunice Adams (Sn$\overline{oo}$ks), n. Embryonic Angel.
Eunice McGalliard (Măc), n. Elfish Monkey.
Evelyn Hebert (Little), n. Excellent Helper.
Fannie Whisenhunt (Fī-fī), n. Fast Walker.
Finly Stanly (Bäldy), n. Fine Specimen.
Gladys Comeaux (Duck), n. Giddy Chicken.
Gracey Brown (Elephant), n. Giggling Baby.
Helen Walsh (Dit'ty), n. Heavenly Walker.
Hilda Breazeale (Hĭl'ly), n. Harmless Bantam.
Howard Winbarg (Dutch), n. Heart Winner.
Iris Huckaby (Hucky), n. Impish Hobo.
Jeanne Keller (Mū-mū), n. Jealousy Killer.
Josie Kelley (Jōe), n. Jovial Kisser.
Judith Carver (Jūdie), n. Jealous Cat.
Julia Harlan (Jūle), n. Just Half.
Kate Carla Gosling (G$\overline{oo}$sie), v. Keeps Continually Gabbing.
Lee Craig Ragan (Răgs), n. Little Cute Rascal.

Louise Van den Bosch (Dutchy), n. Little Vicious Bunch.
Lucy Guyton (Big), n. Lucky Goose.
Lurline Dupuy (Lurl), n. Little Devil.
Lottie Vice (Peg), n. Lovely Vision.
Margaret Morris (Maggie), n. Musty Mind.
Marjorie Henry (Dick), a. Mighty Harmful.
Mary Reid (Flŏppy), a. Majestically Regal.
Mattie Johnson (Til'dâ Sue), a. Madly Jealous.
Mary Turner (Dŏt), a. Mischievously Talkative.
Maud Klingman (Lūve), n. Mush Keeper.
Mayble Gauthier (Māb), n. Merry Going.
Miriam Klaus (Mây), n. Mischievous Kangaroo.
Morris Shows (Shŏrty), a. Mysteriously Shy.
Nancy Long (Năncе), a. Nimble-Legged.
Nettie Phillips (Păt), a. Not Precocious.
Nora Bonvillain (Fătty), a. Not Boy-struck.
Paul Cancienne (Ich'abod), a. Peevishly Cranky.
Rose Juneau (Rosie), a. Rudely Judicious.
Thelma Hughes (Tĕl'ma), a. Tremendously Huge.
Willie Cavett (Brownie), a. Willfully Captivating.
Wilma Dupuy (Willis), a. Wailing Dove.



Normal Lights

SPRING CLASS OF 1915

THOMAS J. GRIFFIN . . . . . President
LUCILLE ROY . . . . . Vice President
LILIAN HART . . . . . Secretary
LESTER MONTEGUT . . . . . Treasurer
MIRIAM CARVER . . . . . Potpourri Editor
HILDUR BERGLUND . . . Potpourri Editor
ROBY LOOMIS . . . Potpourri Editor
GERTRUDE MOORE . Potpourri Editor

MOTTO

To light the way for all Normalites

COLORS

Purple and White

FLOWER

Sweet Pea

YELL

Yell for the Purple!
Yell for the White!
Yell for the class
Of Normal Lights!



MARY ANNIE WALL, M. C. C. . . . . Whitaker, Miss.

Mathematics and Science Course

Her friendship is a boon indeed,
Her goodness known by all;
So gracious she in word and deed—
Our Mary Annie Wall.

ALICE WILLIAMSON, E. L. S. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Mathematics and Science Course

Who doesn't know *Alice!* Of all the Normal Lights and Normalites, she is the one most unanimously known. To those who know her best she is not only a jolly, entertaining companion, admired for all her daring, but also a loyal friend. She is the inventor of innumerable and remarkable escapades, with equally ingenious plans for getting out of trouble.

LUCILE MAY ROY, S. A. K. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Mathematics and Science Course

Many of our class are studious, many are popular; but Lucile is one of the few truly enthusiastic. Her interest in even the dullest classes is inspiring. The rapidity with which her mind works has caused her to become the delight of the "Science Profession," and this same rapidity of thought out of school makes her an entertaining companion, who, like Alice, thinks up "scrapes" and thinks out of them again.

MIRIAM CARVER, S. A. K. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Mathematics and Science Course

Friends may change and pass with changing years, but "Tete," ever youthful and full of fun, remains always the same good "pal." She is loved by old and young; and her face, ever covered with a sunny smile, is the source of joy to many. Her youthfulness and "gameness" seem only to increase the ease with which she gains P—'s. Underneath the cover of frivolity there is the making of a most noble woman.



LESTER MONTEGUT, E. L. S. . . . . La Place, La.
Mathematics and Science Course

Here's to him who hails from St. John—a big man in body, mind, and spirit! He is full of his mischief, but has a brain to back it. If you want to know an all-round fine fellow, then meet old "Monte."

EDITH ESTELLE TANNEHILL, E. L. S. . . . . Winnfield, La.
Mathematics and Science Course

Estelle is one of the oratorically-inclined feminine members of our class, having won especial distinction along this line in the intersociety debate. When embarrassed, Estelle is just like an ostrich, and thinks that if her head is covered, no one can see her. If you happen to hear this little poem chanted by some one:

"His old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches, and all that,
Are so queer—"

then you may be sure Estelle is near.

VERA ABBETT, M. C. C. . . . . Spearsville, La.
Mathematics and Science Course

Here is a girl who has the magnetic power of drawing a crowd of friends near her. She is a girl to whom you may tell your sorrows, for she has the power of entering into your life, thereby making your burden a part of hers. Here is a girl to whom you may tell your best joke, as she is ever ready to laugh with you. If you are anxious to meet an all-round, jolly, good girl, Vera is the one you are seeking.

OLGA ERATH, S. A. K. . . . . Abbeville, La.
Mathematics and Science Course

Being very much interested in her work, Olga tries to gain all the knowledge she can. She is faithful and loyal in her German way.



HELEN DIXON, S. A. K. . . . . Monroe, La.

Social Science Course

Helen Dixon! There is none other to be likened unto her. A fair brunette, if brunettes may be called "fair," of whom it might be said: "Not to know her is to argue yourself unknown." She has many physical charms, but her strong personality is her most attractive feature. Her true character has won her many friends and admirers.

BERNADINE O'CONNELL, S. A. K. Shreveport, La.

Social Science Course

Bernadine is one of the quietest and most sincere girls comprising the group called "Normal Lights." She is always alert and ready to do her part of the work. She meets hard luck with a smile and a renewed determination for conquering or dying in the attempt. Her one desire is to make others happy; never delighting in another's misfortune, but ever seeking to comfort those in distress.

CLAUDIA WALTER, E. L. S. . . . . Haynesville, La.

Social Science Course

Claudia is one of those quiet girls who have been blessed with the happy faculty of keeping their eyes open, their mouths closed. A kind and obliging nature has won for her not only the good will of the Faculty, but also the love and esteem of all her class. Judging from the many letters and boxes of candy she has received while here, she will not remain long in single-blessedness.

ERNIE MCCASLAND, E. L. S. . . . . Lisbon, La.

Social Science Course

She is amiable and sweet in her manners, ever courteous and true to all, rather to be known than heard. Her work is ever spiced with merriment. A person can seldom lay claim to such numerous virtues as Ernie possesses.



VALERIE LEBLANC, M. C. C. . . . . McCall, La.

Social Science Course

Valerie has a sweet disposition and is very good-natured. She is modest, though always feeling that one "should be seen and not heard." So one has to know her well to appreciate fully her good qualities.



MAMIE FOREMAN, M. C. C. . . . . Baton Rouge, La.

Social Science Course

Mamie is the life of the class. Though of a jealous disposition, she is a friend, especially when any one is in need of a friend. Her motto is, "Roll on, old world, and I'll roll with you"—just the same as Lola's.



GRACE COOK, M. C. C. . . . . Monroe, La.

Social Science Course

Grace is one of the little members of our great class. She is little—yes, but she gets there. We never hear her complaining about having too much work to do; she goes ahead and does it. Cheerfully and happily she goes about endearing herself to all.



LOLA MCFARLAND, E. L. S. . . . . Many, La.

Social Science Course

Lola is the damsel with dark-brown eyes,
Who takes the cake in whatever she tries.
Social Science is the course which she pursues,
And the offer of another I'm sure she'd refuse;
For with St. Amant, Civics, and Economics, too,
She declares she *never* has time to get blue.
A champion in tennis and basket ball, no doubt,
And an E. L. S. within and without.
From her quiet, easy manner, her motto, 'tis true,
Is: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."



MARY TOOKE, E. L. S. . . . . Homer, La.

Social Science Course

Mary has a "genius for friendship," because she is open, responsive, and unselfish. She is strong and self-reliant, open hearted and free, yet possesses a quiet air of reserve. Gifted with a sympathetic and loving nature, she has made the path which she and her fellow-students have traveled rosy and mellow with the light of her rare character. She gives herself to her surroundings, her school work, her class, her society—in short, everything and everybody she loves.



MADELINE SMITH, S. A. K. . . . . Benton, La

Social Science Course

We are fortunate to have such a girl in our class as Madeline Smith. She is neat and attractive, and is very much admired and loved by every one, but especially by her own little set of girls. She is ever ready in class to recite, which shows earnest effort on her part to do her best. She will, indeed, have a successful future.



MARIE LOUISE MURPHY, S. A. K. . . . . Lamourie, La

Social Science Course

For fear you won't know whom I am talking about, I'll call her "Reese," for by that name she is known to Normal girls. Reese is no "shining light," but she wins her way wherever she goes. She's loads of fun, with a sunny disposition and a sweet smile that wins every one.



IRMA RUSS, S. A. K. . . . . Monroe, La.

Social Science Course

Irma Russ, otherwise "Rusty," is a very little, but very radiant, sunbeam, who doesn't give a care who cares or doesn't in all her Normal trials and tribulations, this maid, whose hair of pure sunshine is far less bright than her disposition, has never been known to pout or have the blues.



Sara Lee Wheatley, S. A. K. . . . . Greenville, Miss.

Social Science Course

One morning, as I sat in my room, I heard a happy, cheery voice in a mock-serious tone say: "I been a good ole wagon, but I'se 'most broke down." Then a whole-hearted laugh, bubbling over with life; and just then a "buxom lass" came into my room. This is the only way to describe her—"Sara Lee Wheatley."

Clara Louise Barns, S. A. K. . . . . Monroe, La.

Social Science Course

She is possessed of an unlimited supply of wit, and is always ready with the unexpected. Steady and good-natured is this lovable girl. She is a typical "Normal Light," for she studies when there is nothing else to do.

Ella Clark, S. A. K. . . . . Lake Charles, La.

Industrial Course

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em." The first and third are not so of Ella, but certainly the second. Her originality is the main factor in her greatness, as it is her most striking characteristic. How far original? It may be said: To the extent that she is enthusiastic on all subjects, varying from self-embarrassment to prohibition and woman suffrage.

Lucille Seiss, S. A. K. . . . . Alexandria, La.

Industrial Course

Stop, talk not; her wonderful personality demands your attention. Looking at the happy side of life, always willing to do the things assigned her, she wins our admiration. Hers is a character of delicacy and variety, but of strength and depth. But can we search deep down into her personality and bring to surface all the beauty that lies there? No; for she is as the silvery summer clouds, which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into light and rainbow showers.



REBECCA APPELBAUM, S. A. K. . . . . LeCompte, La.

Industrial Course

"Apple," a friend of every girl on Normal Hill. Don't say, "I'm going to be serious when in Beckie's presence," because you'll break your promise surely. She has a very affectionate disposition, which accounts for her numerous friends. Her chief hobby is to preach morality and to rend the latest jokes. We see "Beckie" in the near future teaching voice in the well-known town, LeCompte. Her favorite saying is: "Cherie petite fille."



BEATRICE PACE, S. A. K. . . . . Alexandria, La.

Industrial Course

Here's to Beatrice Pace'
Tall of stature, fair of face,
Always with a smile for you,
She's a friend, and always true.

May her art, Domestic Science,
Aid her in her self-reliance.
Though she's slow, she's always steady.
For a joke she's always ready.



SADIE FRANCES SAM, S. A. K. . . . . Crowley, La.

Industrial Course

Her curly hair and black, dreamy eyes give her a look of culture and refinement. Her lips curl up in an ever-ready smile. She laughs with the world and seldom weeps at all. "I" is a very big word in her vocabulary. However, she has many friends, and really loves them all.



EMMA DORE, S. A. K. . . . . Crowley, La.

Industrial Course

Constant joking or laughing proclaims that she is of a happy disposition. Her expressive black eyes are the windows of her soul. Her good nature and cheerfulness shine out and fill every one in her presence with happiness. In other words, she is a typical French lass.



Edith Henry, S. A. K. . . . . Jennings, La
Industrial Course

She is neither tall nor stately, but—her cup of knowledge runneth over, and her hands are (like those of a housewife) always busy. Her position is dignified, but even then she has occasions on the Hill to be full of egoism. Nevertheless, by *her* measurements, a handful of common sense is worth more than a bushel of learning.

Merrill Flower, S. A. K. . . . . Alexandria, La.
Industrial Course

Merrill is a tall, stately blonde, unconsciously beautiful, modest, and refined. Her disposition is charming, and her sweet manner most pleasing. She has the love and friendship of all who know her.

Sadie Riggs, M. C. C. . . . . Winnsboro, La.
Industrial Course

Sadie is a reserved and model young girl. Those who know her more than appreciate her sterling qualities. A good student, honest, and thorough, she is a fine example of what a girl can make of herself.

Helen Callaway, S. A. K. . . . . Shreveport, La.
Industrial Course

A character like Helen's is rare. In this attractive blonde most admirable traits of character are exemplified. Possessed with a wonderful and jolly disposition, Helen radiates sunshine wherever she goes.



LILLIAN KIRBY, S. A. K. — Erath, La.

Industrial Course

"Lil," as she is known by her fellow-students, is unusually quiet and reserved in class, but at home she is a jolly, good fellow, and fully understands the art of dispensing true Southern hospitality.



WINNIE SMITH, M. C. C. — Ruston, La.

Rural Training Course

This is the likeness of our friend, "Winnie," who first came to L. S. N. some ten years ago. Her greatest faults are *primping* and admiring the Normal beaux. She is a bright, though erratic, student, and studies when there is nothing else to do. May her fondest hopes be realized in the days that are to come.



LOTTIE THOMASON, E. L. S. — Arizona, La.

Industrial Course

Lottie, one of our LITTLE (?) girls on the Hill, has made great success in her work here at L. S. N. She is very much interested in Domestic Science, and has made a good record in this work. However, she likes it only for her own benefit, for she believes *old maids* are honorable. Lottie has also been a good worker in the Y. W. C. A. Her many friends predict for her a happy future.



NEVA LEWIS, M. C. C. — Glenmore, La.

Industrial Course

Neva, or "Nev," is a good student and loyal to her friends. She takes life easy, and sends her troubles skyward in a giggle. She has escaped the darts of Cupid while at L. S. N., but we hear that she is not so lucky in Glenmore. May our rumor materialize!



HILDUR BERGLUND, M. C. C. . . . . Iowa, La.

Industrial Course

We band of Normal Lights bear the distinction of having among our loyal members Hildur Berglund, the only Swedish girl in school. Even though she is very quiet and reserved, she is one of the strongest links of our class, ever studying, to be repaid with excellent grades. The Presbyterian Sunday school here will lose one of its most devoted members when our fair sister bids Normal Hill farewell. Mercy, how she does wish she didn't blush so much!

CLYDE BLANCHE, S. A. K. . . . . St. Joseph, La.

Industrial Course

Think of one who, of all the members of our class, is made to rule that most charming of all places on earth, the home. In her we find an ever-ready sympathizer, a bright companion, whose hand and heart are always willing and anxious to lighten our burdens. These virtues, combined with her ability to carry out her housekeeping ideal, "Order is Heaven's first law," make our Clyde worthy of her name, "The Model Home-maker."

MYRTLE SALMON, M. C. C. . . . . Rayville, La.

Industrial Course

Myrtle makes a very great impression upon every one, for she has the height, the dignity, and calmness of manner that claim attention. She possesses self-confidence—a trait which will be quite useful to her either in the teaching or home-making profession.

MILDRED GARDNER, S. L. S. . . . . Gilliam, La.

Industrial Course

A very small, but interesting, girl is Mildred Gardner. She is inclined to be quiet, but her quietness belies her intelligence. Her greatest ambition is to help those who are in trouble. She is always ready to give her most hearty coöperation in the E. L. S



Ida Arcos, S. A. K. . . . . Plattenville, La.

Industrial Course

Her face bears a smile always (in other words, a grin), which makes everybody like her. She has a voice like a bird, which draws the bunch around whenever chords come forth. Domestic Science is her hobby. Her chief expression is, "O, shucks!"

Ethel Davis, E. L. S. . . . . Dubberly, La.

Industrial Course

Ethel believes in two things—the right and Normal Lights. Her kind and obliging nature has won for her the love and esteem of every one in the class. She never says a word about her "triumphs," but, judging from the pictures that cover her room, she and Cupid are the best of friends. She expects to follow the profession of teaching after graduation, and from all accounts her "Principal" (?) has already been selected.

Lillie Durrin, S. A. K. . . . . Independence, La.

Industrial Course

This is a girl we all love. If Tangipahoa has many more girls like her, the State is waiting for them. Her greatest ambition in life is to relieve stricken humanity. Because of her sweet disposition, comforting voice, and youthful expression, her sphere in life will not have been filled until her aim is accomplished.

Elsy Alwes, S. A. K. . . . . Napoleonville, La.

Industrial Course

Her happy and sunny disposition is sure to win a smile from those around her. She has lately joined the "French Circle"—owing, perhaps, to the fact that she has found out that "It takes the *French* to beat the *German*." (Ask Carrie and Ida about it.)



PINKIE BOWDEN, E. L. S. . . . . Simsboro, La.

Industrial Course

Her thoughts are kind and true:
Her deeds are pleasing, too.
Friends she has everywhere,
And work observes with care.
Gentlest in mien and mind,
Gentlest of womankind.

LEVIE CAZES, S. A. K. . . . . Mark, La.

Industrial Course

Levie is the little brown-eyed, curly-haired lassie whom we all love. She has been a faithful worker as a Normal Light. Always ready to help any one, she is a friend of all. Levie came to the Normal with the intention of being a teacher, but now (fate will sometimes take strange paths) a housekeeper she would be.

EMMIE SELF, M. C. C. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Industrial Course

Not timid, not bashful, generous, jolly, and ready to do what she can for the school and for her society—these are some of the characteristics of Emmie. To look at her, one would suppose she never had a trouble in her life.

ANGELE GUEPET, S. A. K. . . . . Napoleonville, La.

Industrial Course

Here is a girl who is a model of dignity, particularly since her acquisition of the high position of practice teacher. Her favorite occupation is eating; but when not at this pleasant task, she always has something exceedingly bright to say. "I should worry" is her usual retort, and gives the proper impression of her happy-go-lucky disposition.



ELISE SLAWSON, M. C. C. . . . . Farmerville, La.

Industrial Course

Elise's greatest ambition is to be a sure-enough teacher *out in the State*. She is not a person who makes resolutions and then does not carry them out. Once a thing is undertaken by her, it is not laid aside until it is completed.

MARGUERITE L'HERRISON, S. A. K. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Industrial Course

Marguerite's straightforward manner is perhaps her best point. She never fails to tell you exactly what she thinks, and this, while it may make enemies, wins her many good friends. Her dark-brown eyes shine with enthusiasm and excitement when she is moved. She never says "die," but stands up till the last.

LEON KITTEN, S. A. K. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Rural Course

Kitten is our star athlete. His set chin proclaims his bulldog pertinacity; and when he goes after a thing, he usually gets it. Things come rather too easily to him, but when he does set to work, there are few who can get ahead of him.

EMMA TURNER, E. L. S. . . . . Leesville, La.

Rural Course

Do we know "sterling worth" when we see it? Not always, but here, yes. Emma is a diligent, but quiet and gentle, worker. Her good judgment was exemplified when, in deciding upon her work at the Normal, she elected the Rural Training Course. In this work she is at her best. Here she will surpass even our greatest ambitions for her, for she will only have come into her own, into the one great happiness which comes to a noble, generous life—the happiness of helping others.



Mollie Hyde, M. C. C. . . . . Chesbrough, La.

Rural Course

She is diligent, dutiful, and responds to every call;
Sewing and cooking are accomplished with delight;
Practice Teaching is no task at all;
But the present that Mollie received Christmas night
Is a hint that teaching she is sure to let fall,
And just cook and sew—that's all.

Viola Turner, E. L. S. . . . . Leesville, La.

Rural Course

Viola is quite a genius in Domestic Science. How happy she is when she enters the realm of pots and pans! But she is scarcely less excellent in other lines of school work. Ever a diligent laborer, she will be one of our brightest lights.

Mattie Cain, E. L. S. . . . . Leesville, La

Rural Course

Who knows a girl so kind and true,
With hair of brown and eyes of blue?
And if her trials are many or few,
They're never told to me or you.
But steadfast on those plans she works,
And Bateman's lectures never shirks.
Then Mattie's motto this must be:
Both truth and faith and loyalty."

Maude Carter, M. C. C. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Rural Course

Maude Carter is a loving creature, as one can tell from the expression of her gray eyes. Her slow, sweet smile and pleasant words are ready for every one. Kindness and gentleness are the keynote to her unusually sweet, although retiring, nature.



Mrs. Lizzie Varnado, M. C. C. . . . Bolivar, La.

Rural Course

Mrs. Varnado has been in the Normal for some time, and has never been guilty of shirking her duty in anything. She is a hard, consclentlous worker, always doing the task assigned her in a most cheerful manner.



Charles L. Tynes, M. C. C. . . . . Hackley, La.

Rural Course

Charles Tynes ("Chollie") is a worker, not only in athletics, of which he is exceedingly fond, but in everything else.

"Happy and cheerful, he is always working,
Doing his duty, and is never found shirking."



Nannie Tarwater, M. C. C. . . . . Forest, La.

Rural Course

Nannie, or "Nannie Buck," has been a loyal classmate and a good student. In the classroom she is unusually quiet and reserved, but at home is a jolly, good fellow, and thoroughly understands the art of having a good time.



Anna Josephine Aly, M. C. C. . . . . Newellton, La.

Rural Course

Josephine—not the Empress Josephine, but just plain Josephine—is our good-natured, jolly girl. She can play a joke and then take one, just as any good-natured person can. Piano and teaching take up most of her time when there isn't a boy on her mind. In a few years you may expect to see Josephine sitting with the Faculty on the stage, as she is a renowned student of Farm Crops and Soils and Fertilizers. "And so it goes," according to the expression used by one of our dearly-beloved Instructors.



GERTRUDE FUTRAL, S. A. K. . . . . Port Barre, La.

Rural Course

"G" stands for Gertrude,
So graceful and tall,
With her winning ways,
And a smile for all.

THOMAS J. GRIFFIN, M. C. C. . . . . Delhi, La.

Rural Course

Strong in all lines and successful as a manager of class and Potpourri, he is honored by every one he meets. His character is that of a leader, and all his affairs he rules with a steady hand. Never has he been known to falter or do the thing which does not bring about the most desirable results. In every organization of which he is a member he has a prominent part, and is honored and respected by all.

LOUISE LINDSEY, M. C. C. . . . . Jacoby, La.

Rural Course

Louise's eyes are the mirror of her soul. They seem to tell us what a pure, noble girl she is. Her sweet, but determined, nature is exhibited in her excellent basket-ball work.

CLYDE CARTER, M. C. C. . . . . Sunny Hill, La.

Rural Course

Slow,
Sure,
Obliging,
Good-natured,
Unobtrusive,
True blue.



LESSIE MAE RAMSEY, S. A. K. — Mineral, La.

Rural Course

Lessie Mae is one of our champion basket-ball players. She is one of our "pluckiest" and most courageous classmates, for she has displayed these two characteristics in more ways than by playing basket ball. She meets failure with a smile on her lips, and she believes that "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." This is going to make her one of the great successes among our classmates.

J. MORRIS EMMONS, M. C. C. — Needmore, La.

Rural Course

A trustworthy friend is found in Morris Emmons. He is always ready and willing to help the cause of society, school, or any other activity of the student body. He holds a certain formerly esteemed Periclean in awe.

FLEET PARKER, M. C. C. — Bailey, La.

Rural Course

Fleet has won popularity and esteem as he has made his way through the ever-changing terms up with the Normal Lights. He is of the obliging type who is never too busy to show a bored classmate a watch or to give a sympathetic smile to the enthusiastic. He is quiet, but absorbs everything floating around him; and his recitations are always forceful and to the point. His best qualities come out through close observation and friendship, and only by these means can his true self be appreciated.

LOLA NUGENT, E. L. S. — Alexandria, La.

Primary Course

Lola is a girl whom we all greatly admire and are very glad to count as one of us—the Normal Lights. She is very fond of laughing, dancing, flirting, and having a good time; but the serious thoughts will force themselves upon her. Her motto is:

"Roll along, old world,
And I'll roll with you."



ODELIA WRIGHT, S. A. K. . . . . Houma, La.

Language Course

"C.'s" countenance at once makes you exclaim: "She is a schoolma'am!" Reciting is her chief hobby. This she does with much ease and grace. She never gets angry, which accounts for the fact that she has numerous friends. We can plainly see her in the near future teaching Psychology in Bourg High School. Her pet saying is: "You think you're smart, don't you?"

SADIE CELESTIN, S. A. K. . . . . Houma, La.

Language Course

Ever blithe and gay, Sadie is not only a lover of fun, but a worker as well. Her happy laugh echoes down the halls, but in the schoolroom she applies her energy in the direction of work with a vigor that makes her a favorite with teachers as well as students.

FRANCES MORRIS, E. L. S. . . . . Grand Cane, La.

Language Course

Frances, in her short stay here, has endeared herself to many. She is a girl who says very little, but speaks when she has something worth saying. Frances is very sympathetic, especially with the student who has failed. Her services are offered; and if the subject be either Latin or Algebra, she excels in her coaching.

MARGUERITE SANDERS, S. A. K. . . . . Opelousas, La.

Language Course

Marguerite Sanders is the Latin scholar of L. S. N., and bids fair to rival our *renowned* Mr. Winstead in quoting Cicero. "D.," as she is called by her friends, is apparently a quiet, sedate girl; but if you think that she is, you are badly mistaken, for she is as *noisy* as 'most any girl can be. Her favorite quotation, "If music be the food of love, play on," is symbolic of her life full of love and kindness.



GERTRUDE MOORE, E. L. S. . . . Many, La.

Language Course

To the kind and the true
To the one who smiles on you
Gertrude Moore'

She has a brain to conceive, a heart to plan, and hands to carry out any thoughtful deed for others' comfort. These qualities make her a friend to all who know her. May she live long and endear herself to others as she has to us.

ELMIRA MONTGOMERY, S. A. K. . . . . Delhi, La.

Language Course

A truly sterling character. Elmira is always the foremost voucher for the right. Her whole-souled allegiance is given to the Normal. She always accomplishes what her soaring ambitions prompt her to do; is the most zealous and conscientious worker on the Hill; yet, withal, is never too tired to oblige her host of friends.

NOELIE BODIN, M. C. C. . . . . Franklin, La.

Language Course

Noelie is one of the very quiet members of our class, but "still waters run deep." That she is a very diligent pupil in French is shown by her favorite expression: "O mais non." As a teacher of French, she is a great success, even teaching for love of it and not for credits.

LILIAN HART, E. L. S. . . . . Reserve, La.

Language Course

"Lil," with her sweet smile and disposition, has won numerous friends. She is very dignified, especially when teaching French. She is always ready to help those in need, but too shy to ask any one's assistance.



MARIE QUARLES, S. A. K. . . . . New Roads, La.

Language Course

Ding, dong; ding, dong!
I'll sing you a song,
'Tis about Marie:
She is a good friend,
Doesn't like men,
And is awfully merry.
She loves to sleep,
Doesn't like things too deep;
She does fix hair,
Takes a dare,
And learns her lessons readily.

MARGARET EMERSON, S. A. K. . . . . Bolivar, Tenn.

Music and Art Course

Patient Margaret is a very faithful student, although she is so quiet that few suspect it. She possesses a quantity of good common sense, and rarely fails to apply it practically. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and Margaret is that friend. O, but she is loyal to those whom she counts her friends!

MARY EMERSON, S. A. K. . . . . Bolivar, Tenn.

Music and Art Course

Here's to Tennessee, the State from which our Mary hails! This sturdy little girl is quite original, and could easily win fame if she were just a little more certain of her powers. Notwithstanding this, Mary has made good in many ways, and will become, we hope, a beacon light in the paths of the teaching profession.

EDWINA BLUDWORTH, S. A. K. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Music and Art Course

Edwina is as dear as she looks, possessing a voice that has an unusual quality of sweetness about it. She is capable of leading an entire body of students in any enterprise, for she is endowed with a strong personality. Edwina loves fun as much as anybody, and she usually has it, too.



VIRGINIA BECKHAM, E. L. S. . . . . Hornbeck, La.

Music and Art Course

Virginia, affable and friendly, will always succeed. She will fit easily into any place that falls to her lot. In her we have one of the finer-souled individuals, delighting in the beautiful and hoping to become a really great artist some day. Her sunny nature has gained for her a place in the hearts of many. May she have a happy and prosperous career.

IRMA SOMERHAC, S. A. K. . . . . Natchitoches, La.

Music and Art Course

Irma is our "general, all-around specialist." good anywhere, at anything. She has a heart with room for all, and she possesses unassuming modesty, which is her crowning virtue.

LOYLE D. HUBBS, S. A. K. . . . . Clinton, La.

Music and Art Course

"*L*oving," "adorable," "pretty" are adjectives which *must* be used in describing Loyle D.
*O*riginality is the pillar on which rests all her thoughts, making them essentially Loyle D's.
*V*ogue is charmingly represented in her artistic wardrobe.
*I*n popularity she excels, for her charms are always new.
*E*arnestness in all she attempts is another endearing trait.
*D*raughtsman??? *The last word.*

ELIZABETH JOHNSON, S. A. K. . . . . Tallulah, La.

Music and Art Course

Elizabeth, better known as "Bess" to those who know and love her best, is one of the talented members of our class. Her beautiful voice is appreciated by her dearest friends only, as she is very timid. "Timid," however, applies to her voice only, for otherwise she is a true "sport."



ROWENA DEL HOMMER, M. C. C. . . . . Plaquemine, La.
Music and Art Course

A real live "Kewpie," with a face wreathed in smiles and crowned with rich auburn hair. Her voice, which placed her with the victorious M. C. C. Quartet, is one of her greatest charms. Rowena is full of ready wit and sparkling humor, always eager for a little fun, even though it does cost her her privileges for weeks at a time.

CAROLYN ROUX, S. A. K. . . . . Baton Rouge, La.
Music and Art Course

Who is the stylish-looking girl? "C. C.," the up-to-date member of our class. She is loved by every one and admired by her pupils. She sings her way merrily through the world, for she is endowed with the voice of a mocking bird.

CLEO VAUGHAN, S. A. K. . . . . St. Francisville, La
Music and Art Course

Cleo is the baby of the class and an encyclopedia of music. She is serious in school work, but O when out of it!

ALICE DOROTHY VOUGHT, S. A. K. . . . Lake Providence, La.
Music and Art Course

Dorothy's curly hair and sweet smile win for her many friends, young and old. She is a thoroughly artistic little person, who sees beauty in everything. Give her a task to do, and she sets about it with the lightest heart and happiest manner, and soon it is accomplished. Dorothy is always ready with a willing hand and an encouraging smile, for which all of us love her dearly.



NORMA WOOTEN, S. A. K. . . . . Baywood, La.

Music and Art Course

Norma is one of our quiet, earnest workers. She is a good student, and is unusually well read, while her sweet voice and remarkable wit add to her personal charms. Of her many virtues, the greatest is an unfailing loyalty to her friends, her class, and everything with which she is concerned.

EVELYN COCO, S. A. K. . . . . Marksville, La.

Music and Art Course

Evelyn, dear, you're a sweet little girl;
But why do you set "their" hearts in a whirl?

ALICE LACOMBE, S. A. K. . . . . New Orleans, La.

Industrial Course

Alice LaCombe is the girl with the dreamy brown eyes, the peach-bloom complexion, and the dark, curly hair. She likes to be called "baby" by her classmates, but acts very dignified when the Dean calls out her name among the many to meet her in the reception-room just after lunch. She is at her best every morning at the third period, for it is then that she "puts on" her best manners to go to the training school to meet her "*dear little class.*"

THYRA DENHOLME, S. A. K. . . . . Shreveport, La.

Industrial Course

Our Scottish lass possesses many physical charms, but if we are not attracted by these, her pleasing personality and delightful sense of humor win for her a multitude of friends. Her character can be described by the one thought, "She ain't pretty, but she do so sweet."



MARY WILKINS, E. L. S. . . . . Minden, La.

Social Science Course

This little pug-nosed girl has endeared herself to all. Cheerful and happy, unconcerned about the ways of the world, she goes about. But just let her "crush" go with some one else, and you'll hear from Mary. She is a good student and a very reliable person.

ROBY LOOMIS, S. A. K. . . . . Baton Rouge, La.

Social Science Course

It's hard to say just how Roby was nicknamed "Loonie," for those P+'s indicate anything but "wiggle tails in her think-tank." She is tall, slender, and graceful. As for her disposition—well, you know the kind that is portrayed by a sweet smile.

MAY CELESTIN, S. A. K. . . . . Houma, La.

Language Course

May Celestin, who would prefer to change "May" to "Maize," and hopes to change "Celestin," too, some day, is one of this illustrious class. She has won remarkable fame throughout this crowd, due to her thorough mastery of the Greek language. She really believes that she is a "soul of beauty in a mold of clay," and thus far we have not been able to gather sufficient data to disprove her belief. Her chief ambition is to grow thin.

LILLIAN DAVIS, S. A. K. . . . . New Orleans, La.

Mathematics and Science Course

This would be a dead old world if there were no merrymakers, and "Lil" is one. Jolly, happy-go-lucky (?), she always sees the sunny side and is ever ready to boost the downcast. She is the friend of every one and the "jester" of the class.

Una Tours, S. A. K. — Napoleonville, La.

Industrial Course

Here is a living example of a strong mind in a healthy body. Una has everything her way, but seems to want more. To find a subject about which she is ignorant is impossible. All the professors believe she is really bright and studious, but she has never been caught in the act of studying. Her laughing spells, her good nature, and her ready wit have made her popular with all her classmates.

Ennice Bolin, E. L. S. — Doyline, La.

Social Science Course

No matter how blue the day, Ennice's cheery smile will always greet you. Sweet, quiet, and dignified, she has a will of her own.

W. J. Bennett, E. L. S. — Bernice, La.

Mathematics and Science Course

He makes one think of a deep, quiet pool, so clear and solemnly calm. But "still water runs deep," and William's thoughts do likewise.

Elgie Lillian Hall, S. A. K. — Jennings, La.

Music and Art Course

Elgie is our little "Yankee" girl; but every Southerner, when he hears the pure, rich notes of her wonderfully sweet voice, becomes her ardent admirer. Elgie is a jolly, care-free maiden; and when she "rolls" her mischievous brown eyes at you and gives that peculiar laugh and that bob of her golden head, you cast all cares to the winds and do as she bids. "Elgie is just Elgie."

Laura Mae Harris, S. A. K. — Washington, D. C.

Industrial Course

Some call her "pretty," and others call her "darling," while those that know her call her—??. Her face reveals everything and hides nothing—innocence. To see her in a melancholy mood, one would think that she could not appreciate a joke. Her care-free nature is highly developed, and she believes that "to be happy, one must ask neither the 'how' nor the 'why' of life."

Mary Faulk, S. A. K. — Monroe, La.

Social Science Course

Mary Faulk is an adorable little creature, light and airy, sweet and demure. She has a host of admirers, and her friends are without number. She will not leave a P+ record, but, taking her altogether, she is all right. We wonder sometimes how "little Mary," who is such a home girl, has managed to stay away from home this long.

Camille Skolfield, S. A. K. — Lutcher, La.

Social Science Course

In Camille we find a dear little maid, very *prim* and *proper* when her critic teacher is around, but—lo!—when she is far away—Dancing up and down the halls of the dormitory in fantastic garb is her chief pleasure. Her favorite saying, "By cracky!" is just a sample of what she *can* say and do, but we all love and admire her.

Ulysseans

SUMMER CLASS, 1915

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Gibson J. Dugas
Vice President . . . . . Virginia Prescott
Secretary . . . . . Carrie Maus
Treasurers . . . . . Spencer R. Emmons, Bobbie Reiser
Jester . . . . . Fannie Robin
Honor System Representative . . . . Virginia Prescott

Motto

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

Flower

Sunflower

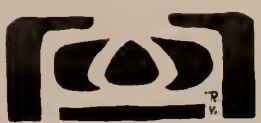
Colors

Black and Gold

Yells

U-l-y-s-s-e-a-n-s!
Ulysseans, Ulysseans!
Yea, yea, yea!
We are, we are
They, they they!

Ulysseans, Ulysseans!
We're it, always fit;
Made a hit, got the grit!
Ulysseans—ah!




Clara Tarver
" E L S
Gosh and 'Taters!
Selma Smith
" E L S
I'spec, maybe so."
Carrie Hamilton
" E L S
Fiddle de dee!
Roland Metoyer
" S A K
By Jinzo!"
Myrtle Aikens
S A K
Oh, come on Kid.
Irma Wilson
" S A K
Good Land!
Maggie Hughes
" E L S
Aw, don't bother me."


Mattie Whittington
E.L.S.
"Great Caesar's Ghost!"
Ruth Beesley
M.C.C.
"Search Me."
Vera Mae Young
E.L.S.
"Oh, don't you Know?"
Hattie Blackman
S.A.K.
"You make me blush!"
Elvie Starling
E.L.S.
"You can't worry"
Elvira Torres
M.C.C.
"For the love of Mosa!"
G. J. Dugas
S.A.K.
"My Gracious!"
Susie Dean
M.C.C.
"Hi, Kitten!"


Annie Windes
S.H.K.
"My Goodness!"
"By the Way"
Evelyn White
SHK
Lydia de Buisson
"Sweets!"
Carrie Maus
MCL.
Obl Hittle
Bessie Hemsley
A.K. "Giminy!"
MCL.
Velma Loans
E.L.S.
Femmie Robin
S.A.K.
"I Vow!"
Helen Woodward
E.L.S.
"I Just Declare"
Virginia Prescott
S.A.K.
"Well I'll Vow!"
Clara Rainbolt
E.L.S.
"Well, but honey!"


Arthur Dugas
"M.C.C."
Blanche Sandifer
E.L.S. ?"
"What Y'say.
Elise E. Ramke.
M.C.C.
"Ach Vat"
Mable Jones
S.A.K.
"Thunder + Mud!"
L. D Jeansonne.
M.C.C.
"Gee Whiz!"
Margaret Ecker
E.L.S.
"Don't you Know?"
Jessie Lee Guile
E.L.S.
"Oh, mon chere"
Elizabeth Ponder
E.L.S.
"Believe Me!"
R.L. Robinson
"E.L.S.
Dad Gummit!"


Bobbie Reiser
S.A.K.
Oh, it's so sweet
Faye Sale.
E.L.S.
"Is me not"
Rosena Singer
S.A.K
What'd you say
Juliet Merrison
S.A.K.
Hey babe!
William Lucas
S.A.K.
Oh dear!
Luella Painter
M.C.C.
Is that so?
Chas Coussons
E.L.S.
Laura Frejoun
M.C.C.
I want my name"
Cecile Loups
S.A.K.
Well, if that's not nerve"
Jessie Hoyt
S.A.K.
Now I don't Reckon

Jingling Panorama of the Ulysseans

Ascension's praises by Singer are sung;
Avoyelles sends Jeansonne and Vera Mae Young;
And Prejean and Dugas tell of Assumption gay;
While Readheimer represents Bienville, they say.
From dear old Caddo comes E. Starling, so coy;
And Reiser, of Calcasieu, o'erflows with great joy.
C. Hamiter, from Claiborne, does work with a vim;
De Soto sends Guile and our Ramsey, so prim.
From Baton Rouge de Britton and Morrison we hail,
While East Feliciana ships a fine little Sale.
R. Beasley, of Franklin, she works day and night;
And J. Dean, of Grant, appears always right.
Then Fannie Robin, an Iberian girl,
As natural class jester, keeps things in a whirl.
From Jackson, S. Emmons o'er lessons ne'er frets;
And Lafourche's A. Dugas a dairy soon gets.
R. Robinson, of Lincoln, surpassed by none,
All problems in Science doth quickly o'ercome.
From Natchitoches Parish, See we have Seven;
And there's the bunch we think is in Heaven.
Margaret Ecker, M. Jones, B. Sutton—what fun
Each has for herself after lessons are done!
Metoyer, and Lucas, Voiers, and Tarver,
Along with the rest, have never a bother.
From Ouachita come six maidens fair:
There's Halsell and Coon, with never a care;
J. Boyd and S. Smith are leaders quite gay;
While Rainbolt and Windes go along with the fray.
Then, leaving these, Rapides is in line,
With Whittington, Blackman, and Prescott sublime;
And three finer girls can nowhere be seen
Than Sandifer, Ponder, and McFarland, of Sabine.
St. Bernard's " Vira " Torres French teacher will be,
While in White, of St. Landry, no saint do you see.
Our Maus, from St. John, works never in vain;
But St. Helena's Wilson from laughs should refrain.
Just two Ulysseans to Terrebonne belong—
C. Toups and Mat. Aitkens, who plod slowly along.
'Lise Ramke, from Vermillion, is pretty well read;
M. Hughes, of Vernon, on sweetmeats is fed;
C. Coussons and Woodward, from Webster, so grand,
Join Wasson, from Winn, the choice of her land;
Our Painter, from Washington, has met with her fate.
And so with this we Ulysseans terminate.

Toast to the Ulysseans

A toast we drink to the morning
That breaks so fair o'er the world;
A song we sing to our fellows
To cheer them on in life's whirl;
But to you, O Ulysseans,
Our ideal of all that is best,
We drink to you, we live for you
With life's most ardent zest.

JESSIE BOYD.




Editors
Farmers
Chums
Sillies
Cooks
Cuties
Cutest
Handsomest
Prettiest
Most Stylish
Wittiest
Bluffest
Smartest
Most Popular Girl
Most Popular Boy

Hesperians

FALL CLASS, 1915

Colors	Flower
Green and Gold	Yellow Chrysanthemum

Motto

We lead; others follow

OFFICERS

President	Will Phillips
Vice President	Murrell Stafford
Treasurer	Gladys Bringhurst
Secretary	Lucille Meredith
Poet	Grace Moore
Artist	Ruth Nuckolls

POTPOURRI EDITORS

Virginia Russell	Gladys Bringhurst
Kathryn Berly	Grace Moore



LUCILLE MEREDITH . . . . . S. A. K.
Columbia, La.

FANNIE R. WHITE . . . . . S. A. K.
Norwood, La.

ELIZABETH HOLT DAVIS . . . . S. A. K.
Columbia, La.

VIRGINIA RUSSELL . . . . . S. A. K.
Monroe, La.

HERMYE BELL . . . . . S. A. K.
Bastrop, La.

LADY BIRD DIXON . . . . . S. A. K.
Monroe, La.

LOUISE KELSOE . . . . . S. A. K.
Boyce, La.

GLADYS BRINGHURST . . . . . S. A. K.
Alexandria, La.

WILL PHILLIPS . . . . . S. A. K.
Natchitoches, La.



CARRIE BOGGS . . . . . M. C. C.
Plain Dealing, La.

MARY ETTA MURRAY . . . . . S. A. K.
New Iberia, La.

THEDA B. MURRAY . . . . . S. A. K.
New Iberia, La.

MATTIE GARDNER . . . . . M. C. C.
Plain Dealing, La.

WILLIAM FAUVER . . . . . M. C. C.
Jackson, La.

RUTH NUCKOLLS . . . . . M. C. C.
Plain Dealing, La.

MARY SPEED . . . . . M. C. C.
Slaughter, La.

GRACE DOTY . . . . . S. A. K.
Patterson, La.

HAZEL PITTARD . . . . . E. L. S.
Grand Cane, La.



JESSIE DANIELS . . . . . E. L. S.
Columbia, La.

HILDA FALCON . . . . . M. C. C.
Waggaman, La.

BERTHA PIERCE . . . . . E. L. S.
Grayson, La.

KATHRYN BERLY . . . . . E. L. S.
Natchitoches, La.

JIMMIE DAVIS . . . . . M. C. C.
Choudrant, La.

EVA VERNON . . . . . M. C. C.
Chesbrough, La.

BESSIE CARSTARPHEN . . . . . M. C. C.
Plain Dealing, La.

MURRELL N. STAFFORD . . . . . M. C. C.
Mount Hermon, La.

ETHEL PALMER . . . . . E. L. S.
Hornbeck, La.



ANNIE ROGERS . . . . . S. A. K.
Franklin, La.

LORENA O'NIELL . . . . . S. A. K.
Franklin, La.

ELIZABETH FORGEY . . . . . S. A. K.
New Iberia, La.

LILLIA BORDELON . . . . . S. A. K.
Bunkie, La.

ETHEL HAWKINS . . . . . S. A. K.
Natchitoches, La.

HELEN FREEMAN . . . . . E. L. S.
Natchitoches, La.

GRENELLE EWING . . . . . S. A. K.
Natchitoches, La.

LUCILLE DEBLIEUX . . . . . S. A. K.
Natchitoches, La.

LEOTA WHITE . . . . . E. L. S.
Colfax, La.



NELLIE A. GLASSCOCK . . . . . M. C. C.
Mansura, La.

FLORIDA WATSON . . . . . E. L. S.
Leesville, La.

JOHN B. FOURNET . . . . . M. C. C.
St. Martinsville, La.

GERALD MANNING . . . . . E. L. S.
Robeline, La.

MAUD HOGAN . . . . . S. A. K.
Cheneyville, La.

ELIZABETH PURCELL . . . . . S. A. K.
Bunkie, La.

LUTHER ROARK . . . . . E. L. S.
Grayson, La.

Hesperians' Chronological Table

REIGN OF CLAMAN I.

I. First historical period—8: 20 B.L. to 9: 10 B.L.
II. Kingdom—Psychology.
III. Subjects—Seventh Termers.
IV. Principal events—
    A. War with Macht, Stumm, Katze, Haben.
    B. Conquest of above.
    C. Result of conquest—P—.

REIGN OF PETER THOMPSON II.

I. Second historical period—9: 10 B.L. to 10 B.L.
II. Kingdom—Calculus.
III. Subjects—Mathematicians.
IV. Principal events—
    A. Treaty with Pi.
    B. Terms of treaty.
        1. Compromise on P.

REIGN OF QUEEN ORA I.

I. Third historical period—10 B.L. to 10: 20 B.L.
II. Kingdom—Prose Fiction.
III. Subjects—Seventh Termers.
IV. Clown of Court—Greville Ewing.
V. Principal event—
    A. Murder of Queen's English.

PAN-CONGRESS—10: 20 B.L. TO 11 B.L.

I. Place—House of Intermission.
II. Nations represented—Faculty and Student Body.
III. Speaker of House—Hall Policeman.

REIGN OF EMPRESS VARNADO

I. Fourth historical period—11 B.L. to 11: 20 B.L.
II. Empire—History Land.
III. Subjects—Disciples of Woodrow.
IV. Principal events—
    A. Monthly Tests.
    B. Results—P+.

CONSULSHIP OF COOLEY

I. Fifth historical period—11 : 50 B.L. to 12 : 40 B.L.
II. Consulate—General Methods.
III. Subjects—Fifty Unfortunates.
IV. Principal events—
    A. Assassination of Pencil.
    B. Adoption of National Song, " First to the Window and Then to the Door."

REIGN OF VICTOR LEANDER I.

I. 1 : 20 A.L. to 1 : 40 A.L.
II. Kingdom—Auditorium.
III. Subjects—Normalites.
IV. Principal events—
    A. King Holds Levee.
    B. Calls Subjects to Justice.

MIGRATION TO THE LAND OF BOOKS

I. Sixth historical period—1 : 40 A.L. to 2 : 30 A.L.
II. Guiding spirit—Miss Scharlie Russell.
III. Motto—" Go Out Quietly, Please."

FIRST REPUBLIC

I. First President—Sieur de Sant Amant.
II. Seventh historical period—2 : 30 A.L. to 3 : 20 A.L.
III. Party in power—Single Taxers.
IV. Principal event—
    A. Adoption of Motto, "And So It Goes."



Class Poem

Of all the stars we know and love,
  Hesperus is the best.
Resplendent in the skies above,
  He shines o'er all the rest.
He guides us through our troubles here,
  Through sorrow, and through sin;
He keeps us safe from unknown fear
  Our real life to begin.

Our life's new morn we struggle through.
  Hesperus is our guide.
He takes our class, so weak, so few,
  And helps us o'er the tide.
When this sweet morn we shall have passed,
  And life's dull eve draws nigh,
Though darkness o'er all may be cast,
  Hesperus reigns on high.

As our loved star to us does seem,
  Must we to others be,
And by our lives reflect his beam
  To those out on life's sea.
If we are met by breaker's wrath,
  We turn and look ashore;
Hesperus' beam will light our path
  As in dark days of yore.

KATHRYN BERLY.

Investigators

WINTER CLASS, 1916

MOTTO: Live to learn

FLOWER: Easter Lily COLORS: Gold and White

OFFICERS

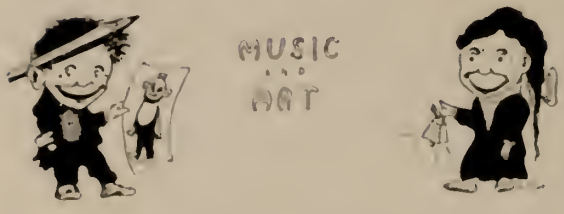
President . . . . . BERNARD NELKEN
Vice President . . . . . CARRIE BELLE LEE
Secretary . . . . . GLADYS LATHAM
Treasurer . . . . . MATT BUATT

POTPOURRI EDITORS

MARGARET PICKLES ZAIDEE BOATNER
GRAHAM STUCKEY RUTH CONERLY
ANNE TOWLES



Music and Art Course



The course of Music and Art
Is dear to every one's heart.
We sing the soft, sweet lays;
We paint the perfect days.
So list the praises sung
To us by many a tongue.

M. R. C.

MEMBERS

Naomi Beckcom
Helen Burleigh
Helen Freeman
Ruth Stodghill
Beulah Thompson
Thelma Trichel
Marguerite Traylor





Language Course

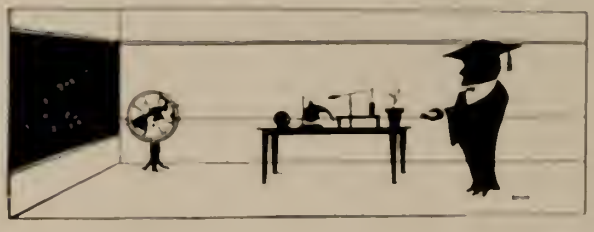


Here are found the many classes,
Filled with laughing lads and lassies,
Studying Latin, which is dead,
Till they're swimming in the head;
Studying French with all their might,
Till they feel they want to fight.
Soon will come another day,
Which is not so far away,
When, as teachers of the same,
None can rob them of their fame. M. R. C.

MEMBERS

Ethel Abington
Alton Alfred
Dewina Atkins
May Ruth Conerly
Jessie Lee Connell
Rosalie Goldberg
Mamie Griffith
Edith Hawkins
May Pellerin
Ellen Landers
Gladys Latham
Ethel Lyons
Katherine Marston
Aimee Maurin
Lanier Patton

Mathematics and Science Course



Get your Physics, Analytics,
Mathematics, too;
Learn to do it; suit the critics,
If it makes you blue.

Know the acids, learn the gases,
Methods and the rest;
Don't get sick and leave the class
When you have a test.

G. S.

MEMBERS

Katherine Breazeale	Esther Rentrope
Lena Carlton	Edward Roberts
Gladys Cole	Graham Stuckey
Bernard Nelken	Mary Tanner

Industrial Course



INDUSTRIAL.



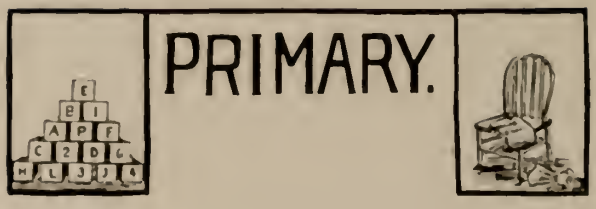
The wisest set of girls in us you see,
For we will prosperous housewives be;
We learn just how to bake the whitest bread;
Of those who cook we'll be the head.

Cheap grades of cloth can never us deceive;
Our Textiles teach the test of weave;
And we, you know, can sew the neatest seam;
Our work would make your faces beam. M. M. P.

MEMBERS

Lucie Aucoin
Mabel Bergeron
Daphne Cappel
Theoda Causey
Eunice Dezauche
Florence Dorr
Anna Bell Ewing
Esther Goyne
Sylvia Himler
Gracie Howard
Thelma Iglehart
Robert Kidd
Mamie Koonce
Laurina Labbe
Marie Montgomery
Bertie Phillips
Gladys Pendergast
Eula Ross
Lucile Rountree
Stella Roy
Carrie Roussel
Vera Stagg
Hulda Stussel
Winnie Strickland
Carolyn Wooten

Primary Course



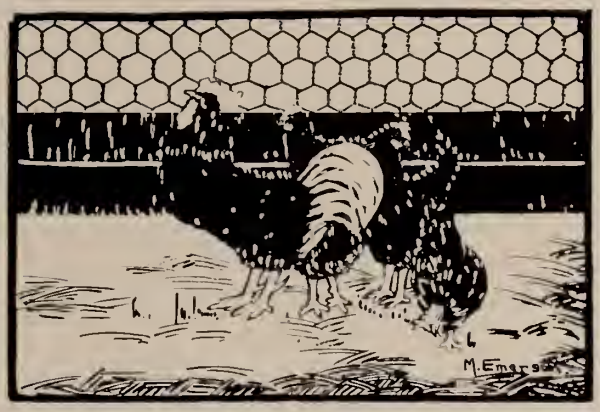
With our music we're having a struggle;
Our handcraft is such a great task;
With everything else we have trouble;
But we're nearing our goal at last.

Z. B.

MEMBERS

Marjorie Atkins
Ethel Bailey
Mildred Barnes
Effie Boddie
Leola Cargill
Mary Haas
Achsah Harris
Helen Jones
Pearl Legendre
Ruth Lewis
Urlein Mire
Margaret Pickels
Mildred Saal
Rose Taylor

Rural Training Course



We love the cows and the chickens—
And this is the life!

A. T.

MEMBERS

Matt Buatt
Berta Cole
Doris Davidson
George Morris
Esther Overbey
Sarah Pinkston
Fulton Plauche
Thelma Powell
John C. Thompson
Nora Talbert
Anne Towles
Irbie Wofford

Social Science Course



SOCIAL SCIENCE



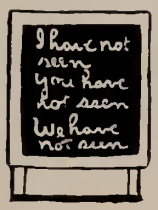
These girls will lead the government,
And great results there'll be;
They'll learn to wield that instrument
Till social evils flee.

The records of the growth that's past
They get from history;
The social needs they'll meet so fast,
We'll gain a century.

MEMBERS

Nellie Bynum	Vera Rutledge
Mary Hamilton	Thelma Seals
Carrie Belle Lee	Pearl Street
Elizabeth Peurifoy	Ruth Williams

Grammar Course



GRAMMAR.



We, the Grammar students,
Love this course so dear;
And that's half the reason
Why we are up here.

We've a little Civics,
Nature Study—what?
Want to keep up with us?
Then you'll have to trot.

MEMBERS

W. H. Beesom
Mildred Blumenthal
Sallie May Chaffin
Anna Dorman
Martha Fourmy
Inez Gandy
Ouida Gibson
Nell Dorman
Verna Hightower
Emily McAlpin
Moatie McClenaghan
Mildred McClendon
Carrie Pharr
Esther Washburn
Blanche Weldon
Clara Whitlowe

Spartans

SPRING CLASS, 1916

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Julia Bains
Vice President . . . . . Frank Penz
Secretary . . . . . Edna Fant
Treasurer . . . . . Compton Frere

Motto

Spartans spell *Success*

Flower

Black-eyed Susan

Colors

Orange and Black



Spartan Palmist



LETA ALFORD

You are delightfully original, but very fickle

ANNA BELL

You witt be a famous actress, if you don't think too much about mail-call





CORDIE AUTREY

You will some day be devoured by a wild beast—a calf, most likely

RUTH BONNER

Possessing great musical talent and a charming personality





LODERIC P. AYO

Specially adapted to history and slumber

BESSIE BOYLSTON

Slow at all calls, except mail-call





FERN BAILEY

Your love of art and apples will cause you to be a great nature artist

SARAH CADE

In your career as a folk dancer you will rival Mrs. Castle in popularity





JULIA BAINS

No opinion will be given of you, as you already have a mighty good one of yourself

MARY LOU COLE

Mary Lou Cole
Is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is she.
She's good in Science,
Good in Math.,
Especially—Geome—try





MATTIE COPELAND

Studious and conscientious in your work

EDNA FANT

Gushing and romantic, your heart line overbalances your head line





H. JOYNER COLEYS

"Joyner," you'll soon have a mate

BEATRICE FORET

A French teacher at the Normal seems to be your future





MARY HOWDELL

You will be a great financier. This has partly been proved by your success as class treasurer

G. COMPTON FIERE

Striking personality especially among the girls





LOU DURAND

World wide audiences shall proclaim you America's greatest musician

CLARA FULLER

Your greatest desire is a Woman's Home Companion





IRIS FAIRCHILD

A long life of single blessedness

DONA MAY GADDIS

Lovely disposition, but it be too quiet





JAC GRAY

You're bright, Jac; but think twice before you speak

MARY LAZARO

Ah, Mary, an awful flirt. You're hardly off with the old love before you're on with a new





GERTRUDE HALL

Your histories will take the place of those used in the public schools to-day

EUNICE LAWES

A long life,
And a merry one;
A good husband, but—
A "skeary" one.





LARA HEWITT

Your life will be filled with exciting experiences and adventures

PEARL MCVEA

Teacher of "indoor" baseball at L. S. N. in 1940





ZIPPORAH HOOPER

Intellectual. Your future holds much promise along literary lines

MABEL METHVIEN

Your Domestic Science will be put to use in a school of only one pupil





ELAINE LAZARO

Arco! suffragette. You'll beat the record of Mrs. Pankhurst

HILDA MOODY

Hilda, you have a vivid imagination; but be careful, dear, or old "Mag" will run away with you





NETA OPDEN

The lines in your hand indicate success and can do

MYRTLE SMITH

You will some day draw a salary "Peck's Bad Boy"





FRANK PENZ

Nimble tongued and long-haired;
A big old bully but not feared

EVA THEODEAUX

Solving Trigonometry problems is most delightful, and especially those containing the letters "L" and R"





KATHERINE PHARES

Your palm shows exhilaration in dance or letter writing. Be careful that this fault does not lead to poverty

ROY THOMPSON

You are a grandaddy at debates, and particularly on subjects debated by only two contestants





BELL PLACIDO

Your womanly ways will captivate the heart of a real old farmer

WILLA MAE WALLACE

You'll meet your fate next term





ZULA RICHARD

Securing a place in the heart of Texarkana is your specialty

GRACE WEBB

In basket ball and Chemistry you'll achieve great success





INEZ WILLIAMS

Your paintings will make their way into all the celebrated art galleries



DOROTHY YEARWOOD

Your future depends upon your faithfulness to a certain member of the K. E.



VALENTINE OLINDE

You're bound to be somebody's Valentine, and it will probably be F. P.'s

MRS. BEESON

You have met your fate

MAUD BERGERON

In 1925 you will be found in a convent as teacher of English

ESTHER GLASS

A long life as an old-maid school-teacher

GLADYS GREGG

You will be a successful coach of Newcomb's basket-ball team

MAUD KILLEN

Quiet and unassuming

GEORGE MATHIS

You're a model—perhaps of the zero barometer

THEO MCALPIN

Addicted to numerous smiles and Advanced Arithmetic



Optimists

SUMMER CLASS, 1916

MOTTO

To make the dark light

FLOWER
Red Rose

COLORS
Cardinal and Silver

OFFICERS

President . . . . . ERIC N. DEBLIEUX
Vice President . . . . . EMILY POCHE
Secretary . . . . . ANNIE D. CORBETT
Treasurer . . . . . ZULA RICHARD

ROLL

Gene Allen
Grace Atkins
Bernice Barnes
Ruth Bennett
Mary Bonner
Annie Mae Burt
Emily Caillet
Annie D. Corbett
Lela Crowder
Eric N. DeBlieux
Hazel Dugas
Viola Durham
Gervais Ford
Theodocia Foster
Camille Guyton
Annie Ruth Harold
Mary Haynes
Louise Hodges
Erline Johnston
Eloise Larche
Mary Alice Larche
Agnes Latham
May B. Lester
Lucille Long
Willie McCoy
May Alice McGraw
Kathleen Merritt
Jessie Moore
Lillian Mulder
Anna Ruth Nuttall
Marjorie Oliver
Josephine O'Quinn
Ena Phelps
Elva Pickett
Belle Blauche
Emily Poche
Frances Proffitt
Zula Richard
Lea Richardson
Gladys Rose
Irma Scott
Corrie Steele
Willie Swan
Vesta Teagle
Cecile Tregre
Marie Varnado
Ella Vial
Warren Voiers



Optimists

Fourth-Term Class Meeting

TO DISCUSS POTPOURRI REPRESENTATION

(Committed to the committee of the whole school and ordered to be printed in the Potpourri)

♠

TIME—15 minutes after 3:20 Wednesday.
PLACE—Mr. South's room.

House called to order by Vice President.

Roll Call:

Tardies—

Warren Voiers (persuading Mr. Roy to sign the best excuse he can think of).
Eric DeBlieux (learning new dances).
May B. Lester (calling the mail).
Annie Ruth Harold (trying to convince Mr. St. Amant that Shreveport is the *only* city).
Erline Johnston, Mary Alice Larche (practicing duet).
Artie Wright (lost in the crowd).
Belle Plauche (playing for folk dancing).
Mary Haynes, Irma Scott (chasing bugs and flies to murder in SO_2).
Annie D. Corbett, Eloise Larche (arrested for speeding).
Grace Atkins (primping).

[*Eric DeBlieux fox-trots into the room and takes the President's chair.*]

Absences Excused—

Camille Guyton, Lucille Long, Louise Hodges (indisposed).
Zula Richard (in infirmary—stuck a pin in her finger).
Gervais Ford (extra band practice).
Jera Warner (spraying cabbage plants).
Anna Ruth Nuttall (studying).
Emily Poche (correcting papers for Mrs. Williamson).
Bernice Barnes (studying Chemistry).
Willie McCoy (explaining to Grace the honor of being a Varsitonian).

[*Enter Irma Scott, singing "When I Lost You," followed by Mary Haynes and Annie D. Corbett, with long official-looking envelopes, singing "A Perfect Day."*]

Eric, President: "What's the pleasure of the house?

Elva Pickett: "I propose——"

Eric, President (panic-stricken): "Not here!"

Frances Proffitt: "I move that we ask Misses Varnado, Teagle, Vial, and Latham to sit in the rear, so that we may see better." [*The young ladies mentioned haughtily leave the room.*]

Lillian Mulder: "Such nerve! Why, I'm not a bit sensitive about my size."

Hazel Dugas: "Nor I about my height. I'm glad I'm so tall and stately."

Eric, President: "Could some one suggest some idea as to what kind of material, pictures, etc., this class should have in the Potpourri?"

Josephine O'Quinn: "Well, I saw a cute idea in Bubbles the——"

[*Dinner bell. Everybody falls over everybody else getting out.*] M. V. H.

As the Night Falls

Softly shadows now are falling
Over all the Normal Hill,
And the souls of strong Fourth-Termers
With ambitions quickly fill.

With a gaze bent on the future,
With a forward, steadfast eye,
Each one firmly vows within him
To win out, or else—to die.

On a stage in far, dim future
Marie calmly takes her place,
And, with voice so clearly ringing,
Charmeth all with winning grace.

Eric has a high ambition:
Sup'rintendent he will be;
When he gets into the school world,
Many wonders all will see.

Gervais sees a brass band rising;
He himself is at its head,
For he's routed Mr. Stopher—
Honors are for him instead.

Annie D., with gaze on future,
Sees a happy little home,
And the ruling household spirit
Is none other than her own.

Vesta, in her Mathematics,
Will excel the men of old
Who were great in works of this kind
In the past—so we are told.

So it is with each strong member,
Future holds some thing sublime;
With their book skill and their learning,
They'll be leaders in due time.

JOSEPHINE O'QUINN.

Elegy on the Fourth-Term Chemistry Class

Good students all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if the time you stay is short,
You will not hear me long.

At L. S. N. there was a man.
I readily declare
That every day he was on hand—
Unless he was not there.

A kind and gentle heart had he:
His class he'd never shirk;
His pupils every term passed he—
When they had done the work.

And in his class a girl was seen,
As in most classes be,
Who was as cute and bright, I ween,
As other girls we see.

The girl at first, she was his friend:
She studied hard, it seemed;
But when the month came to an end,
That F! O, how it gleamed!

The case, it seemed both queer and sad
Unto the teacher's eye;
And since he thought she would be glad,
To pass her *he* would try.

But soon the term came to an end:
Her slip, it had not lied.
A ring all red and neatly penned
Was proof *she* hadn't tried.

LETA ALFORD.

Les Allouettes

FALL CLASS, 1916

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Sanford Roy
Vice President . . . . . Dennis Sikes
Secretary . . . . . Tal Larguier
Treasurer . . . . . Eunice Odom
Honor System Representative . Dennis Sikes

POTPOURRI EDITORS

Alma Avinger
Eunice Odom
Tal Larguier
Marguerite Stewart

Flower

White Rose

Colors

White and Green

Motto

" Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."



Les Allouettes

Class Roll

Carrie Addison
Bryan Allen
Jeannette Ariail
Marie Arnaud
Alma Avinger
Mabel Barlow
Frances Bergeron
Winnie Bouanchaud
Lucille Burleigh
Leila Calliham
May Carlisle
Estelle Cloutier
Kay Collette
Mary Rose Conley
Paul Ducournau
Sunshine Flynn
Aline Gianelloni
Edna Gibbs
Sallie B. Gray
Loreen Hargrove
Sophie Haydel
Kathleen Harrell
Esteve Hymel
James Jeansonne
Blanche Jewell
Clara Kennedy
Tal Larguier
Clarence Leonard
Sudie Merritt
Eunice Odom
Josephine O'Quinn
Izetta Peters
Myrtle Pettey
Una Prudhomme
Ruby Rabb
Frank Ricard
Sanford Roy
Dennis Sikes
Eleanor Smith
Marguerite Stewart
Mary Upton
Alma Vaughan
Leander Vercher
Ursa Vodopivec
Jera Warner
Beatrice Watson
Joyce Weaver
Pearl Weaver
Dozier Webster
Blanche Weems
Artie Wright

Class Rhymes and Jingles

There was a young lady from Sport,
Who played so well on the court,
  She was chosen as guard
  By her honorable pard,
And knocked the ball to the Fort.

There was a young man named " Frank,"
Who was so long and so lank
  That when a test came,
  He wrote down his name,
And gave in a paper so blank.

Come, every young lady of town,
Give cause for your elaborate gown,
  Or else Brother Roy,
  Filled with wonderful joy,
Will order you a step or two down.

O, my dear, poor Mickie O'Quinn!
You are so excessively thin,
  I'm afraid for your health—
  Fear you'll catch your death;
So pick up your speed and go in.

There was a streak o' luck called " Wright,"
Who was so wonderfully bright,
  She packed up her books,
  Gave a laugh at her looks,
And whispered to her friends: " Good night."

There goes a young man called " Sike,"
To whom third-term girls do hike.
  Add " y " to his name;
" Sikey " we obtain—
A fashion the Normal girls like.

Izetta was called on one day
To think of something to say.
  She thought and she thought,
  But nothing she caught;
Then the honor was offered to Kay.

There was a young lady in school
Who never would think of a rule;
  She talked in her class,
  And seldom did pass;
So now she's been placed on a stool.

There was a dear, little, harmless boy,
" Dozier " by name, who was a great joy.
Much love he did make;
Many hearts did he break;
Yet he always seemed to be coy.

There was a young lady called " May,"
Who was so exceedingly gay
She tilted her nose,
Hung her dainty toes,
And stumbled headlong on her way.

There was a bright class in school,
Wonderful workers by rule;
" Third term " it was called;
By all it was balled,
But worked on with head that was cool.

At recess Estelle went to Sam's;
She bought some jellies and jams;
But when she came back,
Mr. Roy with great tact
Closed the door before her with slams.

One day in Lab., just for fun,
Ruby and Clarence talked some,
When, to their surprise,
Miss Overbey's eyes
Back to their desk made them run.

Our teacher in English is kind;
Our faults she never does find;
But when on a test
She says, " Do your best,"
You'd better begin right on time.

The funniest teacher to me
Is one that will never agree.
His feet are like lead,
His face is quite red;
But all of you know L. A. D.

Slats Weaver weighs one hundred pounds,
And yet she isn't meek;
Her face is sharp and thin, but—zounds!—
She has a world of cheek.

Jokes

Mr. Hedges: "Miss Lazaro, how could I find one edge of a cube if I had the volume given?"
Heloise (promptly): "Uncube it."

First Latin Student: "Are you taking Cæsar this term?"
Second Latin Student: "No; I've only been exposed to it."

Third Termer: "Cheer up, dear fellow; we'll be all right soon. Mr. Williamson has just ordered twelve cans of manners to be distributed among the pupils in our History Class."

Mr. Monroe: "Well, Miss T——, when did you put your countenance back on this Hill?"
Miss T—— (thinking he said "account"): "O, I didn't put it back! I left it in the Homer National Bank."

"Miss Larguier, have you done the experiment with iron filings yet?" asked Mr. Fournet.
Miss Larguier: "Yes."
Mr. Fournet: "What did they look like?"
Sudie (in a whisper): "Tell him like his mustache."

P Minus, P, and P Plus

We thank thee for P Minus;
We like it more than F,
Especially in Chemistry—
We're sure that'll be our death.

We thank thee *more* for P alone,
In Solid you all know;
For when we go to take a test,
Our ignorance we show.

We thank thee MOST for big P Plus,
But that we seldom see;
For when it comes to real exams.,
We're green as green can be. A. A. and E. O.

Pelicans

WINTER CLASS, 1917

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Robert Browne
Vice President . . . . . America Stuckey
Secretary . . . . . Lurline Clark
Treasurer . . . . . Harvey Moreland

Motto

Not for ourselves, but for others

Colors

Green and White

Flower

White Chrysanthemum

ROLL

Camille Aaron
Annie Ruth Allen
Maggie Ruth Boydstun
Robert Browne
Mattie B. Butler
Mattie V. Butler
Rhea Callegari
Lurline Clark
Mattie Collins
Vannie Cook
Elma Conger
Sadie Cunningham
Rita Dezendorf
Lonie Doles
Gladys Durham
Naoma Emerson
Madison Funderburk
Gladys Gleason
Gladys Glover
Julia Griffin
Allyne Haynes
Carl Henry
Anna Howerton
La Vera Jackson
Gertrude Killen
Heloise Lazaro
Grace Lindsey
Lilline Logan
Ruth Mitchell
Dulcie Mobley
Annie Montgomery
Harvey Moreland
Roy Ortmeyer
Chloe Painter
Myrtis Painter
Stella Patterson
Jessie Pierce
George Poret
Alphonse Prudhomme
Viola Prudhomme
Winnie Roy
Edith Rutherford
Annie Lee Satterley
Bennett Scallan
America Stuckey
Murphy J. Sylvest
Josephine Tauzin
Estelle Thornton
Annie Timon
Albert Trichel
Ovide Turpin
Charles Webb
Elizabeth Webster
R. E. Williams



Pelicans

Pelicans a la Mother Goose

As Vannie Cook and Bessie Ford
  Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Vannie Cook to Bessie Ford,
  "To-morrow will be Monday."

English and French are vexation,
  And History is just as bad;
The rules of Physics perplex Rhea,
  And Algebra drives her mad.

Lonie, of Words and not of Deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

Lurline and Camille sat under a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till Anna came by with a sorrowful sigh,
And reminded them of their Geometry.

"If all the world were Physics,
  The sea Geometry,
I'd feel so good I'd never say:
  'This is monotony.'" (America.)

George Poret, a man of caper,
Sold his book and read from paper;
Sold his paper and learned to sing,
To buy Allie a finger ring.

Harvey Moreland and Ovide fell out
And what do you think it was all about?
Harvey loved Jessie, and so did Ovide—
That was the reason they never agreed.

Gladys and Norma are always late;
They lie in bed till the clock strikes eight;
Then up starts Gladys and looks at the sky:
"Oho, sister Norma, the sun's very high!
You go on with your tablet and books,
And I will come after with my good looks."

Bob was a boy of our class,
  And he was wondrous wise.
He looked into a Physics book,
  And ruined both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
  With all his might and main
He jumped into Geometry,
  And brought them back again.

How do you like at the Normal to stay,
  Up on the hill so green?
O, we do think it's the pleasantest place
  We Pelicans ever have seen.

L. C., A. H., A. S., C. A., C. W.

Class Laughs

Miss Tally (in singing class): "What is a triplet?"
Ollie Wigley: "Three babies dressed just alike."

Estelle Thornton (on being asked a question in Botany): "I don't know."
Mr. Williamson: "Tell me what you do know, and I'll put it in a bottle."

Mr. Prather: "Some one give me an example of two similar polygons."
Student: "Rectangles."
Mr. Prather (drawing two rectangles on the board): "Why, that animal does not look like this one, does it?"

Mr. Fournet (explaining refraction of light to Miss Merritt): "When a ray of light passes from air into water, if the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of refraction, I'll eat your hat."

Mr. Williamson (to his History Class): "I want you to trace a map of the Netherlands."
Viola: "Just put a piece of paper over it and trace it?"
Mr. Williamson: "No; put your foot on it."

When the Physics class was asked on a test to show the relation between a sound wave and the particles of the medium through which the wave passed, one of the answers received was this: "This may be illustrated by going in a cornfield."

The question, "What is a plant?" was asked on a Botany test. The answer in Ethel Weber's paper was: "A plant is a human being."

The photographer (taking the picture of the Second-Termers): "Will you please keep still—the girl with the dress on?"

Mr. Payne (to his Physics Class): "Did you all work that dam problem? O, I mean that problem about that dammed lake!"

We Pelicans

We Pelicans would like to know
Just how we must begin
To climb the ladder of success—
To do some worth-while thing.

Of course we're at the bottom now;
The goal lies far ahead;
There're many tasks and trials in
The path that we're to tread.

But in each task that we perform
We find a pleasure, too;
Each day is filled with sunshine, while
The troubles are but few.

When we have finished here at school,
And feel our task complete,
We shall have only reached the first
Of all the goals we seek.

America Stucky.

Victorians

SPRING CLASS, 1917

OFFICERS

President . . . . . JOSEPHINE BRYAN
Vice President . . . . . HARRY AKE
Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . ESTHER WEMP

MOTTO: To subdue by thought

COLORS: Red and Black

FLOWER: Red Poppy

MEMBERS

Harry Ake
Margery Amiss
Douglas Berly
Josephine Bryan
Willie Clark
Pearl Cockfield
Mary Currie
Camille DeBlieux
Marguerite Desadier
Bessie Ford
Willie Freeman
Jesse Funderburk
Elizabeth Groesbeck
Merle Hammock
Margaret Hart
Nanie Haas
Norma Hill
Ollie Moffett
Minnie Moreland
Edna Ponder
Mrs. Janie Stephens
Annie May Tooke
Virgil Ward
Burton Weaver
Ethel Weber
Esther Wemp
Driscoll Whatley
Ollie D. Wigley
Mae Williams
Caro Williamson
Lutie Wade Wilson



VICTORIANS

From Hate to Love

"I SURELY do hate this business of coming up here on Saturday to get classified," complained Esther, as she and Camille met Caro, Jo, and Harry coming up the railroad track.

"Well, I do, too. I never knew I loved the High School until I came into the Normal," said Caro.

"Did you ever see it fail? I forgot my incidental fee!" exclaimed Jo.

"Well, I have enough to lend you some; so don't get excited," comforted Esther.

"Good!" cried Jo. "It's a good thing somebody has a memory longer than her nose."

"Who brought their report cards, or do we need them?" inquired Camille.

"I brought mine. You never can tell about this old Normal," said Harry.

By this time they had reached the door of Main Building, where they met Willie, who asked, in a doleful voice: "Do you know what to do?"

"No, we certainly don't. I wish to goodness we were back in the High School. I just *hate* the Normal'" exclaimed Caro.

"O, here comes Burton! Let's ask him what to do," suggested Willie.

"Burton, where must we go to get classified?" queried Harry.

"O, *Freshies* have to go to Mr. Stopher! Come on; I'll show you what to do," he answered, putting volumes of scorn into the word "Freshies."

"*Freshies!*" came from every side as he led them up the stairs. He dropped them at Mr. Stopher's room, telling them to wait there until that gentleman arrived. After a dreary half hour, *he* came. When Esther went to him, he said he could not classify her unless she had her report card. This she had left at home. As Camille had left hers, too, she and Esther trudged sullenly home to get them. When they came back, they met Mr. Guardia in the hall.

"Mr. Guardia," exclaimed Esther, "we had to go all the way back home for our report cards!"

"You don't need your cards at all. My word is sufficient," replied Mr. Guardia.

"And all that walk home for nothing!" stormed Esther, with a hint of tears in her voice.

"O, that's just a nice walk on a day like this!" said he, consolingly, as he walked on.

"If you all just knew how tired I am! I feel as if I had walked a hundred miles," said Camille, on meeting Caro and Jo in Miss Hart's room a few minutes later.

"Well, you haven't had any harder time than I have," said Caro. "I forgot to bring my incidental fee, and I had to look all over the place for papa."

Just then Miss Hart entered the room, and after a weary interval of time, they were properly classified.

"O, I am so tired and worn out!" said Esther. "I just *hate* this old Normal!"

. . . . . .

"Just think—this is the last day of the first month of our first term in the Normal!" said Jo. "Sounds kinder mixed up, doesn't it?"

"Sorter," said Esther.

"O, I'm so afraid I'm going to fail in French. I don't know what to do!" wailed Camille.

"Well, it won't be long before you'll know your fate," said Caro.

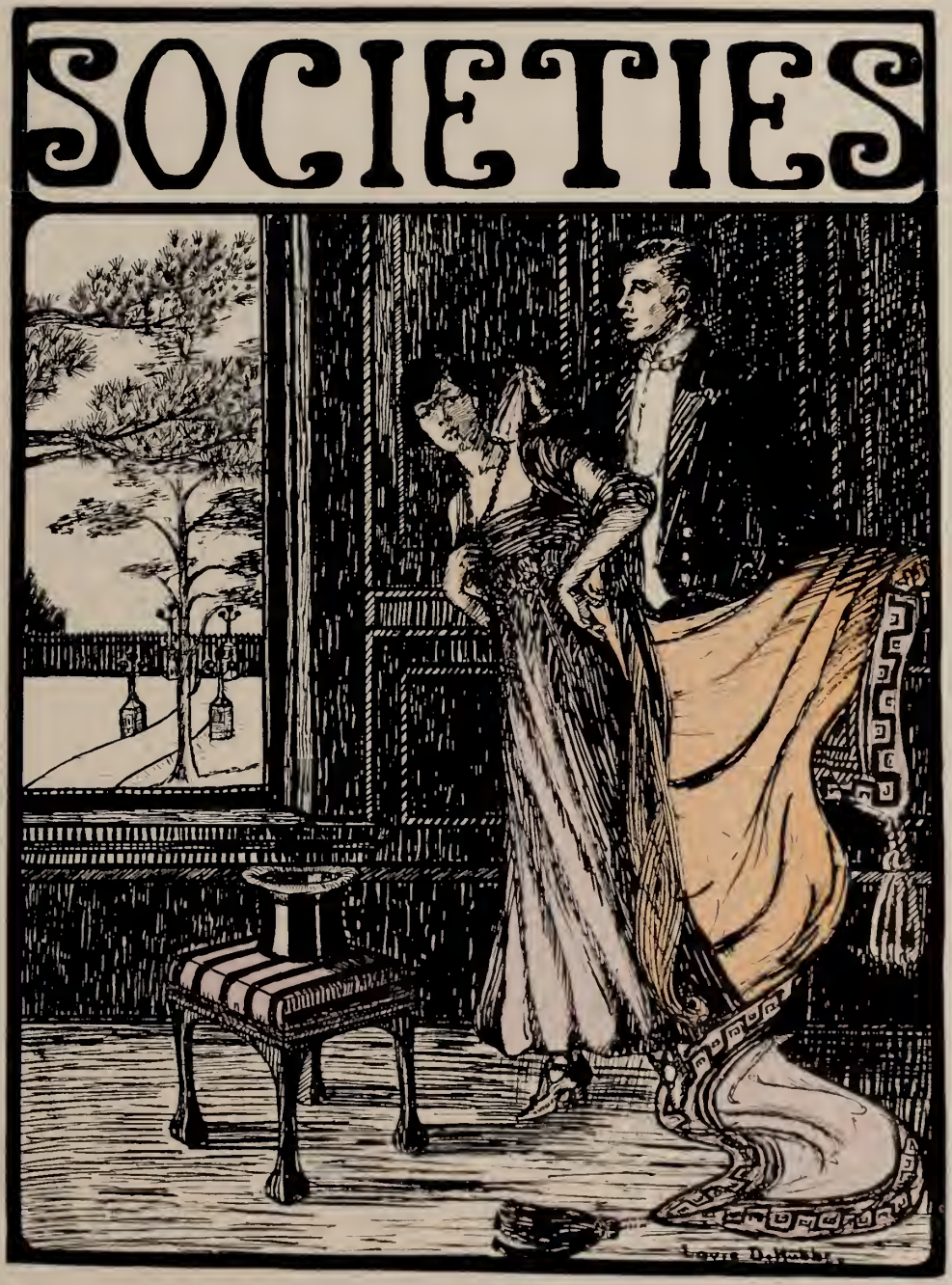
Just then the bell rang, and they adjourned to Miss Hart's room to get their first month's slips.

"O, I just *love* the Normal!" said Caro, a few minutes afterwards, waving a clean slip.

"I *do*, too," chorused the others, as they left the building.

J. B., E. W., C. D., C. W.

SOCIETIES



Honor Page

THIS PAGE IS HEREBY AWARDED
TO THE

Seekers After Knowledge Society

FOR THE
DILIGENT WORK DONE
BY
ITS MEMBERS
IN
SECURING THE LARGEST NUMBER OF SALES
FOR THE
POTPOURRI, 1915.
WE CONGRATULATE THIS SOCIETY
UPON ITS
SUCCESSFUL WORK,
AND
EXPRESS OUR ADMIRATION
FOR THE
EXCELLENT SPIRIT MANIFESTED
IN THIS CONTEST.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.


Seekers After Knowledge
1890

Seekers After Knowledge

COLORS
White and Gold

FLOWER
Marechal Niel Rose

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Thyra Denholme
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Lady Bird Dixon
Erin Dore
Florence Dorr
Grace Doty
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Bertha Emmons
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Greville Ewing
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Mayble Gauthier
Ouida Gibson
Rosalie Goldberg
Kate Gosling
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Aimee Maurin
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Frank Penz
Annie Mae Pettit
Carrie Morse Pharr
Will Phillips
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Thelma Powell
Virginia Prescott
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Marie Quarles

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Bobbie Reiser
Esther Renthrop
Fannie Robin
Annie Rogers
Carrie Roussel
Carolyn Roux
Daisy Roux
Lucile Roy
Virginia Russell
Irma Russ
Vera Rutledge
Annie Saal
Sadie Saal
Marguerite Sanders
Edna Savant
Riviere Sewell
Lucille Seiss
Camille Skolfield
Madeline Smith
Arnaudlia Snoddy
Irma Sompayrac
Hulda Stoessel
Camille B. Taylor
Rose Taylor
Beulah Thompson
Cecile Toups
Una Toups
Lottie Vice
Dorothy Vought
Newton Voiers
Helen Walsh
Esther Washburn
Sara Lee Wheatly
Evelyn White
Fannie R. White
Inez Williams
Ruth Williams
Irma Wilson
Annie Windes
Irbie Wofford
Carolyn Wooten
Norma Wooten
Odelia Wright

▲ ▲ ▲

Sonnet to S. A. K.

▲

While, pensively, with weary, falt'ring tread,
We slowly wend our way through gloomy days
Of work and toil, devoid of joy or praise,
To that majestic realm where strife is dead,

Renewed are hopes; and growing, lurking fears
By intercourse with thee, sweet S. A. K.,
Are quick dispelled; the spirit of the fray,
With courage strong, replaces idle tears.

The hour, which in thy golden atmosphere
Reflects thy honor and prosperity,
Breathes hope, and faith, and long-enduring cheer.
Long live thee, S. A. K.! For noble, free,
Thy task is half accomplished. Have no fear;
The future holds still richer joys for thee.

ROSE TAYLOR.



Reproduction of Movies on Normal Hill

DIALOGUE GIVEN IN S. A. K.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

"Pap" Williamson	Thyra E. Denholme
Doorkeeper	Ethel Merrill
First Freshie	Merrill Flower
Second Freshie	Kate Gosling
First Normalite	Vivian Keller
Second Normalite	Carolyn Roux
Moving-picture Machine	Universal Meat Grinder

Scene: S. A. K. Hall

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Enter Pap Williamson, lugging meat grinder; sets up machine on the arm of a chair, arranges chairs for evening performance, and begins tinkering with the films (?).*]

[*Enter Normalites.*]

First Normalite: **Mr. Williamson, what pictures are we going to have to-night?**

Pap: The Normal pictures taken up here this summer.

[*Loud clapping—Normal habit.*]

[*Loud-voiced discussion heard in the hall.*]

Why, the very idea! I never heard tell of paying more than a nickel to get in a picture show! In Bear Creek we could go to the Airdome and stay an hour for a nickel.

[*Snickering Normalites.*]

Pap: **Aw, girls, come on in! Quit squabbling over a nickel! You can stay *here all night* for a dime.**

First Normalite: O, O,, for goodness' sake, look at those two Freshies that we told to dress up for the moving-picture show! They have on all the lace and ribbon they could get. You would think they were going to the opera, the way they are togged up. Look at that fat one with the "devil's curls"—they went out of style about two years ago.

Second Normalite: And the ghastly combination of colors—that blue skirt, pink waist, and lavender scarf. Now, that's some artistic combination! I bet Miss Scheen gives her P Plus.

[*Lights flash off, and pictures come on upside down; loud clapping and stamping; pictures start once more, and proceed amid exclamations of recognition.*]

First Freshie (reading out loud): **"An afternoon swimming class."**

First Normalite: Look at Sara Lee Wheatly and Molly Zenor dive! Every time they go down, the water rises four feet!

Second Normalite: That old red bathing suit of Camille Guyton's looks very well in a picture; but, goodness, in real life!!! Look at Elise Babers swimming like a fish!

Second Freshie (reading aloud): "Bird's-eye view of dormitories and tennis courts."

Pap: To the right are the well-kept tennis courts.

First Normalite: I say "well-kept" (?)—made up of surface, lined off *occasionally*, enclosing holes and rocks!

SECOND NORMALITE: Watch Bessie Roberts and Ima Toups play for the heavy weight championship.

FIRST NORMALITE: Lillian Davis and Myrtle Aitkens will never learn to play, because they don't even look at the balls—the boys on the boys' dormitory gallery receive their attention.

PAP: Now we have a view of Dining Hall during noonday meal.

FIRST NORMALITE: Feeding the animals.

SECOND NORMALITE: Look at those Janes eat! Irma Russ eats enough to supply a family of four.

FIRST NORMALITE: And next to her is poor Gladys Bringhurst fasting—trying to get thin.

[*Spattering and gradual fading of picture from the screen. Loud cries and ejaculations of disgust.*]

Mr. Williamson—Oh, Mr. Williamson, what's the matter with the pictures?

P'r'aps (in calm voice). Is Miss Roux in the audience? Will you please play us a selection until I can get this machine fixed? You know, I haven't quite got the hang of this thing yet.

[*Miss Roux plays "Home, Sweet Home," accompanied by sobs and moans from Freshies.*]

[*Pictures start once more.*]

FRESHIES (reading): "Monday morning in Normal laundry."

FIRST NORMALITE: Mr. Williamson, that film is going too fast. You know how slow they are at that laundry.

FIRST FRESHIE: I wonder whose dress that is. I have seen six different girls wear it. It's that pink one, and some wear it with green ribbons; others, with black; and some, with purple.

SECOND NORMALITE: Is that Reese's dress, or whose is it? I have seen it on Lottie Wade, Eliza beth, and Helen.

FIRST NORMALITE: The whole of "A" building wears it. It doesn't matter whom it belongs to.

SECOND NORMALITE: Look at that heated conversation Jac and Fannie are having with Mr. Estell. They must be trying to beat him out of some excess laundry.

PAP: The last scene is a "Bird's-eye view of the Academic Court."

"Good night."

♠ ♠ ♠

What Is S. A. K.?

♠

HOW well I remember when I was first taken into S. A. K.! How solemnly I swore that I would uphold its constitution and by-laws and love and venerate it always! I was fully convinced that S. A. K. was the only society worth anything on the Hill, and for some time I was quite "stuck up" over the fact that I was a Seeker After Knowledge. Why wasn't it quite the biggest, besides being the oldest, society in school, having been founded away back there in 1890?

As time passed on, I grew to think a great deal of S. A. K. in a sort of superficial manner. I enjoyed going every Saturday night and listening to the programs—even got over my own "stage fright" and rather liked serving on the program myself.

So things rolled along for several terms. I had about the usual pride in my society, and would fly to arms the moment any one even dared to breathe a word against it, but I must say although very shamefacedly, fundamentally I regarded it as a means of obtaining the three society credits necessary for graduation. Then one day I woke up, with a start, to the realization of some facts. It had been my duty to go through some of the past records of the society, and in my search I had brought to light some of the old material written by S. A. K. members in its early history. There were old programs, and there were also the minute books containing record after record of faithful service performed. Glancing through the papers, I found one entitled, "S. A. K. of the Past, Present, and Future." Slowly I read it through. The early and determined struggles of the young society were told briefly and lovingly. There was a humble account of the work of the present and an expression of the gratitude due to the past. Finally the picture of the future S. A. K. was drawn, glowing with the hope and promise of the fulfillment of all the dreams of the past and present, the S. A. K. superior, perfect.

I laid the paper aside almost reverently. To think that I have been regarding S. A. K. as chiefly a means of graduation! Somehow I had never thought of S. A. K. as having a beginning. Yet I had not considered the fact that she was decidedly older than I was. How unutterably self-centered I had been! I had not been grateful to the past, and certainly it had never occurred to me that she would have a future after I left. As I sat there with the faded histories of the S. A. K. scattered about and the prophecy of the future still haunting my mind, the questions came: What does S. A. K. mean to me? Am I upholding the standard set by the past? Am I making my work worthy enough to raise that standard and bring S. A. K. nearer to its ultimate goal? Am I truly a Seeker, thankfully profiting by the works of those who have gone before and striving to help on their way those to come?

By the time I had collected the books and papers and carefully arranged and put them away, I had come to see more clearly what S. A. K. must have stood for in the eyes of its old members, how much it should touch my life, and what it must be to all future generations of Seekers After Knowledge.

Dear old S. A. K.! It will not be long now before I shall have to leave the Normal and you. My work is almost done here. It seems a long time since I read that old paper of a former Seeker, on your past, present, and future. Ever since then, what a wonderful inspiration and help you have been to me! Many of my happiest hours have been spent in your hall and doing your work.

I have not only gained in appreciation of literature and music, but I have lost much of my foolish self-consciousness in talking before an audience. I have known what it is to lose the sense of individuality and to rejoice wholeheartedly over the triumph of you, S. A. K., and to sorrow over your temporary failures. I am bound by your dear ties to the S. A. K.'s that have come and gone in the twenty-five years of your existence. Now, I, too, pass on and make way for those to come, who are my friends, though they know it not. I go into the State to sing your praises, bearing in my heart the sincerest love and pride for you. May you ever grow and widen your helpful influence, always approaching more and more closely your goal.

KATE GOSTING.


L.R.S
LABOR IS WORSHIP
1898

Eclectic Literary Society

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Editor . . . . . Aletha Whittington

Colors

Purple and Gold

Motto

Labor is worship




Leola White
Clara Rainbolt
Anna Dorman
Virginia Beeson
Frances Mervis




Clara Whitlowe
Aletha Whittington
Claudia Waller
Faye Sale
Gertrude Hall
Mattie Cain
Carrie Hamiter
Maggie Hughes
Gracie Brown
Margaret Eeler
Kathryn Berly
Helen Freeman
Illeene Alexander
Selma Smith
Carrie Belle Lee
Annie Adams



E. L. S. Parliamentary Law Drill as Described by a Freshie

"COME on, girls; the society bell is ringing!" cried a gay young voice; and I, a very fresh little Freshie, went swinging along, too.

Being so very fresh, I naturally had my eyes open to everything as we walked into the hall, and the sight which greeted them was more than pleasant for me. The colors of the society (purple and gold), the pretty decorations, and the crowd of laughing girls and boys created in me at the first a spirit of pride in E. L. S.

After a little time spent in conversation, during which I was made known to some of the best workers—Erin Scaife, W. H. Burns, Annie Bains, Walter Brewer, W. S. Campbell, and a few others—we sat down, and the program began. As it progressed, I sat with both eyes and ears open, absorbing with undivided attention each number that was rendered.

At length the time for parliamentary law drill came. Mr. Brewer then took the place of Mr. Burns, who was president, and asked: "What is the pleasure of the house?"

Miss Annie Bains arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, we have so many new members that our hall is hardly large enough to hold them; so I move that we erect a $50,000 hall for our society."

I was amazed at such a motion, and yet not so surprised, after all; for the members were so full of the spirit of the thing that I had become enthusiastic, too, and was ready to believe or accept anything. The question was discussed pro and con, and finally, when voted upon, was passed.

But the next motion was still more astounding. Mr. Campbell arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I move that we send three delegates from the Eclectic Literary Society to the Panama Exposition."

Well, the E. L. S. was looming higher than ever on my horizon, and I congratulated myself again and again on *having been allowed to join it.*

But wait; some one else is talking: "————to amend the motion by striking out the words 'three delegates from' and inserting the words 'all the members of,' so that the motion will read that we send all the members of the E. L. S. to the Panama Exposition."

I could scarcely restrain myself. How did they know that that was the very thing that I had been longing to do?

Discussion followed as to the relative merits of doing it or not doing it. When the question was put, it was carried by a large majority. Then,

indeed, did my spirits soar. I thought of what a grand letter I was going to write home about *our* literary society. I was already planning my trip. How I would love it! My dream was about to be realized!

But my rhapsody was rudely interrupted by the next motion, which sent me into the depths of despair. Some one was moving that each new member make a speech! Why, I could not begin to make a speech, much less before this body of people who could *do things*. In fear my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth.

"Don't look so shocked, Freshie!" exclaimed the girl next to me. "That is only a parliamentary law drill. They are not going to carry out any of those motions."

"O!" I gasped; and I was so relieved to find that I did not have to make a speech that I cheerfully gave up my trip to the Exposition.

But let me say, *en passant*, even if my wildest dreams have not been realized, I have ever found that Eclectic Literary Society to be a real, sure-enough *fact*.

GERTRUDE MOORE.

The True Spirit of E. L. S.

FAR up on the Hill, where the buildings of the Normal loomed high, expressions of disappointment and grief were heard in every room of the dormitories. It was Saturday, and the rain was coming down in blinding drops. Dark, threatening clouds hung in the sky, and rumbling thunder growled in the distance, while the wind whistled shrilly.

Soon after rising bell the buildings were astir with girls moaning and wailing. There found its way over my transom a pitiful voice, which said: "I think it's a shame that it is raining. And on Saturday of all days! I wanted to go to town."

"O, me, what will I do all day?" another voice exclaimed.

Still a third voice called out, "Somebody lend me a raincoat," which was followed by other similar requests.

At that moment the breakfast bell rang, and out rushed the crowd, perhaps a little more cheerful, caring naught for rain and cold when the prospect of eating was on hand.

On the return from breakfast, as I ascended the steps of West Hall, the cheery-voiced Bobbie, a member of the Decorating Committee of E. L. S., called to me: "Get some of the new girls to come over with you and take a look in the E. L. S. room this morning. We want to get some new members this term."

"That's a fine idea," I answered. "I shall ask all that I know to go over. It will give them a chance to learn more about the society than a mere visit will."

After performing the Saturday housekeeping duties, I started out with a little band of new Normalites, who were eager to know about the E. L. S.

"My sister belonged," stated one.

"And my brother," said another, as we made our way along the slippery pavement.

"Well, I had an uncle, a cousin, and *somebody else* in E. L. S., too," declared a third, stoutly. "And I'm going to join because they did."

At length we reached the door, where we found Bobbie and some other E. L. S. members just finishing decorating. A complete transformation of the familiar classroom had taken place. The lights were turned on, and the purple-and-gold banner first caught the eyes of the "Freshies." The silver cup and various other symbols of the organization were next noted. Numerous pennants were arranged around the walls, while the rugs placed about on the floor gave a homelike air. Several luxuriant ferns were well placed to fill up the vacant spaces.

"O," they all cried, "I didn't know it was like *this!*" surprised smiles breaking over their faces.

"This is lovely. I imagine it's fun to think up new ways of decorating," said an interested little Fifth-Termer.

"Let's look in some of the records," suggested one. "When my brother was—" but her sentence was cut short by the exclamations of delight.

Bessie brought out the records, and the chattering crowd grasped them eagerly to see if they could find a familiar name. Amid the excitement I heard a voice say: "Well, even if I don't know anybody who used to belong, I'm going to join the E. L. S., because it seems more like home than anything here."

"O, girls, let me tell you something on our President!" said "Rags," when the search had ended. "Yesterday Mrs. McVoy asked Mr. Eubanks what Wyatt and Surrey did for English poetry."

"Why, Mrs. McVoy," he answered, "they introduced—er—er—blank poetry into England."

Before we had time to laugh, we were startled to hear the lunch bell clanging; and Bobbie, loyal to our society, sprang into a chair and cried, "Fifteen rahs for E. L. S., the Freshies joining in if they are going to become members!" There immediately followed fifteen of the loudest rahs that girls are capable of making, reinforced by the voice of every Freshie.

Then, with the happy hearts that those few hours in E. L. S. Hall had given us, we went to lunch, finding on going outside that the gloomy clouds, which we had so long before forgotten, were drifting away and the sun was shedding bright rays of light over Normal Hill.

MARJORIE ATKINS.

Not Boasting—No

"The're" none like us upon the Hill;
We beat them all a mile.
They keep themselves so cold and still,
While we keep warm and smile.

We have the spirit that is best;
We make the highest mark;
While Modern Culture and the rest
Have gone into the dark.

"The're" none like us upon the Hill;
We beat them all in style.
If you will join the E. L. S.,
I am sure that you will smile.

G. Stuckey.

A Toast to the E. L. S.

Here's to the E. L. S.,
Here's to her members of old;
Here's to her grand old banner,
With colors of purple and gold!

Here's to all the hearts
That to E. L. S. are true!
And if you're one among us,
We give a toast to you.

Here's to her members new!
May her future be a success.
Here's to the best that's in us;
Here's to the E. L. S.!

Mary Tooke.

Modern Culture Club

Motto

Through difficulties to the skies

Colors

Olive Green and Gold

OFFICERS OF THE FALL TERM

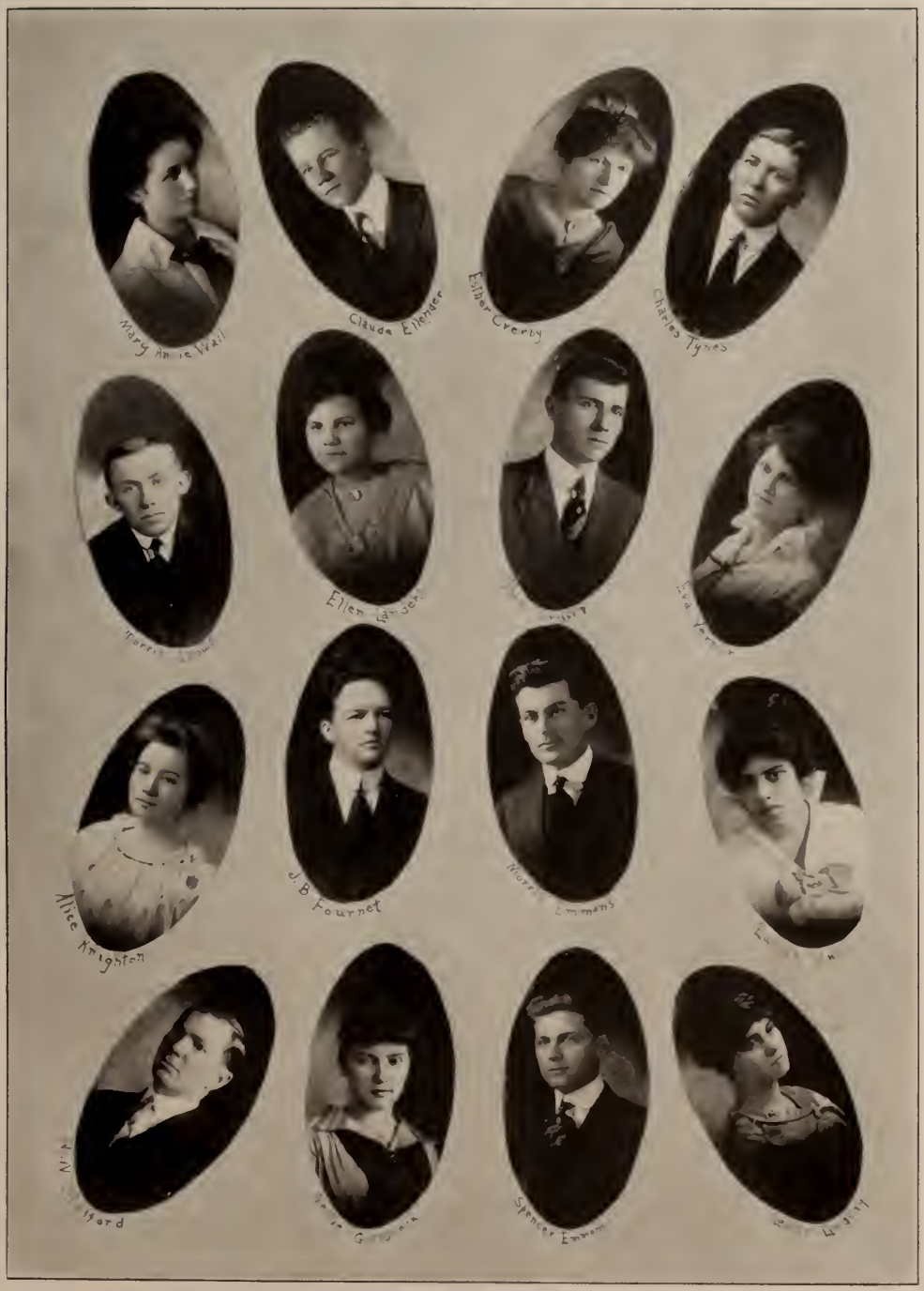
President . . . . . S. M. Shows
Vice President . . . . . Charles Tynes
Secretary . . . . . Mabel Reid
Treasurer . . . . . Morris Emmons
Critic . . . . . Earline Hester
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Parliamentarian . . . . . T. J. Griffin

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Parliamentarian . . . . G. J. Fournet


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Esther Overby
Charles Tynes
Ellen
J. B Fournet
Alice Knighten


Mary Spoog
Clyde Carter
Pearl Street


Sadie Riggs
Marguarite Traylor
Jimmie Davis
Iris Huckaby
Finley Stanley
Ruth Lewis
Gladys Halsell
Bertha Sutton
Peer Power
Elvira Torres
Winnie Smith
Susie Dean
Jessie Caustaupin
Carrie Boggs
Luella Painter

The Vision

By a fairy we were carried
To the year of 1902.
For a little while we tarried
In a hall so strangely new.
Why were we thus brought together
In a place as yet unknown?
All our hopes now seemed to wither,
As our thoughts began to roam.

What see we in radiant glory?
'Tis a sight no longer new.
'Tis a banner! O, the story
That the wreath brings back to you!
And a band of workers present—
Ah, such concord there is found
That a task to each seems pleasant,
And with zeal each member's crowned.

How we followed every movement
'Long the path of fleeting years;
Saw such very great improvement
That our hopes replaced our fears;
Saw the laurels, which were many,
Won in every ardent strife—
First in song and then in story,
All along this path of life.

Now the ways are not forgotten.
They will always hallowed be,
For such paths have oft been trodden
By the loyal M. C. C.
And so often trials beset us
That we find it hard to rise,
Mounting upward, as befits us,
"Through difficulties to the skies."

Can we not, O Fairy Mother,
Just one glimpse of future see?
O, 'tis brighter—yes, far better—
Than the past of M. C. C.!
Though our ties with it seem severed,
We will never cease to be
Loyal—O, yes, ever loyal—
To our dear old M. C. C.

ALICE KNIGHTON.

The Clean Sweep

THE air at Normal Hill is charged with electricity on this May 27, 1914, the evening for the annual contest between the societies.

The Normal School Auditorium is filled with nervous, noisy people. On the right, under decorations of yellow and white, are the S. A. K.'s; in the center, where purple and gold hold sway, are the E. L. S.'s; and on the left, under green and gold, are the M. C. C.'s.

On the stage are members from every society who are to take part in the contests of the evening in orations, declamations, and choruses by girls' and boys' quartets. One by one these representatives take the floor. The people under the colors seem to vie with each other in making noise. Yells, shouts, and screams rend the air, and pennants and banners wave overhead.

The excitement grows with every minute. When the noise after the last performance has somewhat subsided, a little important-looking gentleman comes to the stage. The room gets so quiet that the chirp of a cricket from the outside can be heard. Every one is holding his breath. Will he *never* speak? Hush! O, my, such a lengthy speech! Announce the winner! "I take great pleasure in presenting to Mr. J. H. Alford, orator for M. C. C., this medal."

What happens?

The bearers of the green and gold jump from their seats and yell as if they are going back to a savage state.

But listen to the next announcement: "The M. C. C. is also victorious in the Boys' Quartet."

Were ever four men so gloriously cheered as are Emmons, Sylvest, Sikes, and Baynes?

There are others yet to come; so be quiet.

"I now present this medal to Miss Lena Lopez for declamation for M. C. C."

How much noise so small a crowd can make! The M. C. C.'s yell as if they will raise the top off the house, while the E. L. S.'s and S. A. K.'s sit looking on with downcast eyes.

Now for the last. Who can it be? The other societies sit up with fresh hope in their faces.

"M. C. C. has done to-night that which a society seldom does. I have announced three victories for her. I now announce her winner in the chorus."

(Sung by the Girls' Quartet—Elizabeth Tally, Rowena del Hommer, Mildred Kelly, and Hattie Tally.)

For a second after this announcement there is a silence. The S. A. K. and the E. L. S. know they have lost in everything, and the M. C. C. cannot realize what they have done. For a second they seem dazed. Won in *everything!* They wake! M. C. C.'s Big Horn jumps from the floor to the stage, and others follow him. Each member is anxious to grasp the hands of M. C. C.'s heroes and heroines. And such a noise! The shouts are deafening, growing till they can grow no more, pausing only to burst forth with greater volume than before. They seem to realize how badly the sister societies must feel, and wish they could be as happy; but they cannot refrain from expressing their joy, and at eleven-thirty yells for M. C. C. are still swelling and falling with the breeze.

. . . . . .

THE NEXT MORNING

We are surprised to see just outside of the M. C. C. room, suspended across the hall above our heads, green and gold crêpe paper, from which are hanging M. C. C. pennants of all kinds, and in the center are two brooms tied together with an elaborate bow of green and gold. Above this, on a placard printed clearly and boldly, are the words: "A Clean Sweep."

LOUELLA PAINTER.





Winners of Girls' Quartet, 1914



Won by Debaters of 1912, 1913, and 1914

Jokes

Mr. Shows, when he was young, was asked by his father: "Son, how do you stand in school?"
Mr. Shows: "Well, pa, I mostly stand in the corners."

One of Mr. Griffin's pupils was very interested in planting seed. One day she ran up to him and said: "O, Mr. Griffin, my baby sister's teeth have come up!"

Miss Lehmann: "Pardon me for stepping on your feet."
Mr. Shows: "That's nothing. I step on them myself sometimes."

Mr. St. Amant: "What are your ideas about the single tax, Mr. Emmons?"
Mr. Emmons: "Well—er—I don't think it is quite fair for the bachelors to pay it all."

Carrie Boggs: "I would not mind any one calling me fat if I didn't know that it was true."
Alton Alford: "Don't you worry about that. The next time any one tells the truth about you, he gets a black eye."

Mary Reid: "Johnnie, did you whisper any to-day?"
Johnnie: "Yessum, oncet."
Mary Reid: "James, should Johnnie have said '*oncet?*'"
James: "No'am; he oughter said 'twicet.'"

The Club

(*With apologies to Sir Roger de Coverley*)

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Jackson Parish, our honored President, by the name of Mr. Morris Shows. His opinions on all matters are very exalted in his estimation and in the estimation of those who go to him for fatherly advice. He even advises the Faculty on certain matters. Sometimes he accuses his fair lady classmates of having mistaken ideas on all subjects, but he tries faithfully to raise them up in the way they should go. However, he has no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; but he works through the kindness of his heart for the welfare of his fellow-men—and women!

Next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, his friend, Mr. T. J. Griffin—a man of great intellect, responsibility, and understanding; a favorite among the members of the Faculty and the fair sex on the Hill. He is very attentive to his sister, looking after her happiness with more than the usual amount of brotherly care. His great knowledge of parliamentary law makes him a very important personage to those frightened members who have to appeal to his decision on matters of grave importance.

Mr. J. B. Fournet, another of our esteemed members, zealously striving to let none of us err, is always "rising to a point." He has studied Roberts' "Rules of Order," and

thinks he knows them every one. His singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the society only as he thinks the society wrong. I must not omit that he is a great debater.

Next in our most noted society is Miss Earline Hester, now in the graduating class, who has made a very brilliant record. In order to show its appreciation for her, her class has elected her as its representative. In our estimation, this member really has the most exalted position of all the society. She is so foolish as to spend hours toiling for this institution. Her familiarity with the poets makes her see the application of their beautiful thoughts to our own life. She is an excellent critic, and each member on the program has an ambition to please her.

Another who serves the society well is Miss Mabel Reid, our Secretary. She has served it in many other capacities. Is it not appropriate that two people mutually fond of each other may every Saturday night occupy the seats of honor side by side? This honor is not often bestowed upon two such people.

We have among us the gallant Mr. William Fauver, a star in English. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. At intermissions he is usually seen loitering on the steps or walking slowly to class, talking diligently to some fair maid. Judging from his actions, he is extremely religious. From early mass until dinner on Sundays he is in one of the churches of the city, according to the preference of the lady he accompanies.

That our club may not appear a set of men and women unacquainted with the arts, I shall mention Miss Elizabeth Tally, who is a rival for the mocking bird. She is also one among those who express their thoughts with the brush. She is especially fond of telling those with whom she comes in contact about what is being worn in gay Paris, hoping that a hint to the wise will be sufficient. She is also gifted in the art called "flirting." Almost any time that one may chance to listen, our mocking bird's voice may be heard accompanying a "man's" voice.

Last, but not least, I shall mention Mr Morris Emmons. He has undertaken to carry out the suggestion, made by Mrs. McVoy, of breaking up the "Herow," and he must be recommended, for he is succeeding bravely. His office as Treasurer shows that he is trusted implicitly by the whole society.

I should like very much to tell of the rest of my brothers and sisters in the society, but as my time is limited, I have told about only my *ordinary* companions.

MARY ANNIE WALL.

♠ ♠ ♠

To M. C. C.

♠

Now, friends, just a moment. You've all had your say,
While entertaining us all in so happy a way.
We've toasted our stories, our songs and debate;
We've toasted each other, I am glad to relate.
But here comes one which I know is the best;
I know 'tis greatest, for 'twill include the rest.
Don't go wild when this toast you will drink with me,
But raise one more cup, friends, to our dear *M. C. C.*

MORRIS SHOWS.

Mortar Board Society

(M. B. S.)

Motto: With plumb and level

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Black-eyed Susan

OFFICERS OF THE FALL TERM, 1914

President	George Morris
Vice President	Toma Williams
Secretary	Annie D. Corbett
Treasurer	Margaret Pickles
Critic	S. M. Annison
Editor	Elizabeth Webster
Chorister	Margery Amiss
Sergeant-at-Arms	Paul Ducournau

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Critic	Sanford Roy
Editor	Zula Richard
Chorister	Margery Amiss
Sergeant-at-Arms	Driscol Whatley

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Chorister	Belle Plauche
Editor	R. E. Williams
Sergeant-at-Arms	George Poret

Mortar Board Roll

Carrie Addison
Leta Alford
Gene Allen
Margery Amiss
Marie Louise Arnaud
Grace Atkins
Alma Avinger
Julia Bains
Bernice Barnes
Frances Bergeron
Winnie Bouanchard
Robert Browne
Lucille Burleigh
Annie May Burt
Mattie B. Butler
Leila Calliham
Vannie Cook
Annie D. Corbett
Eric DeBlieux
Hazel Dugas
Viola Durham
Naomi Emerson
Gervais Ford
Madison Funderburk
Aline Gianelloni
Edna Gibbs
Sallie Gray
Julia Griffin
Loreen Hargrove
Annie Ruth Harold
Kathleen Harrell
Sophie Haydell
Mary Haynes
Anna Howerton
Blanche Jewell
Erline Johnston
Clara Kennedy
Eloise Larche
Tal Larguier
Heloise Lazaro
May B. Lester
Sudie Merritt
Hilda Moody
Annie Montgomery
Jessie Moore
Harvey Moreland
Lillian Mulder
Eunice Odom
Marjorie Oliver
Josephine O'Quinn
Belle Plauche
Elva Pickett
George Poret
Frances Proffitt
Lea Richardson
Gladys Rose
Sanford Roy
Annie Lee Satterley
Irma Scott
Corrie Steele
Annie Timon
Cecile Tregre
Mary Upton
Marie Varnado
Ursa Vodopevec
Jera Warner
Beatrice Watson
Joyce Weaver
Pearl Weaver
Charles Webb
D. B. Webster
Elizabeth Webster
R. E. Williams
Artie Wright



MORT



SOCIETY

A Saturday Night at Mortar Board

♠

MATHILDA JONES had been at the Normal a whole long week, and was just as homesick as Freshies generally are. Saturday had arrived, and still no letter from home; so Mathilda—or "Tilly," as the home folks and her dearest friends called her—had thrown herself across the bed and was indulging in a good cry, when she heard a gentle tap on the door. She longed to lie still and not answer; but, fearing that terrible being, the matron, she raised her head, dabbed at her eyes with a tear-drenched handkerchief, and said, weakly: "Come in."

The door opened, and in danced sunshiny little Mary Coleman, who was the only really true friend that Mathilda had found in the whole Normal.

"Why, Tilly Jones, youv'e been crying!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter? Don't you like the Normal?"

"No, I don't;" and the sobs came again. "I *hate* it. The girls are all prissy; the teachers are hateful; and no one cares anything about you."

"O, yes, they do, too! You dress quickly and come with me to Mortar Board Society to-night. I'll show you some girls that are *not* prissy, and some teachers that are *not* hateful. We have the *grandest times* you ever heard of. I'll wait for you, and you'll come with me, won't you, Tilly, dear?"

Tilly, of course, consented to go. There was really nothing else to do when Mary pleaded like that. She dressed hastily, aided by Mary, who chattered incessantly about the glories of the grand old M. B. S.

Tilly Jones went to Mortar Board Society to find that which other parts of the Normal lacked, and she was not disappointed. The program was good. Her attention was held by Leta's interesting story; she was charmed by Grace's perfect music, and amused by the parliamentary law drill. After the program had ended, Miss Varnado made her comments and "scolded" in her own sweet way about disorder; and Tilly decided that there was at least *one* teacher at the Normal who was not hateful. But it was after all this that Tilly saw the best part of M. B. S. and learned *to love* the society. When the President pronounced the words, "We now stand adjourned," the members arose, laughed, and talked together, and then came one by one to be introduced to their timid little visitor. Perhaps Mary was partly the cause of all of this; but, nevertheless, Tilly, feeling the charm of the Mortar Board Society, applied for membership a few days later and joined.

Mathilda is now an enthusiastic Mortar Board worker, and advises every "Freshie" to join the happy band. "O, why don't you join the Mortar Board Society!" she exclaimed, joyfully, the other day. "We have the *best times*. And if you want a sure cure for homesickness, just try great, big doses of M. B. S."

JOSEPHINE O'QUINN.

♠ ♠ ♠

The Mortar Board Way

♠

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Mortar Board, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Indeed, you are welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your motto, my pretty maid?"
"'With Plumb and Level,' sir," she said.
"And what are your colors, my pretty maid?"
"Jet black and gold, kind sir," she said.
"Then, what is the flower, my pretty maid?"
"It is a sunflower, sir," she said.
"May I be a member, my pretty maid?"
"We'll gladly receive you, sir," she said.

LETA ALLORD.

Mortar Board Live Wire

Motto: "Do, lest ye be done unto"

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Editor in Chief
JULIA BAINS

Assistant Editors
ANNIE D COBBETT
LETA ALFORD
LEA RICHARDSON

Head Knocker
JULIA BAINS.

Stone Boss
HILDA MOODY

Water Boy
MR PORTE

Bottle Washer
VANNIE COOK

Entered at Pinknik as second class matter

CHIEF HAPPENINGS

MARRIED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Miss Mollie Cole
and
Mr Mike Robe
Mr Amos Galto officiated

LOST!!

My mind. The last time I remember having it was about September 23, when I entered the Chemistry laboratory. The finder will please return the same to the owner and receive handsome reward.

112 Caspari Street,
Natchitoches, La

FOUND!

On Dr. Cooley's desk

O, wad some power the gifttie gie us
To see their noses as others see us!

NOTICE!

Free treatment for "Chemistry Blues." Experienced physician. Office hours, 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. Phone, 273.

LOST!!

Mr. Eric DeBlieux's Roberts' "Rules of Order." The finder will please return the same to its owner before next Saturday night, because he would be in a dreadful plight without it.

(*Special to the Live Wire.*)

On the evening of the twenty-third of December, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen, at six-thirty of the clock, Cupid's fears and anxieties were suddenly quieted. This was due to the fact that at the aforesaid hour of the above day two of his victims of several months back were joined in the "Holy Bonds of Matrimony," so to speak, as it were.

These victims were very interesting. One was a lover of songs (especially Carrolls), and nothing delighted the other more than a spring evening in the woods with the Sweet Williamstons and other rare flowers.

Cupid, feeling perfectly satisfied with the recent happening, has again loaded his bow with the sharpest arrow he can find and is waiting in the most convenient place for an opportune time to claim for his own another of this worldly flock.

As has been our custom, we, the students of this institution, firmly believe in the examples set for us by our teachers.

Therefore, I am now exerting every effort to follow the example set for me by Miss Carroll. I hope I may some day succeed as she did. Hopefully,

A STUDENT.

JOKES AND PERSONALS

Miss Varnado: "Bernice, what is the capital of Louisiana?"

Bernice Barnes: "O, let's see! I know, Miss Varnado, but I just can't find words to express it."

Leta Alford (one day at recess): "I use 'Helskel's Ointment' on my face, and it gives me a peach pink complexion."

Zula Richard (the next day)—"Leta, where did you say I could get 'High School Ointment?' I tried all over town, and nobody had ever heard of it."

Miss Moore: "Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Student: "'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and 'Macbeth.'"

Normal Girl (at McClung's): "Please, sir, I want a cake of soap."

Clerk: "Would you have it scented?"

Normal Girl: "No, I thank you; I s'pose I can carry it."

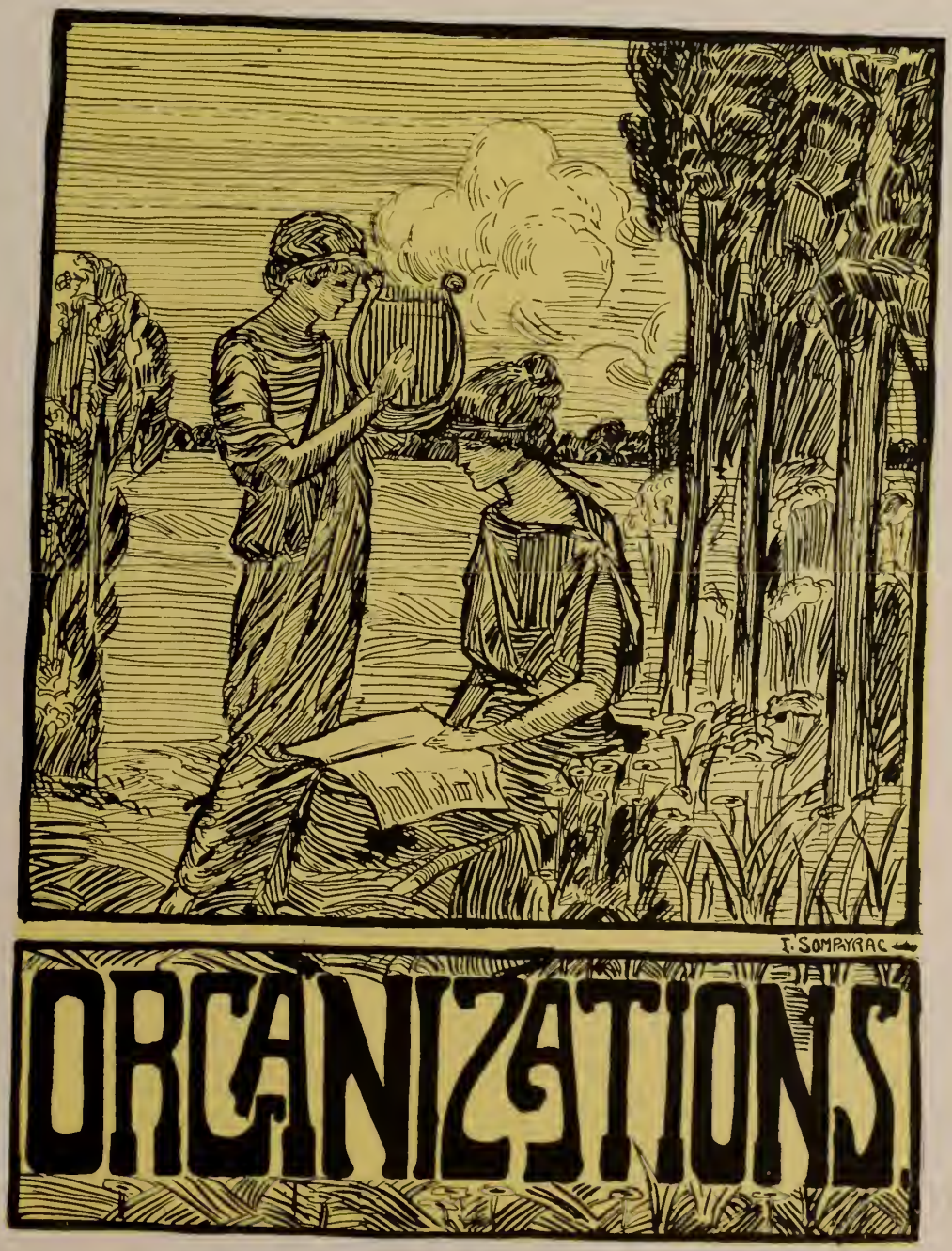
Teachers come and teachers go,
But *we* stay here *forever*.

A STUDENT'S RESOLUTION

Though deadly germs in kisses hide,
Still at the cost the price is small;
'Tis better to have kissed and died
Than never to have kissed at all.

At L. S. N. there was a girl,
And she was real unwise,
She jumped into Miss Sheen's art class,
And now O, how she cries!

THE GIRL


T. SOMPAYRAC
ORGANIZATIONS

Contemporary Life Club

COLORS: Green and White MOTTO: Behold progress!

OFFICERS OF FALL TERM, 1915

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Critic . . . . . HELEN DIXON

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Critic . . . . . ELISE RAMKE

MEMBERS

Elise Babers
Clara Louise Barns
Blanche Bishop
Zaidee Boatner
Eunice Boiin
Jessie Boyd
Gladys Bringhurst
Nellie Bynum
Emily Caillet
Grace Cook
Bessie Davis
Jimmie Davis
Helen Dixon
Lady Bird Dixon
Mary Faulk
Compton Frere
Elizabeth Forgey
Martha Fourmy
Kate Carla Gosling
Mary Hamilton
Laura Hewitt
Louise Kelsoe
Carrie Belle Lee
Roby Loomis
Ernie McCasland
Eunice McGalliard
Lola McFarland
Lucille Meredith
Mary Etta Murray
Theda Murray
Reese Murphy
Margaret Morris
Grace Moore
Annie May Pettit
Elizabeth Ponder
Lee Craig Ragan
Jessie Lea Guile
Elise Ramke
Irma Russ
Linnie Rutledge
Vera Rutledge
Faye Sale
Clyde Schilling
Thelma Seals
Madeline Smith
Mr. A. D. St. Amant
Mary Tooke
Cecile Toups
Ella Vial
Miss Dean Varnado
Claudia Waller
Helen Walsh
Sarah Lee Wheatley
Aletha Whittington
Carolyn Wooten



Contemporary Life Club

The Contemporary Life Club

THE Contemporary Life Club is one of the youngest organizations in the Normal, having been founded on December 4, 1913. The club was organized by the members of the Social Science Course for the purposes stated in the preamble of the constitution and by-laws of the club, which are as follows:

"Desiring to cultivate our intellectual, moral, and social endowments; to foster and develop patriotism and leadership; and to create a spirit of devotion and loyalty to the Louisiana State Normal School, we, the students of the Social Science Course, do hereby pledge ourselves to support the following constitution and by-laws."

During the Fall and Winter Terms the work was along the line of the greatest event of modern times, the European War. At each meeting of the club, the history, natural resources, of some one of the European nations was taken up and discussed, as well as the part which it was playing in the present conflict. In the Spring Term the work was on social and economic problems. One extremely interesting number on each program is the open discussion of current events.

Another feature of the work of the Contemporary Life Club is the edition of the school paper, Current Sauce, which is doing a great deal toward creating *esprit de corps* among the students. The campaign for May Queen, which was one of the most spirited events ever held on Normal Hill, was carried on under the auspices of Current Sauce.

The Contemporary Life Club was originally composed of only those students who were taking the Social Science Course, but the membership has recently been opened to all of those taking social science subjects. However, they can be members only during the term in which the subject is pursued.

It is the ambition of the club to extend its membership to the whole school, and in that way make its influence felt throughout the entire student body.

GRACE MOORE.

Le Cercle Francais



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Vice Présidente . . . . . Rose Juneau
Secrétaire . . . . . Marie Louise Arnaud
Trésorière . . . . . Lilian Hart
Editeur . . . . . Norma Arcenaux
Critique . . . . . Ezilda Bienvenu
Sergents d'arme . . Sophie Haydel, Frances Bergeron

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Critique . . . . . Emilie Poché
Sergents d'arme . . . . Frank Penz, Alma Garland

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Trésorière . . . . . L. P. Ayo
Critique . . . . . Jeanne Keller
Editeur . . . . . Emilie Poché
Sergents d'arme . . . . Blanche Jewell, R. E. Williams



Le Cercle Français

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Achée, Inez
Alwes, Elsa
Amiss, Margery
Arnaud, Marie Louise
Applebaum, Rebecca
Aucoin, Ida
Aucoin, Lucie
Ayo, L. P.
Babin, Mabel
Bell, Anna
Bennett, Ruth
Bergeron, Maud
Bergeron, Mabel
Bergeron, Frances
Bodin, Noélie
Bonneau, Marie
Bienvenu, Ezilda
Berthelot, Lydie
Bouanchaud, Winnie
Burleigh, Lucille
Caillet, Emilie
Cazes, Levie
Calliham, Leila
Coco, Evelyn
Callegari, Rhéa
Courrégé, Camille
Courrégé, Léonide
Dugas, Gibson
Dugas, Hazel
Durham, Viola
Ford, Gervais
Foret, Béatrice
Fournet, Léonie
Fournet, John
Forgey, Elizabeth
Garland, Alma
Gauthier, Hélène
Gauthier, Virginie
Gianelloni, Aline
Glasscock, Nellie
Guepet, Angèle
Guilbeau, Hélène
Galy, Honorine
Hart, Lilian
Hart, Margaret
Haydel, Sophie
Juneau, Rose
Jewell, Blanche
Jeansonne, L. O.
Jeansonne, James
Keller, Jeanne
Landry, Cordelia
Lastrapes, Marie
LeBlanc, Valérie
Maurin, Aimée
Maus, Carrie
Montégut, Lester
McEnery, Clara
McVea, Pearl
Nunez, Esther
Olinde, Valentine
Olinde, Edith
Parent, Elsie
Poché, Emilie
Perret, Jeanne
Penz, Frank
Plauché, W. F.
Proffitt, Frances
Poret, George
Préjean, Laure
Robichaux, Jeanne
Roy, Sanford
Roy, Lucile
Roux, Daisy
Robert, Edward
Scallen, Bennet
Trichel, Thelma
Regard, Zéline
Roussel, Carrie
Torres, Elvira
Thibodaux, Evy
Trègre, Cécile
Thompson, Beulah
Vial, Ella
Wigley, Ollie
Weems, Blanche
Williams, R. E.
Winters, Catherine

Latin Club

Motto: Antiquos thesauros petere

Colors: White and Gray

Flower: Acanthus

OFFICERS OF WINTER TERM, 1914-15

President . . . . . Virginia Prescott
Vice President . . . . Virginia Russell
Secretary . . . . Katherine Marston
Treasurer . . . . Elmira Montgomery
Critic . . . . . Selma Smith

OFFICERS OF SPRING TERM, 1915

President . . . . Marguerite Sanders
Vice President . . . . Gladys Latham
Secretary . . . . . Dewina Atkins
Treasurer . . . . . Lorena O'Niell
Critic . . . . . Edna Savant

MEMBERS

Ethel Abington
Carrie Addison
Alton Alford
Gene Allen
Dewina Atkins
Bernice Barnes
Mattie Collins
Mattie Copeland
Ruth Conerly
Jessie Lee Connell
Annie D. Corbett
Lou Durand
Edna Fant
Rosalie Goldberg
Edith Hawkins
Mary Haynes
Ellen Landers
Mary Alice Larche
Gladys Latham
Elaine Lazaro
Mary Lazaro
May B. Lester
Katherine Marston
Gertrude Moore
Annie Montgomery
Elmira Montgomery
Frances Morris
Annie Ruth Nuttall
Eunice Odom
Lorena O'Niell
Lanier Patton
May Pellerin
Myrtle Pettey
Ena Phelps
Bertha Pierce
Virginia Prescott
Annie Rogers
Zula Richard
Virginia Russell
Marguerite Sanders
Edna Savant
Irma Scott
Eleanor Smith
Selma Smith
Willie Swan
Ursa Vodopivec
Willa Mae Wallace



Latin Club

The Latin Club

A STUDENT organization which has come into Normal circles within the past year is the Latin Club. For a long time the need of an organization which would do for the Latin Department what the French Circle and Contemporary Life Club were doing for their respective departments had been felt in the institution. But certain obstacles always stood in the way. Finally, however, these were overcome; and in the Fall Term, 1914, Mr. Winstead, head of the Latin Department, at the instigation of members of the student body, began a movement in favor of organization. The movement gained force, and a student committee was selected to draw up a constitution and by-laws. Early in November permanent organization was effected under the name "Latin Club."

The members comprise students of the Latin Department and others admitted by special privilege. Membership is entirely voluntary, no one being compelled to belong and no credits being given for the work done.

The purpose of the club is to supplement the work of the department; and in order to do this, the work is of the nature suggested by the club's motto, "Antiquos thesauros petere"—"To seek ancient treasures."

Meetings are held every Friday afternoon, at which programs—consisting of papers, talks, translations, music, and stories—are rendered. A Latin paper, Vox Discipulorum, is published every three months under the auspices of the club, and the presentation of Latin plays in public from time to time is contemplated as a part of the work. The first of these, "The Roman Wedding," was given during the Spring Term, 1915.

Last fall, shortly after its organization, a social was given by the club, to which only the members, the Normal Faculty, and a few other guests were invited. All wore Roman togas, were served refreshments from a Roman table constructed especially for the purpose, and were entertained with Latin games and contests. The entertainment was thus social and educational at one and the same time.

Thus far the Latin Club, thanks to Mr. Winstead's unfailing interest and untiring efforts, has been most successful, and promises to make its influence felt throughout the institution in the near future. It is still a babe in arms, with no wonderful past to which it may point with pride, but a brilliant future toward which it may look with exultation.

The Music and Art Students

IN

"King Rene's Daughter"

IN THE

NORMAL AUDITORIUM

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, 1915

H. W. Stopher, Director

Benefit Victrola Fund

CHARACTERS

Iolanthe (Soprano)	*Carolyn Roux*
Martha (Mezzo-soprano)	*Elgie Hall*
Beatrice (Contralto)	*Daisy M. Roux*
A Vintager (Soprano)	*Ruth Stodghill*
A Vintager (Contralto)	*Norma Wooten*

PROGRAM

1. Piano Overture . . . . . *Elizabeth Kate Tally and Carolyn Roux*
2. Chorus—"Valley of Summer Flowers" . . . . . .
3. Trio—"See How Gay the Valley Shines!" . . . . . *Misses Stodghill, Daisy Roux, Elgie Hall, and Chorus*
4. Duet—"There is a Fair Maid Dwelling There" . . . . . *Misses Hall, Daisy Roux, and Chorus*
5. Recitative and Aria—"From Her Bower" . . . . . *Miss Hall*
6. Quartet—"Who Hath Seen the Troubadour?" . . . . . *Misses Stodghill, Hall, Wooten, and Daisy Roux*
7. Duet—"The Spell Has Wrought" . . . *Misses Hall, Daisy Roux, and Chorus*
8. Recitative and Aria—"White or Red" . . . . . *Miss Carolyn Roux*
9. Recitative—"What Magic in a Minstrel's Song Must Dwell!" . . . *Miss Hall*
10. Trio—"Now Amulet and Spell" . . . . *Misses Carolyn Roux, Hall, and Roux*
11. Duet—"Sweet the Angelus is Ringing" . *Misses Hall, Daisy Roux, and Chorus*
12. Recitative—"O, What a Dawn!" . . . . . *Miss Hall*
13. Finale—"Rene, the King" . . . . . *Miss Carolyn Roux and Chorus*

ELIZABETH KATE TALLY
Accompanist







"Chemistry Seven!!"

FALL, 1914

PROF. L. A. DAVIS, "*Master*"

William Bennett
Gibson Dugas
Charles Coussons
Lester Montegut
Robert Robinson
Miriam Carver
Lucile Roy
Alice Williamson
Fannie Robin
Lillian Davis

"Who failed in Chemistry?"
"I," said Miss Roy.
"To talk was my joy
That's why *I* failed."

"Who failed in Chemistry?"
"I," said Gibson.
"Lab. was such fun
That's why *I* failed."

"Who failed in Chemistry?"
"I," said Fannie.
"That stuff was uncanny
That's why *I* failed."

"Who failed in Chemistry?"
"I," said Tete.
"Dill pickles I'd eat
That's why *I* failed."

"Who failed in Chemistry?"
"I," said Alice.
"Lab. was my palace
That's why *I* failed."

"Who *passed* in Chemistry?"
"We," said the rest.
"??????????!!!!
That's why *we* passed."

Middy Club

OFFICERS

President	Lilian Hart
Vice President	Alice LaCombe
Secretary	Cleo Vaughn
Treasurer	Josephine O'Quinn

ROLL

Marie Louise Arnaud	Gertrude Frederick	Valerie LeBlanc
Cordia Autrey	Esther Goyne	Lena B. McCain
Frances Bergeron	Mamie Griffith	Carrie Maus
Leola Cargill	Miss Noelie Hart	Josephine O'Quinn
Hilda Falcon	Lilian Hart	Elva Pickett
Mamie Foreman	Maude Hogan	Frances Proffitt
Clara Fuller	Zipporah Hooper	Elizabeth Peurifoy
Ouida Flanner	Miss Virginia Hulsart	Edna Ponder
Iva Fuller	Estelle Holly	Cecile Tregre
Beatrice Foret	Alice LaCombe	Cleo Vaughan

Song of the Middy

Old East now has a " Middy " Club
Of the girls who live downstairs,
Of the girls who " improve idle time "—
Not flirts who put on airs.

The girls from all the first-floor rooms
Look forward all the week
To time when all the work is done,
And Middy Club will meet.

Miss Hulsart comes, and Miss Hart, too,
And help us with the fun.
We laugh and have a jolly time,
Enjoyed by every one.

We sometimes bring our work along,
Or read till half past nine;
So in the Middy Club, of East,
We " improve idle time."

J. O'Q.


NEW ORLEANS
Uladys Comenuv

Rex Club

The girls are met—
That jolly set;
They laugh and sing and shout.
To Nereus and Momus,
Corinthian and Comus,
The invites all are out.

The whens and whys,
The laughs and cries
About these gorgeous balls;
The girls' Rex Club
Is all hubbub
O'er all these festive calls.

We question why
This hue and cry,
This laughter and this jest.
This is the reason:
This carnival season's
Of all gay times the best.



Washington Parish Club

PURPOSE

To make Washington the greatest parish;
To make Louisiana the greatest State.

OFFICERS

President . . . . . MURRELL STAFFORD
Vice President . . . . . CHARLES TYNES
Secretary . . . . . LOUELLA PAINTER
Treasurer . . . . . CLYTE CARTER

MEMBERS

Georgie Alford
Maude Carter
Fleet Parker
Jessie Pierce
Lea Richardson
Murphy Sylvest
Percy Tynes



"DADDY"


ALEXANDRIA
Grace Atkins

Monroe Bunch

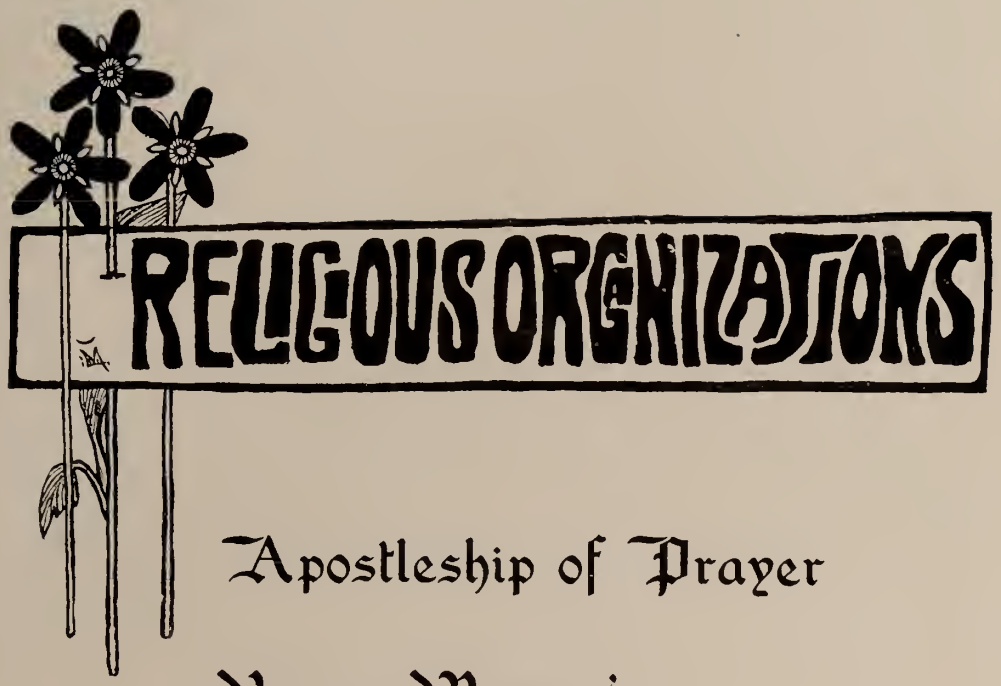
Clara Louise Barns
Ruth Bennett
Jessie Boyd
Nellie Bynum
Grace Cook
Helen Dixon
Lady Bird Dixon
Mary Faulk
Gladys Halsell
Louise Hodges
Mary Alice Larche
Eloise Larche
Carrie Belle Lee
Marie Montgomery
Lillian Moore
Marjorie Oliver
Virginia Russell
Irma Russ
Beulah Thompson
Annie May Pettit
Sarah Lee Wheatley
Gladys Gregg



Monroe Bunch



THE JOY OF SPRINGTIME



Apostleship of Prayer

Young Women's
Christian Association

Young Men's
Christian Association

Apostleship of Prayer

OFFICERS OF SPRING TERM, 1915

President . . . . KATHERINE MARSTON
Vice President . . . . . HAZEL DUGAS
Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . FANNIE ROBIN
Editor . . . . . MABEL POCHE
Chorister . . . . . EMILY POCHE

MEMBERS

Ida Aucoin
Lucy Aucoin
Elsa Alwes
Mildred Blumenthal
Gladys Bringhurst
Mabel Bergeron
Noelie Bodin
Sarah Cade
Levie Cazes
Evelyn Coco
Erin Dore
Hazel Dugas
Beatrice Foret
Miss Noelie Hart
Lilian Hart
Fannie Robin
Carrie Roussel
Camille Skolfield
Blanche Jewell
Nellie Glasscock
Mary Haas
Honorine Galy
May B. Lester
Aimee Maurin
Katherine Marston
Valentine O'Linde
Lorena O'Niell
Laura Prejean
Virginia Prescott
Elizabeth Purcell
Emily Poche
Mabel Poche
Zula Richard
Edna Savant
Ursa Vodopivec

ONE of the oldest student organizations on the Hill is the Apostleship of Prayer, sometimes called the "League of the Sacred Heart." Organized in 1906 for the benefit of the young ladies of the club and the teachers of the Catholic faith, it has been a power for good in the lives of hundreds of girls who have passed through the Normal. Its highest purpose has ever been to encourage its members to lead better Christian lives and to aid the needy and the suffering.

Regular meetings of the league are held every Sunday afternoon, at which programs, largely devotional in nature, are given. These usually consist of prayers, hymns, music, spiritual readings, current events in the Catholic world, recitations, stories, and similar numbers. Rev. Father Piegay, pastor of Natchitoches, visits the league as often as his onerous duties will permit, and his visits are always a source of great pleasure and encouragement.

A small membership fee is charged every term. This money is used in subscribing for three of the best Catholic magazines which are kept in the Normal Library. Frequent donations are also made to the Lepers' Home and similar charitable institutions and organizations.

Some one has said that the influence of the Apostleship of Prayer in the life of the girl at school is threefold—it brings her into closer union with the members of her own faith, both socially and religiously; it gives her an opportunity of contributing to the alleviation of human suffering, a source of unfailing good, and the quiet hour spent in prayer and religious thought strengthens her in the practice of a Christian life. Especially does this apply to the Normal girl.



Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS FOR SESSION, 1914-15

President . . . . . T. B. Eubanks
Vice President . . . . . T. J. Griffin
Secretary . . . . . S. M. Shows
Treasurer . . . . . George Morris

OFFICERS FOR SESSION, 1915-16

President . . . . . George Morris
Vice President . . . . . M. J. Sylvest
Secretary . . . . . Matt Buatt
Treasurer . . . . . Charles Webb

MEMBERS

L. P. Ayo
William J. Bennett
Matt Buatt
Paul Cancienne
Joyner Colvin
Claude Ellender
Morris Emmons
Spencer Emmons
Bowen Eubanks
John B. Fournet
Thomas J. Griffin
L. O. Jeansonne
Francis Lawler
George Mathis
Lester Montegut
Harvey Moreland
George Morris
Frank Penz
M. F. Plauche
George Poret
E. W. Robert
Bennett Scallan
Morris Shows
Dennis Sikes
Murrell Stafford
Carlyle Thompson
Burton Weaver
Charles Webb
Dozier Webster
Driscol Whatley
C. C. Whisenhunt



Young Men's Christian Association

AFTER we adopted the constitution of the National Y. M. C. A. in the latter part of 1913 and had our organization added to the list of associations operated under the principles of the National Association, we were soon recognized by the leading Y. M. C. A. men. H. W. Morgan, the field secretary of the National Y. M. C. A., visited us in the spring of 1914. He is a man of much experience in his field of work, and the counsel given to us by him was of material aid. A series of interesting talks were given by Mr. Morgan during the few days he remained with us, which gave every member encouragement and added greatly to the spirit of our work. The suggestions given by him were practical, and by following them out we have met with success.

Early in the summer of 1914 we decided to send some representatives to a national meeting of the Y. M. C. A. held in Monte Ne, Ark. Three representatives—S. M. Shows, T. J. Griffin, and T. B. Eubanks—were appointed, and money was secured by the organization to pay their necessary expenses.

These representatives were in the meeting at Monte Ne from June 12 to 21 with a band of Christian workers from the Normals, universities, and colleges of four States—Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and Louisiana. They gained much personal benefit and spiritual stimulation for themselves in the association, where they studied and discussed mutual problems and listened to lectures given by able professors and missionaries.

Besides the wonderful good these representatives received for themselves, they gained valuable information for our organization. They returned with interesting accounts of their trip, and, with their new ideas, entered Y. M. C. A. work with more zeal than before. The whole organization seemed to be aroused by their inspiring messages, and soon began to plan for the Fall Term's work.

During the Fall Term we studied "The Manhood of the Master," under the guidance of Mr. C. C. Whisenhunt, whose untiring efforts have been with us in every phase of the work. He made the work interesting by arranging to have it supplemented with lectures on such topics as "How to Select a Life Work." We also began studying "Negro Life in the South" during the Fall Term, and are still pursuing the same work with an enthusiastic and unprejudiced attitude toward the solution of the negro problem.

There are no denominational distinctions made in our organization. All young men of the Normal are eligible, and every one is encouraged to join our Y. M. C. A. We form one homogeneous band, working together for the same purpose—the development of the Normal boys spiritually, socially, and morally.

BOWEN EUBANKS.
MURPHY SYLVEST.



Young Women's Christian Association

Young Women's Christian Association

(Established in 1907)

♠

MOTTO

"I come that ye may have light, and that ye may have it more abundantly"

OFFICERS

President	CLYDE BLANCHE
Vice President	MARY ANNIE WALL
Secretary	FLORENCE DORR
Treasurer	HILDA MOODY

ROLL

Allene Alexander
Bernice Barnes
Clyde Blanche
Mattie Butler
Nellie Bynum
Willie Cavett
Lurline Clark
Florence Dorr
Bertha Emmons
Merrill Flower
Gertrude Futral
Gladys Gregg
Mayble Gauthier
Elgie Hall
Laura Harris
Miss Hart
Edith Henry
Laura Hewitt
Miss Hulsart
Elizabeth Johnson
Mattie Johnson
Mabel Jones
Clara Kennedy
Elizabeth Lehmann
Nancy Long
Mrs. McVoy
Hilda Moody
Miss Moore
Annie Montgomery
Elmira Montgomery
Beatrice Pace
Carrie Morse Pharr
Lanier Patton
Annie May Pettit
Bertha Pierce
Eunice Odom
Bobbie Reiser
Lucile Rountree
Lois Smith
Lottie Thomason
Emma Turner
Viola Turner
Miss Varnado
Dorothy Vought
Mary Annie Wall
Jera Warner
Florida Watson
Miss Weeks
Aletha Whittington

MUSIC



Irma Sompayrac




Paul Duesenberg
1st Flute
Lucien Rogers
2nd Flute
W O Readhimer
Oboe
Edwin Brauger
Eb Clarinet
Irion Delken
Bb Clarinet
Henry Krengel
graduate Bb Clarinet
Robert Browne
Bb Clarinet
Bb Clarinet
Frank J. Ricard
Bb Clarinet




Harold Haffner
Trombone Graduate
Graham Stuckey
Trombone
Clive Gimbel
Trombone
Edwin L. McClung Jr.
Eb Baritone Graduate
Leslie J. Calloway
Eb Bass
Eugene J. Gibson
Eb Bass
William Danckaert
Bb Bass
Vergie Cook
Snare Drum
Paul Concience
Bass Drum

The Normal Band

UNDER the direction of H. W. Stopher, teacher of public-school music, a band was organized among the Normal boys on April 12, 1911. Instruments which belong to the town of Natchitoches were lent the school for the beginning by the City Council. These instruments are in good shape and of the very best make. The present membership is fifty-two. The following instruments are used: Ten cornets, sixteen wood instruments, four saxophones, five altos, one euphonium, six trombones, four basses, one tenor, cymbals, and four drums. Twenty-five of the instruments belong to the boys who play them, and twenty-seven belong to the band. The band also owns several others that are used by boys preparing to become band members. The value of the instruments now in the band is approximately $2,800. The organization owns $150 worth of music, and handsome uniforms to the value of $550, paid for in part by concerts by the band. Three rehearsals are held weekly.

It is the intention of the management to secure a first-class instrument for each player as soon as possible. Since the organization, the band has been self-supporting and self-governing. Except in actual rehearsal and during public appearances, the director is a member only. The only permanent committee has charge of the band equipment. This committee calls for an inspection of all uniforms at the end of each term.

During its organization the band has furnished music at the Natchitoches Parish Fair, several public town meetings, for nearly every athletic event given on Normall Hill, for society contests, and twice played creditably at the State Fair at Shreveport. The band has a répertoire of over a hundred marches, waltzes, and selections. It played the "Rigoletto Quartet," by Verdi, at the first anniversary concert on April 12, 1912; gave excerpts from "Faust" creditably at the concert on April 12, 1913; and gave a difficult and classical program on April 24, 1914. It has also done some efficient advertising while on various trips. These trips include Robeline, Marthaville, Campti, Alexandria, Shreveport, Boyce, Mansfield, Pelican, Sodus, Bayou Natchez, Montrose, Friendship, and Pineville. Several of its members have played in bands in the towns in which they have taught.

Roster

Alfred Ducournau	*Piccolo*
Paul Ducournau	*First Flute*
Lucien Rogers	*Second Flute*
W. G. Readhimer	*Oboe*
Harry Ake	*C Clarinet*
Edwin Dranguet	*E Flat Clarinet*
Warren H. Voiers	*Solo B Flat Clarinet*
Matt J. Buatt	*First B Flat Clarinet*
Harry Kranson	*First B Flat Clarinet*
Irion Nelken	*First B Flat Clarinet*
Robert Browne	*Second B Flat Clarinet*
D. E. Sikes	*Second B Flat Clarinet*
Loderic P. Ayo	*Third B Flat Clarinet*
Gerald Manning	*Third B Flat Clarinet*
Frank J. Ricard	*Fourth B Flat Clarinet*
Francis Lawler	*Fourth B Flat Clarinet*
Sylvan Nelken	*Soprano Saxophone*
Willie Strange	*Alto Saxophone*
George Morris	*Tenor Saxophone*
Bernard Nelken	*Baritone Saxophone*
E. W. Robert	*E Flat Cornet*
H. W. Stopher	*Solo B Flat Cornet*
Cecil B. McClung	*Solo B Flat Cornet*
Newton B. Voiers	*Solo B Flat Cornet*
Forest Hedges	*First B Flat Cornet*
Archie Breazeale	*First B Flat Cornet*
Eric DeBlieux	*Second B Flat Cornet*
Gibson J. Dugas	*Second B Flat Cornet*
George C. Poret	*Third B Flat Cornet*
Dr. Hazzard	*Solo Alto*
Gervais Ford	*First Alto*
Spencer Emmons	*Second Alto*
Stirling LeBlanc	*Second Alto*
Benjamin F. Dranguet	*Third Alto*
Earl Desadier	*Fourth Alto*
Edwin L. McClung, Jr.	*Euphonium*
Willie Duncklеman	*Baritone*
Harold Kaffie	*Solo Trombone*
Roy Teddlie	*First Trombone*
Graham Stuckey	*Second Trombone*
Ollie Gimbert	*Second Trombone*
Willie Freeman	*Third Trombone*
Clark Glass	*Third Trombone*
Andrew Hargis	*B Flat Bass*
Leslie J. Galloway	*E Flat Bass*
Eugene Gibson	*E Flat Bass*
Milton Adams	*EE Flat Bass*
R. A. Metoyer	*Drum Major and Snare Drummer*
Vannie Cook	*Snare Drum*
Paul Cancienne	*Bass Drum*
Clarence Adams	*Bass Drum*

Fourth Anniversary Concert

OF THE

Louisiana State Normal School Band

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1915, AT 8 O'CLOCK

H. W. STOPHER, *Bandmaster*

PART I.

1. Coronation March . . . . . *Oest*
2. William Tell Overture . . . . . *Rossini*
3. A Night In Granada . . . . . *Kreutzer*
4. Clarinet Solo—Carnival of Venice . . . . . *Barbi*
   W. H. VOIERS
5. Morning, Night, and Noon in Vienna . . . . . *Suppe*

PART II.

1. Normal Hill March . . . . . *Stopher*
2. Cornet Solo—When You and I Were Young, Maggie . . . . . *Masten*
   N. B. VOIERS
3. Olahoe Oe (Hawaiian Farewell Song) . . . . *Written by the Hawaiian Queen*
4. Traumerei . . . . . *Schumann*
5. Sextet from Lucia . . . . . *Donizetti*
6. Star-Spangled Banner . . . . . .

GRADUATE MEMBERS

G. O. Houston, Superintendent, DeSoto Parish, Mansfield, La.
William L. Colvin.
Irlon Nelken, Principal, Kingston, La.
Ora Scott, Principal, Broussard, La.
Harry Kranson, Principal, Bayou Natchez, La.
Malcolm Kaffie, Assistant Superintendent, DeSoto Parish, Mansfield, La.
E. L. McClung, Jr., Natchitoches, La.
Harold Kaffie, Natchitoches, La.
Earle J. Freeman, Monroe, La.
A. M. Green, Assistant, Cheneyville, La.
Roe Browne, Choplin, La.
Milton Adams, Principal, Montrose, La.
Allen Melton, Principal, Dry Creek, La.
Lee M. Smith, 909 Denver Street, Tulsa, Okla.
L. A. Crow, Ruston, La.
C. P. Knight, Principal, Oak Grove, La.
D. C. Bonnette, New Iberia, La.
Wood Brenzeale, Natchitoches, La.
W. C. Freeman.
M. D. Hargrove, Assistant Principal, Boyce, La.
P. O. Robertson, Marthaville, La.
T. C. Crowell.
J. J. Aydell, Principal, Burnside, La.
J. R. Humphries, Principal, Dubach, La.
A. F. Jackson, Mansfield, La.
Will Dunckleman, St. Charles College.
Truehart Ruffin, Stonewall, La.
C. B. McClung, DeRidder, La.
Albert Browne, Moncla, La.
Paul Cancienne.



A Week's Encampment with the W. O. W.'s

School of Music

RECITAL

BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Harold R. Harvey, Director

Cecile Mandot, Piano

Cora Frances Davies, Voice and Piano

NORMAL AUDITORIUM

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1914, SEVEN O'CLOCK

PROGRAM

PART I.

I Would that My Love . . . . . *Mendelssohn*, 1809-1848
Lullaby . . . . . *Brahms*, 1833-1897

CHORAL SOCIETY

Seguidilla (a Spanish Dance) . . . . . *Bohm*

ZULA RICHARD

Rondo Brilliante . . . . . *Weber*, 1786-1826

RUTH MITCHELL

Entreaty . . . . . *Smith*

EVELYN COCO

Invitation to the Dance . . . . . *Weber*

NELLIE BYNUM AND RUTH MITCHELL

Romance from Concerto . . . . . *Wieniawski*, 1835-1880

WILL PHILLIPS

Rondo Capriccioso . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

(This remarkable composition was written when Mendelssohn was but fourteen years old)

CORRIE STEELE

Bolero (Spanish Dance) . . . . . *Moskowski*
Moment Musicale . . . . . *Schubert*, 1797-1828

NORMAL ORCHESTRA

PART II.

Overture—Zampa . . . . . *Herold*, 1791-1833

(Arranged for two pianos, eight hands)

First Piano—RUTH MITCHELL AND NELLIE BYNUM
Second Piano—LOU DURAND AND CORRIE STEELE

The Pearl Lies in the Sea . . . . . *Cadman*

DAISY ROUN

Pluto's Revels . . . . . *Schmoll*

AIMEE MAURIN

Liebestraum . . . . . *Liszt*, 1811-1886

ROSE TAYLOR

Carmena Waltz Song . . . . . *Wilson*

MISSES DAVIES AND DAISY ROUN

Valse Brilliante . . . . . *Chopin*, 1808-1849

LOU DURAND

Trio in D Minor . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

MR. HARVEY, Violin; MR. WINSTEAD, Cello, MR. VOLERS, Piano

Concerto in G Minor . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

CORRIE STEELE AND MISS MANDOT

Accompanists—ELIZABETH TALLY AND CLEO VAUGHN



School of Music

Recital

By the Students of the School of Music

Harold Ryder Harvey, Director. *Cecile Mandot*, Piano; *Cora Frances Davies*, Voice, Piano

NORMAL AUDITORIUM

Friday Evening, March 12, 1915, Seven o'clock

(a) Song of the Volga Boatmen

(In the original form this is a folk song sung by the boatmen as they worked along the River Volga, in Russia)

Yo, heave, ho!
One more pull now!
Yo, heave, ho!
Hard the labor, scant the fare!
Long the day and small the share!
Life is full of toil and care!
Yo, heave, ho!

(b) Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 6 and 7 (*Chopin*, 1808-1849) . . . . Normal Orchestra

Nocturne (*Dreyschock*, 1818-1869) . . . . . Kathleen Harbell

To Spring (*Grieg*, 1843-1907) . . . . . Lou Durand

Flower Song, from "Faust" (*Gounod*, 1818-1893) . . . . . Evelyn Coco

Adagio Sostenuto, Moonlight Sonata (*Beethoven*, 1770-1827) . . . . Corrie Steele

Impromptu (*Reinhold*, 1854) . . . . . Aimee Mairin

Prelude, Op. 28, No. 1 (*Chopin*) . . . . . Myra Aki

Voices of Spring (*Sinding*, 1856) . . . . . Myra Aki

The Nightingale (*Robert Batten*) . . . . . Elgie Hall

Fantasia, C Minor (*Mozart*, 1719-1787) . . . . . Corrie Steele

At Second Piano, Ruth Mitchell

A Perfect Day (*Carrie Jacobs Bond*) . . . . . Mr. M Salvesi

On Wings of Song (*Mendelssohn*) . . . . . Ruth Mitchell

Concerto in D Minor (*Mozart*) . . . . . Lou Durand

Orchestra part arranged for Second Piano, Cecil Mandot

Hungarian Dance, No. 6 (*Brahms*, 1883-1897) . . . . . Rose Taylor

La Tempesta (*Campana*) . . . . . Elgie Hall, Elizabeth Johnson, Miss Davies

Chant Negre (*A. Walter Kramer*) . . . . . Violin, Mr. Will Phillips

Orientale (*C. Cui*) . . . . . Violin, Mr. Will Phillips

To a Wild Rose (*MacDowell*, 1861-1908) . . . . . Helen Jones

Grave, Allegro con brio, Sonata Pathetique (*Beethoven*) . . . . Anna Bell

Accompanists—Carolyn Rolfe, Cleo Vaughn, Corrie Steele



ORCHESTRA

The Choral Society

THE Choral Society of the State Normal School, under the direction of Mr. Harold R. Harvey, Director of the School of Music, is one of the principal features of Normal life and activities, and is doing splendid work along musical lines.

The purpose of the society is to acquaint the students with the best music and choral literature and to give them such training as will enable them, when they go into the State as teachers, to raise the musical standards of the towns in which they live.

At the beginning of the Fall Term the enrollment was one hundred, and during the Winter Course the membership was increased to one hundred and eighty-five, which shows that the interest in the work has been steadily growing.

The organization is composed almost entirely of girls—a fact which naturally tends to limit the field of the work done. However, when a number requiring male voices is selected for study, the members of the Men's Glee Club assist in the male parts.

The society made its début for this year at the graduation exercises of the Fall Term, singing "Lovely Appear," from "The Redemption," by Gounod. The soprano soloist was Miss Elizabeth Taylor, a member of the graduating class and a pupil in the School of Music.

The following week the society appeared again on the occasion of the public recital of the students of the School of Music, when a "Lullaby," by Brahms, and "I Would That My Love," by Mendelssohn, were effectively sung.

Rehearsals have begun on choruses for the opera "Aida," which the society expects to present at the commencement exercises in May. The organization will soon begin work on selections from Tannhauser, which it will give some time near the end of the Spring Term. GRACE MOORE.



Choral Society

Roll of Choral Society

Ethel Abington
Vera Abbet
Inez Achee
Eunice Adams
Carrie Addison
Myrtle Aitkens
Gene Allen
Allene Alexander
Alton Alford
Leta Alford
Mrs. Della Alford
Margery Amiss
Marie Louise Arnaud
Grace Atkins
Marjorie Atkins
Alma Avinger
Elise Babers
Ethel Bailey
Julia Bains
Mabel Barlow
Bernice Barnes
Clara Louise Barns
Mildred Barnes
Lucile Bear
Naomi Beckcom
Virginia Beckcom
Lola Beeson
Hermye Bell
Mabel Bergeron
Maude Bergeron
Kathryn Berly
Hattie Blackman
Effie Boddie
Carrie Boggs
Della Bolgiano
Bessie Bonner
Mary Bonner
Ruth Bonner
Nora Bonvillian
Dora Bordelon
Lilha Bordelon
Maggie Boydstun
Bessie Boylsten
Pinkie Bowden
Hilda Breazeale
Katherine Breazeale
Gracie Brown
Josephine Bryan
Helen Burleigh
Mattie Cain
Leila Calliham
Leola Cargill
Bessie Carstarphen
Maude Carter
Judith Carver
Miriam Carver
May Celestin
Ella Clark
Estelle Cloutier
Kay Collette
Gladys Comeaux
Berta Cole
Mattie Collins
Grace Cook
June Cooley
Velma Coon
Annie D. Corbett
Sadie Cunningham
Jessie Daniel
Doris Davidson
Ethel Davis
Jimmie Davis
Lillian Davis
Susie Dean
Camille DeBlieux
Lucille DeBlieux
Mattie Denham
Marguerite Desadier
Lonie Doles
Erin Dore
Mary Dowdell
Lurline Dupuy
Wilma Dupuy
Lou Durand
Lillie Durbin
Gladys Durham
Iris Fairchild
Sunshine Flynn
Beatrice Foret
Docie Foster
Martha Fourmy
Helen Freeman
Gertrude Futral
Mattie Gardner
Mildred Gardner
Edna Gibbs
Helen Guilbeau
Aline Gianelloni
Nellie Glasscock
Gladys Gleason
Gladys Glover
Jessie Guile
Mary Haas
Elgie Hall
Gladys Halsell
Loreen Hargrove
Kathleen Harrell
Achsah Harris
Laura Harris
Ethel Hawkins
Edith Henry
Marjorie Henry
Earline Hester
Thelma Hewes
Verna Hightower
Mildred Hill
Sylvia Himler
Maud Hogan
Rowena del Hommer
Gracey Howard
Lovie D. Hubbs
Iris Huckaby
Maggie Hughes
Mollie Hyde
LaVera Jackson
Elizabeth Johnson
Erline Johnson
Helen Jones
Jeanne Keller
Beulah Kelly
Josie Kelly
Louise Kelsoe

Robert Kidd
Gertrude Killen
Maude Killen
Alice Knighton
Ellen Landers
Mary Alice Larche
Agnes Latham
Pearl Legendre
Ruth Lewis
Grace Lindsay
Louise Lindsay
Lilline Logan
Roby Loomis
Katherine Marston
Aimee Maurin
Emily McAlpin
Theo. McAlpin
Lena B. McCain
Willie McCoy
Lola McFarland
Eunice McGalliard
Mary Alice McGraw
Kathleen Merritt
Sudie Merritt
Urline Mire
Gertrude Moore
Grace Moore
Jessie Moore
Lillian Mulder
Blossom Meyers
Geraldine Norris
Ruth Nuckolls
Lola Nugent
Nita Oden
Marjorie Oliver
Lorena O'Neill
Chloe Painter
Myrtis Painter
Ethel Palmer
Stella Patterson
Lanier Patton
Eva Mae Peace
May Pellerin
Izetta Peters
Annie Mae Pettit
Myrtle Petty
Ena Phelps
Belle Plauche
Jessie Pierce
George Poret
Thelma Powell
Frances Proffitt
Una Prudhomme
Viola Prudhomme
Elizabeth Purcell
Ruby Rabb
Mary Reid
Bobbie Reiser
Lea Richardson
Robin Robinson
Annie Rogers
Eula Ross
Carolyn Roux
Daisy Roux
Vera Rutledge
Marguerite Sanders
Edna Savant
Clyde Schilling
Emmie Self
Reviere Sewell
S. M. Shows
Eleanor Smith
Loyce Smith
Madeline Smith
Irma Sompayrac
Arnaudla Snoddy
Mary Speeg
Vera Stagg
Lillie Stevens
Marguerite Stewart
Ruth Stodghill
Hulda Stoessell
Winnie Strickland
America Stuckey
Elizabeth Tally
Clara Tarver
Marjorie Tarver
Josephine Tauzin
Elizabeth Taylor
Rose Taylor
Beulah Thompson
Marguerite Traylor
Cecile Tregre
Thelma Trichel
Mary Upton
Marie Varnado
Mrs. Lizzie Varnado
Alma Vaughan
Eva Vernon
Ella Vial
Ursa Vodopivec
Irbie Wofford
Virgil Ward
Laura Wasson
Beatrice Watson
Joyce Weaver
Pearl Weaver
Ethel Weber
Blanche Weldon
Esther Wemp
Leota White
Fannie R. White
Fannie Whisenhunt
Ollie Wigley
Ruby Wilcox
Mary Wilkins
Inez Williams
Caro Williamson
Ludie Wade Wilson
Norma Wooten
Vera Young

The Slaughter of Lafayette

THE Normal boys saw fit to call Lafayette's basket-ball "goat" from this vain world of sin and sorrow. His life had been a fruitful one, but it is true in all controversies that the strong predominates over the weak. The teams which met to test their strength were evenly matched in physique, and both entered the game with great enthusiasm. The Normal boys were greatly encouraged by the applauses of both teachers and the student body, who manifested great interest in the game and gave their heartiest support to our team. There was much rejoicing expressed at the close of the game in the afternoon, when the referee announced the score—25 to 22—in favor of the Normal.

The teams resumed their places on the court in the evening to play the final game, each determined that victory should be theirs. But the Normal boys, being inspired by the first victory, entered the last game with greater zeal to conquer the S. L. I. I.'s. It was a hard-fought game throughout, and closed with still a greater victory for L. S. N., the score being 9 to 5 in favor of the Normal.

The Normal boys had the feeling that Perry expressed in his immortal words: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Great sympathy was shown to the bereaved by both the club and town boys, who, arrayed in various types of night dress, constituted the funeral procession, which began at the Boys' Dormitory, led by the Normal Band and S. M. Shows. This parade continued through the streets for more than an hour, with sympathetic yells and mournful sounds, and marched around the square in which the mourners were so sorrowfully lamenting their loss. And still greater grief was expressed when the resting place of the deceased was beheld in front of Levy's drug store. The unfortunates at first hesitated to attend the funeral, but, realizing that the hour was at hand when they must witness the burial of their basket-ball "goat," they assembled with great solemnity. It was a pitiful sight to behold the sorrow expressed by the bereaved as they viewed the pale face of their dead "goat." But the consoling words spoken by Shows in the funeral service expressed the glad tidings to the grief-stricken team that this was a short departure, for it was a matter of short time until they should pay *their* death penalty and should meet their beloved on that angelic shore where peace and happiness never cease and where goats have no horns and never attempt to butt.

MORRIS EMMONS.
MURPHY SYLVEST.

ATHLETICS













Football

H. LEON KILLEN

Captain and Full Back

Killen played his last game of football for Normal on Thanksgiving last. His season's work was a fitting close to a splendid career on the Normal gridiron. Both as a player and as Captain he had the never-give-in spirit, which is sure to win. Killen was a wonderful line plunger, a sure tackler, and a good punter and drop kicker. He will be greatly missed in the line-up next season, as he graduates this spring.

CASTLE O. HOLLAND

Quarter Back

Another fighter who has fought his last fight for Normal on the gridiron, and whose absence will be felt next season, is "Speck" Holland. A heady quarter back, sure tackler, and a good ground gainer, "Speck" was a most reliable man.

W. H. BEESON

Half Back

"Red" was new to the gridiron game when he entered Normal last fall; but his fighting spirit, together with his speed, soon assured for him a place on the team. He developed rapidly into a back-field man. He ran interference for Youngblood in great form, and was a good, consistent ground gainer when called upon. Great things are expected of Beeson next season.

HOWARD WINBARG

Left End

Winbarg's return to the Normal added greatly to the strength of the team, as he has had five years' experience on the gridiron. Winbarg was greatly handicapped by his weight; but when we take into consideration his speed, aggressiveness, ability to size up his opponent's tactics, and the fact that he is a sure tackler, we may rank him high among the gridiron stars. He outplayed every opponent he met on the left wing of the scrimmage line. His absence in the line-up next season will be greatly felt.

BERNARD NELKEN

Right End

Bernard, a "scrub" last season, came back to the gridiron with a determination to win, which soon assured for him his position as right end. Nelken is also handicapped by his size, weighing only 123 pounds and being 5 feet 7 inches tall. He has the pugnacious instinct, so needed on the gridiron, well developed. Nelken is a good tackler, a steady player, and is unusally good at sizing up opponent's attacks. Bernard is Captain-elect, and is expected to achieve wonders next season.



CHARLEY COUSSONS

Tackle

Coussons played football in high school, but this is his first year at Normal. He weighs 170 pounds and is 6 feet tall. Coussons from the very start played consistent ball, and continued to do so throughout the season. He played his star games against Lafayette and Shreveport, but on no occasion was he found wanting. He often stopped backs behind the line of scrimmage. His graduation in the summer will make a vacancy in the line-up not easily filled.

T. B. EUBANKS

Center

Eubanks was greatly aided this year by the experience he gained last season. He met the requirements on offense in a marked degree, and on defense had the direct pass, which is characteristic of the open game, down to perfection. Eubanks will be greatly missed at his post at center next season.

W. READHIMER

Guard

Readhimer is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has had no previous experience on the gridiron. Readhimer soon gained a working knowledge of the game and developed into a first-class guard. As he graduates in the summer, he will be missed from the line-up next season.

J. B. FOURNET

Guard

Fournet played high-school ball, but this was his first season as Normal veteran. In the early part of the season Fournet received an injury which he did not overcome until late in the season, but in the game against Lafayette he proved his ability as a gridironist. He is a man of bone and sinew, and has all the other characteristics of a veteran in the line. Great things are expected of him next season.

C. L. TYNES

End

"Chollie," though a steady worker, never quite developed 'Varsity caliber. Men like Tynes sometimes do more for the development of a team than do some that have their places made without hard effort on their part. Therefore we consider Tynes a very important man.



L. O. JEANSONNE

Guard

Jeansonne, being a new man on the gridiron, did not develop 'Varsity caliber until late in the season. But he was always willing and ready to stand up for the Purple and White on the gridiron.

CLYDE CARTER

Guard

Carter's prior experience in the game was of great help to him this season. He weighs 165 pounds, is 6 feet tall, and is 22 years old. He played a steady game throughout the season. He played his steady game whether against a weak or strong team. As Carter graduates in the spring, he will be missed from the Normal gridiron next season.

H. CARTER

Tackle

Carter, 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and is 20 years old. His experience on the gridiron stood him in good stead this season. Carter has all the characteristics of a good ball player. Besides being a splendid lineman, he was also good at end and in the back field, and was never found wanting. He fought his last fight on last Thanksgiving Day, and will be greatly missed from the line-up next season.

ROY YOUNGBLOOD

Half Back

Youngblood came to the Normal last season from Hornbeck High School, where he had played for some time. His speed, aggressiveness, and knowledge of the game made him a very valuable man. He was strong both on offense and defense, and especially noted for his remarkable gains around ends. Youngblood is not in school at present, but it is hoped that he will return at an early date.

The Football Season

FOOTBALL at the Normal this season was, on the whole, rather satisfactory. It is certainly true that Normal had one of the fastest teams of her football career. The tie with Shreveport in the opening game and the defeat at Lafayette on Turkey Day were the only blots on the season's record. Every Normal supporter believes the result of the game with Lafayette would have been different had weather conditions been more favorable. The game was played in a driving rain, on a field covered with water and mud. Under such conditions it was impossible to play the open game in which Normal excelled, and two costly fumbles gave the game to the home team.

Of the Normal players, Killen, Captain and full back; Youngblood, half back; Winbarg and Nelken, ends; and Coussons, tackle, played remarkable ball throughout the season.

SCORES

Normal	0	Shreveport	0
Normal	57	Monroe	0
Normal	33	Louisiana College	0
Normal	28	Shreveport	7
Normal	85	Louisiana College	0
Normal	0	Lafayette	12
Normal	203	Opponents	19

The Basket-Ball Season

THE season of 1914-15 was a decided surprise to every one in touch with Normal athletics. Not one of last year's "five" was in school this season, and prospects for a representative team were far from bright. Yet Normal went through the season with only two defeats, defeating Lafayette two games and dividing the series with Louisiana College. Thus, in percentage of games won, Normal has had a successful season, and this in the face of heavy odds.

But her greatest triumph lies not in this fact, but rather in the fact that at all times the team played the game according both to the spirit and letter of the rules. It is to their great credit that in every game played fewer fouls wre committed by them than by the opposing team.

Beeson was the bright star of the games, being closely followed, however, by Killen, Roy, and Stafford.

SCORES

Goldonna	14	Normal	30
Boyce	7	Normal	57
Lafayette	22	Normal	25
Lafayette	5	Normal	9
Louisiana College	18	Normal	15
Louisiana College	18	Normal	21
Louisiana College	16	Normal	5
Opponents	110	Normal	162



Basket Ball

♠

SANFORD ROY

Forward

Sanford was one of the "fiends" of the basket-ball season. Though he lacks weight, he has speed and aggressiveness, is a good floor worker, and is an excellent shot at the basket. Whenever a game was in doubt, it seemed that he always came forward with goal or goals which won the game. This was especially true in the Lafayette games. Great things are expected of him next season.

WILL PHILLIPS

Forward

Will is another player who made good in spite of a handicap in size and weight. He is a shifty forward, especially good at getting away from his guard, and thus having a clear shot at the goal. He was a good team player and accurate in shooting for goal. He will be missed next season.

LESTER MONTEGUT

Captain and Center

"Monty" played his second and last season of Normal basket-ball this year. He played a hard game at all times, but lacked the stamina of the ideal center. His defense was stronger than his offense, as he seemed unable to locate the basket at critical times, while comparatively few goals were scored by his opponents. He was a valuable player, and will be missed next season.

LEON KILLEN

Guard

Killen played his usual hard, aggressive game in basket ball this season. Though handicapped by an injured foot and further by the fact that his duties kept him from practicing regularly, he was a very valuable man. As safety guard, he was always at his post, and few goals were thrown by his opponents. His greatest feat of the season was holding Preajeaun, Lafayette's star forward, scoreless for two games.

W. H. BEESON

Forward and Guard

"Red" was the star of the season. He came to the Normal from Pitkin with several years' experience, and made good at once. He scored more than half of the total points scored by the team. His best game was to start the play at guard and change to forward after the toss. He was very hard to guard and shot many goals when he seemed to be hopelessly guarded. "Red" will be here again next season.



M. N. STAFFORD

Guard

Entering late in the term, Stafford, with very little basket-ball experience, made a very valuable member of the Normal team. The speed which has made him dreaded by other schools on the track made him a good running guard. He is a fighter, but he guards cleanly as well as effectively. Later in the season he developed considerable accuracy in locating the basket. It is regretted that he will not be here next season.

ROY THOMPSON

Guard

Thompson was handicapped in early and midseason by his lack of condition. He is a tower of strength, and is always in the game, and but for his illness would have made the regular guards hustle for their positions. Thompson will be here next season, and great things are expected of him.

DALLAS SPRING

Guard and Center

" Dall " came from the Bogalusa High School, where he had played the game to some extent. He is fast, a good floor worker, and good at long shots for the goal. His height made it practically impossible for him to make a regular at center; but he played that position, as well as guard, in a creditable manner. It is hoped that he will be in school next season, as he is sure to make a valuable man.

MATT BUATT

Forward

" Matt " deserves much credit for his work in basket ball this season. As he was lacking in experience and size, there was little hope of his making the team. Yet he was always on the job, doing his best to help develop a team. He will bear watching next season. It is a pity that there are not more " Matts " in the Normal.

L. I. A. A. Track and Field Meet. 1914

HELD AT ALEXANDRIA, LA., MAY 16, 1914

Schools Represented: Louisiana College, Southwestern Industrial Institute, and Louisiana State Normal

EVENTS	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	RECORD
100- yard dash	Danckleman, N	Singleton, S. L. I. I.	Doughty, N	10 1-5
High jump	Harvey, N	Dagle, S. L. I. I.	Danckleman, N.	5 1-2
880-yard run	Safford, N.	Hunt, S. L. I. I.	Dalferes, S. L. I. I.	2 12
220-yard dash	Danckleman, N	Singleton, S. L. I. I	Broussard, S. L. I. I.	23 3-5
Pole vault	Halton, N.	Richardson, L. C.	Dagle, S. L. I. I	9 1-0
120-yard hurdles	Danckleman, N	Harvey, N.	Martin, S. L. I. I.	16 1-5
440-yard dash	Singleton, S. L. I. I	Ellender, N	Alleman, S. L. I. I	55 1-5
Running broad jump	Singleton, S. L. I. I	Danckleman, N.	Durham, L. C	19 2-3
220-yard hurdles	Danckleman, N.	Read, S. L. I. I	Durham, L. C	27
Shot-put	Roy, S. L. I. I.	Doughty, N.	Byrd, L. C.	33 1-3
1-mile run	Stafford, N	Hunt, S. L. I. I	Hams, L. C.	5 20
Discus	Doughty, N	Roy, S. L. I. I.	Foster, L. C.	92 3-4
Relay	Normal	S. L. I. I..	L. C.	3 46

Normal relay team: Stafford, Killen, Holland, and Ellender.

Total points scored, Normal, 64, S. L. I. I., 41, L. C., 8.


BASE BALL
ONE OF THE GREATEST GAMES
PLAYED AT
LOUISIANA STATE NORMAL
Elizabeth Johnson

Girls' Basket Ball

THOUGH we have worked against difficulties, the girls' basket-ball record for this season has been, on the whole, an excellent one. Early in the year intersociety games were arranged, the preparation for which afforded excellent opportunity to the 'Varsity aspirants.

On Thanksgiving Day the series ended, leaving Mortar Board sole possessor of the field, with a splendid showing of 'Varsity material.

Immediately after this our 'Varsity was chosen, and regular work began.

On December 12 the State High School champions, from Mansura, arrived to give battle. Owing to their years of experience and to our misfortune in losing our star goal before the game, they easily took the first game from us. But the Saturday fight told a different tale. Thoroughly aroused to the disgrace a second defeat must bring, and grim with the determination to wrest a victory from the grip of failure through sheer strength of will, our girls held down their adversaries and slowly piled up a score, winning in the end by three points, made in the last forty-five seconds of play.

After thus redeeming themselves, our girls continued faithful practice. The team work that had won the Mansura game developed thoroughly, and Laura Prejean worked up a splendid series of characteristic goal plays.

During the last weeks in January the Alexandria High School team visited our campus, and the 'Varsity easily won two games, scoring heavily and playing in excellent form.

The last game of this series, and of the year, took place on the Alexandria court, where, in spite of a few slight accidents, the victory easily fell to our superior players, leaving us high hopes for next year's show.



Girls' Basket Ball



Folk Dancing



Folk Dancing

High School Athletics

THERE is no athletic association in the High School, but some of the boys formed a basket-ball team, which has been the best in the history of the school. Those eligible to membership on the team are boys from the eighth grade up to the fifth term. The team at present is as follows:

DALLAS SPRING, *Captain*
OLLIE GIMBERT
SANFORD ROY
THEOPHILE BREDA
WILLIE DUNCKLEMAN
OVIDE TURPIN

These boys are all equally as good as the heavier Normal team, and their team work outclasses that of the Normal team. The High School boys' team is playing to compete in the parish rally.

The girls have no team yet, but Mr. Hedges is practicing with them daily and expects to turn out a winning team for the rally on March 26.

OLLIE GIMBERT.


H.S.
1915
JL.O

High School Literary Society

COLORS
Green and White

FLOWER
Sweet Pea

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Marshall Carver
Irone Colton
Essie Cook
June Cooley
Earl Desadier
Edna Dey
Willie Duncklemann
Cleo Dupree
Ouida Flanner
Gertrude Frederick
Dorothy Freeman
Beatrice Frey
Lessie Frey
Iva Fuller
Honorine Galy
Pearl Gibbs
Eugene Gibson
Ollie Gimbert
Lillie Glass
Luddie Glass
Elizabeth Groesbeck
Andrew Hargis
Mabel Hawkins
Milford Heber
Forest Hedges
Mary Helm
Mamie Hunter
Lillian Jones
Lockett Jones
Lucile Landry
Pearl Kaffie
Blossom Meyers
Sylvan Nelken
Vera Noble
Esther Nunez
Eva Mae Peace
Gordon Peters
John T. Pharis
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Leila May Smith
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High School

The Training School Library

THE idea of having a library originated with the members of the seventh grade. They had been reading "How Franklin Founded the Philadelphia Library," and thought that they, too, could establish one. The first step was the organization of a library association, consisting of the student body. Officers were elected, and then the real work was begun.

The first problem to be met was the raising of the maintenance funds. Library cards were printed, which gave to those who brought them admittance to the association and the right to take books from the library. Entertainments were given, and in several other ways enough money was secured to start the library.

A large, comfortable room on the third story in the Training School was chosen for its domicile. The Normal School contributed two tables and twelve chairs. Shelves, stands, and bookcases were given. Ferns and flowers were placed in the room. Then came the books—reference books, books of adventure, Indian myths, fairy tales, poems, Mother-Goose rhymes, pleasure books, and many others.

This winter the pupils wished to get more books and magazines. To do this, luncheons were served by the pupils of the Training School three Tuesdays in succession. In this way they cleared $80—a sufficient sum to carry out their plans.

Many pleasant hours are spent in the library. The pupils know that this is the reward of their hard work, and, therefore, take great pride in using their books and magazines and in keeping the room cheerful and inviting.

D. F., M. H., C. W.

Dressing for the Minuet

SCENE

Domestic Science Rooms, Basement of Model School

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Blossom Meyers, Ouida Flanner, Lucile Landry, Dessie Weaver, Eva Mae Peace, Mabel Hawkins, Cleo Williams

BLOSSOM: For goodness' sake, give me a pin, somebody!

CLEO: Here's one. What's the matter?

BLOSSOM: Ripped my skirt. Well, Eva Mae, are you trying to kill yourself?

EVA MAE: Looks that way. I can't make this thing meet in the back, and I don't know what to do.

LUCILE: Hold still, and I'll pin your train over it. There!

EVA: Thanks. Where are my slippers?

MARY: Get on to her hosiery, girls! Pink silk.

BLOSSOM: Bet they are Miss Moore's.

OUIDA: I want a hairpin.

MABEL: Here, my child. Fasten me, some one.

MARY: Leila May, lend me your comb.

LEILA MAY: No such thing on this Hill. Borrow one from those town girls.

EVA MAE: Is my hair white enough? Keep still, Blos.; I can't hook you while you're jigging around.

DESSIE: Yes, it'll do. I feel *so funny*.

MARY: There goes the bell! Lend me a raincoat, somebody.

BLOSSOM: Me, too.

OUIDA: I feel like a fool going to class this way.

CHORUS: We do, too. [Exeunt.]

MARY HELM, EVA MAE PEACE



High School Glee Club

High School Glee Club

THE High School Glee Club was organized during the Fall Term, 1914. The original Glee Club was composed of sixteen girls from the eighth and ninth grades. Thanks to the training of Mr. Stopher, the Glee Club has been very successful and has appeared in public several times. It is entering a quartet and a chorus for the rally in the spring. The quartet is composed of Edna Dey, June Cooley, Mary Helm, and Lucile Landry. At present the membership of the Glee Club is eighteen. Great interest is taken in it, as is shown by the good attendance and good results attained.

The members of the Glee Club are as follows: Mamie Bowman, June Cooley, Cleo Dupree, Lessie Frey, Ouida Flanner, Gertrude Frederick, Pearl Gibbs, Elizabeth Groesbeck, Honorine Galy, Mary Helm, Mabel Hawkins, Pearl Kaffie, Lucile Landry, Blossom Meyers, Eva May Peace, Ethel Robinson, Cleo Williams, and Dessie Weaver.

The Glee Club, as a whole, thanks Miss Tally and Mr. Stopher for their assistance and the interest which they have taken in the work.

MARY HELM.

The Electrolier

I light the paths of Normal Hill
  On dark nights of the year;
And each night as I shine abroad,
  I think of students dear.

How dear to me! If not for them,
  My soft beams would not glow;
Through clear mists of the quiet night
  They silent come and go.

In glory have they placed me here;
  In glory I remain;
I stand for kind remembrances
  Through days of sun and rain.

In voices clear, loud, and distinct,
  Their praises far and wide,
As bright shells of the ocean blue,
  Are scattered by the tide.

And here in gladness I shine on;
  The graduates' spirit true,
Reflected o'er the world about,
  To all brings joy anew.

LURLINE M. DUPUY.

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CURRENT SAUCE

Vol. I LA NORMAL, THURSDAY, JAN 29 1914 No 12

Great Election to be Held During Last Week of Term

GREAT ELECTION TO BE HELD DURING LAST WEEK OF TERM.

Queen of the May Festival to be Elected by Popular Vote

The election of the Queen of the May by the student body is to be held the last week of the Winter Term under the direction of Current Sauce management. The regulation of nominations and election are set forth below.

1. All nominations must be written out, signed and placed in box at door of Current Sauce office between Feb. 1 and Feb 6.

2. Girls of the present 9th term alone are eligible to nomination.

3. All nominations must be signed by at least three general members of the student body of L. S. N.

FORM OF NOMINATION

We hereby nominate for the office of Queen of the May Festival Miss ..... to be passed upon by the voters at the general election.

Signed .....

.....

.....

Dated .....

Any nomination not conforming to the regulations herein laid down will be considered void.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM

Any question may be submitted to be voted at the election provided that a petition signed by not less than twenty five students representing at least seven terms be deposited in box by the door of Current Sauce office between Feb 1st and Feb 6th.

(Continued on Page 4)

T. & P TO MAKE LONG ANTICIPATED IMPROVEMENT ON NORMAL PROPERTY.

Since 1901, when Mr. Caldwell was President of this Institution the Board of Directors has tried to get the T and P Railroad to agree to make certain changes which would improve the Normal School property. Their efforts were unsuccessful as were also those put forth by Mr. Aswell during his administration. Through the untiring work of the present Executive Committee composed of Ex-Governor Blanchard President Kirby and Mr. J. L. Bryan the Railroad Company has at last agreed to build a spur running from the main line of the T. & P. to the powerhouse of the Normal to level and grade the ground in front of the school to pave the street to the station, to grade around the freight depot to move out house and a section house away from Normal front and to do the contracting east of the station to abate noise nuisance.

The advantages that this agreement will bring to the Normal are manifold. It has been estimated that the spur, running to the powerhouse, will save the Normal [illegible] annually on hauling of coal. Ten per cent. on [illegible] of every car coming to be emptied in the Normal grounds a [illegible] saving of $500 per year to the students for the hauling of baggage.

The advantage to be derived to the city related to the [illegible] of this scheme which is of no doubt beneficial to the Normal.

FACULTY ELECTS M. S. SHOWS AS REPRESENTATIVE FROM WINTER CLASS 1915.

On Thursday, Jan. 14th President Roy announced in assembly that Mr. M. S. Shows had been elected faculty representative of the Winter graduating class 1915. This announcement was greeted by prolonged cheering as Mr. Shows is a favorite with the student body. The yells were more than delighted and cheered him to the echo by [illegible] cheering the [illegible] songs.

Mr. Shows was class president of the Pericleans he being the president of the Executive Committee was president of the M. C. C. and Y. M. C. A. during the fall term 1914. He also has [illegible] record in his academic work. In fact Mr. Shows has proven himself more than worthy of the honor bestowed upon him and every one especially feels sure that he will creditably represent the Faculty on graduation night.

MISS EUNICE ADAMS CLASS REPRESENTATIVE OF PERICLEANS.

On the afternoon following the announcement of faculty representative the Pericleans met and nominated candidates for class representative and at [illegible] recess the following morning Miss Eunice Adams was elected.

Miss Adams [illegible] at the Normal is an unusually [illegible] she is at present secretary of the L. L. S. as well as being in the debating team. That she will, moreover, be a credit to L. S. N. and the [illegible] Adams [illegible] represent them [illegible]

With all its student activities, the Hill finds a newspaper a necessity. That newspaper must reflect every phase of the student's life. It must give the news and at the same time furnish an outlet for the expression of the best thought of the student body. It must be interesting to the average student, and it must lend to broader and higher interests. In fact, it must be representative, and yet march in the first rank. It must be like the banner on which is written that for which the group stands, and, like the banner, it must be followed as a guide.

Such a paper is Current Sauce, the six-page biweekly publication of the Contemporary Life Club. While only one year old, it has meant so much to the school community that one wonders how the students in the past got along without it. It is truly the pulse of the Normal School, the outward register of its heartbeats.

VOX DISCIPULORUM

VOL. 3 NATCHITOCHES, La., Idus Nov. MDCCCCXIV NO. 5

VOX DISCIPULORUM

DE PUBLICATIONE

Hoc volumen et pro delectatione et beneficio a discipulis Scholae Normalis in republica Louisianae publicatur et utimir Latina ut vobis et Latinam et Anglicam noscendas esse demonstremus si bene evenira velitis.

Publicata singulis terminibus.

Particula Loci.

Die Veneris vespera ante diem decimum Kalendas Decembris concertus a Publica Schola Vocum et Norvorum Canti in auditorio habitus est. Processi a delectatione ad emendam locutantem machinam Normali Scholae utentur.



EDITORES
PRO TERMINO:

Virginia Prescott
Jessie Lee Connell
Dewina Atkins
Gladys Latham
Edna Fant

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Elvira Montgomery

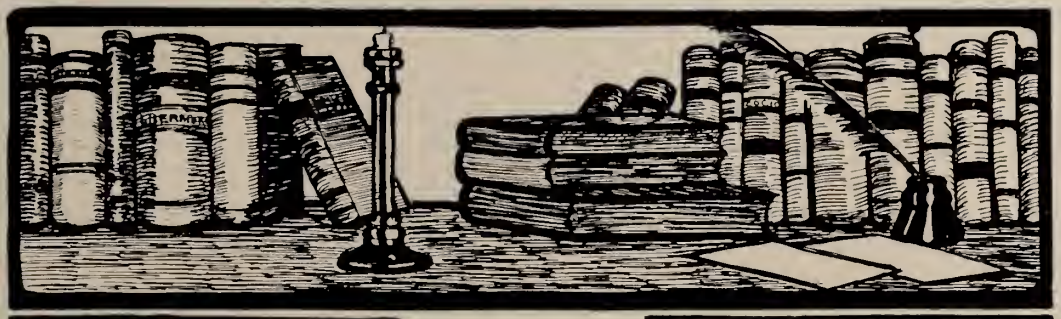
Normal vs. La. Collegium.

Die Saturni post meridiem, ante diem duodetriginta Kal, Decembris, Louisianae collegium ad Normalem venit ut ludum follis haberent. Certamen erat incundissimum nonnullis splendentibus factis a pueris Normalibus. Normales pueri vixerunt septuaginta contra nihil.





"The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night."







LITERARY

Lovic D. Hubbs

Normal Days

(Editorial in Current Sauce)

WHAT have all these months at Normal meant to you, especially to you seventy odd members of the graduating class, who are about to bid farewell forever to the walls of your Alma Mater and to face the sterner realities of life? Are you going forth the same individual you were when you came, unchanged, uninfluenced by the surroundings which have been a part of your life for eighteen months and more? Has nothing been added to your life but years? Ask yourselves these questions. Reflect a moment on what these months have brought to you. Probe deeply into your inmost soul to find an answer—not that there is a single possibility of changing matters at this late stage should you find that you must answer negatively, but that you may truly realize the great power for good this school has been in your life and that you may rightly appreciate the wonderful opportunities that have been showered upon you.

Is it possible that you could have left the auditorium the night James Ott spoke on "Sour Grapes" without the realization of the great problem and crisis the world is facing and of the immeasurable good you could do as an indvidual, a citizen, a teacher? Can you not read our contemporary writers and understand our great men of to-day better because of the glimpse into their lives that John Kendrick Bangs gave you when he spoke on "Salubrities I Have Met?" Could you sit and listen unmoved to the melodious strains that flowed from the magical bow of Madame Maud Powell, the greatest American violinist? Did it not leave you a better man, a better woman? Were you not thrilled to ecstasy when Montani lightly touched the strings of his golden harp and you heard the light, vivacious tones of "Santa Lucia" or the deep, rich chords of "A Merry Life;" or when Vera Poppi drew her bow across the strings of her 'cello and from it came rich, rare melodies? What did Mrs. Baker's interpretation and rendition of "Chanticleer" leave with you? What did those productions of our own student body, "The Rose Maiden" and "Martha," mean to you? Would you take anything for the hours of genuine æsthetic pleasure they furnished you? What has been the value of your society work to you? Did you feel that there was nothing to gain from such work but the three credits for graduation? Or are you leaving it better able to face a crowd and express yourself before it? Has it helped you to solve and master the intricacies of parliamentary law? Have you failed to gain anything socially from it? Has the Normal meant nothing to you religiously? Have not the times when, as one, eight hundred bow their heads to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the devotional exercises, the religious organizations, as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Apostleship of Prayer, inspired you with new fervor and zeal for your work? Is there any one here who dares to say that magnificent triumph of rhetoric, and oratory revealing the depth and power of the divine love, which Rev. Barr gave as his message to the graduates and to the whole student body, gave nothing to his soul? Do not those glo-

rious words of promise still ring in your ears: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee?" And if all this has influenced you but little, dare you say that the native loveliness and beauty of your surroundings all these months has not entered your soul and made it rejoice in the goodness and love of the Father?

There is a beautiful legend called "In the Desert of Waiting," from which is taken this crystallized thought: "Patience! thou comest into the desert a vender of salt; thou mayest go forth an alchemist distilling from life's tasks and sorrows such precious attar into thy soul that its sweetness shall win for thee a welcome wherever thou goest and a royal welcome into the City of Thy Desire." We have all come into the desert venders of salt, but have we all been able to distill from the daily tasks and trials that pricked us sorest precious attar to sweeten all life and to give us a royal entrance into the City of Our Desire? If we only could realize that "from the commonest experiences of life may be distilled the greatest blessings!"

Reflect on this a while and see if, when you are bidding farewell forever to this school, you may turn your face toward it and say softly to your Alma Mater:

"Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee—that I dearly love thee still."

ERLINE HESTER.

♣ ♣ ♣

A School Story

♣

There, little girl, don't cry!
You are leaving your home, I know,
And your best chum, too,
With a heart so true,
Who vowed that she loved you so;
But high-school troubles have all passed by—
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
You are crowded with work, I know;
And the glad, free ways
Of your high-school days
Seem now—O!—so long ago;
But passes and pluses will soon come by—
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
Your name will be posted, I know;
And your joyful dreams,
With their golden gleams,
Will come to be true; for—lo!—
The State holds all for which you sigh—
There, little girl, don't cry!

THELMA HEWES.

How Halloween Originated

"UNCLE 'ENERY, fwat is this?" V. L. Roy, Jr., pulled from his pocket a much-rumpled black paper cat.

"Whar you got dat, honey?" asked the old man.

"Up in Boyl Hoyl [Boyd Hall]," he answered. "En the girls are making black woman's ridin' brooms, en—en—en punkin faces wif big, big eyes, en cats wif their backs w-a-a-y up in the air, too."

"Well, honey, ain't I ever tol' you why fo' de folks has w'ut us-uns calls 'Hollow-in?'"

"No, Uncle 'Enery," replied the little boy.

"Fo' de Lawd's sakes, ef I ain't nerglectin' yo' educality!" Uncle Henry ejaculated, as he looked around with an air of dissatisfaction. He busied himself with mending the handles of many of the water buckets which had long since served their time.

V. L. had learned it was the best to be patient with the old man. So he sat beside him and waited. Presently he asked: "Tell me, Uncle 'Enery."

"Tooby sho', honey; I wuz fergettin'. Hit seem lack in dem days all de hill wuz er woods."

"But, Uncle 'Enery, w'ere was all the folks en all the houses?"

"Dar you goes ag'in doubtin' me en what I sez. You gwine ter be a doubtin' Peter one er dese days." And Uncle Henry smiled at the thought that here was his chance of displaying his knowledge of the new-found phrase, "doubting Thomas."

The little boy, fearful lest Uncle Henry should discontinue the story, asked: "En w'at?"

"Wal, all de animules libed yere, en lak es not dey 'peared to be libin' rale well. Br'er Cat an' Br'er Dog kep' blacksmith's shop; Br'er Fox an' Br'er Rabbit had er ortermobeel shop; Mr. El'phant wuz chief manerger uh de railroad; Mr. Mud Turkle an' Br'er Tarpin hed er meat shop; en all de creeters wuz busy. Ole Miss Goose, ez she do now, wuz battlin' cloze—yes, she natchelly paddle de fillin' outen 'em.

"One day Br'er Dog en Br'er Rabbit wuz out er-huntin.'"

"Huntin' w'at—rabbits?"

"Jobs," Uncle Henry chuckled.

The little fellow's perplexed face showed that he had not understood the answer, and it pleased the old man to puzzle the child now and then.

"Wal, ez I begin, dey wuz out er-huntin', en dey notice feetprints jes' all ober de hill; en dey sez ter deyse'f, sez dey: 'We-uns mought ez well fin' out who's bin er-trompin' through dis woods.' Wid dat dey sot out ter 'vestigate; but, Lawd, chile, ebery creeter wuz takin' down an' sick. 'Pears lak some one's bin cungin' 'em."

"What's 'cungin',' Uncle 'Enery?"

"Wal," with that old aversion, "'tain't yere nor dar. Ebery one wuz sick, ez I wuz a-sayin' befo'. Dat wuz in Novimber de fust, en 'bout dat night ebery one wuz well ag'in.

"Ebery yere dis 'dentical thing takes places de night befo' de fust o'

Novimber, 'til folks tho't dey'd sot up en watch fo' de pusson dat did all dat ruination.

" Dat night—de night fo' Novimber fust—all de creeters wuz er-settin' roun' er fyah right whar Boyd Hall now am, en dey wuz a-tellin' tales ub how de daddies fit in de Rebolution en Cibil Wah, when—lo and beholes!—dey yeard er orful comoshun, en w'at did cum foth but a creeter all deked up en wite wid all its little chilluns, makin' de mostest unlawful sounds yo' eber yeard tell ub, des lak er cricket big ez a hoss rubbin' hits hind legs.

" Sum or most ub de animules runned; but Mr. Tommy Mud Turkle en Br'er El'phant, dey wuz so clumsy dat dey stayed behin' en fit dem witches. 'Bout dis time womans on brooms wuz flyin' 'bout de air, de moon went out, en the jack-o'-lant'rns wuz all de lights dey hed. De ole cats lak dis wuz a-mewin' 'roun'. But does yo' know ebery one er dese creeters wuz plum hollow-in? Ez quick ez Br'er El'phant punch one, he fall flat. En dis is wha' com' us calls hit ' Hollow-in '—jes' 'cauze de ghoses wuz hollow. Now us all keeps dis night so ez ter keep de witches erway. So yo' see, honey, de reason caze de folks en de hole United States keeps Hollow-in is caze de creeters done hit on dis Normal Hill long, long time ergo."

It had begun to grow dark, and the little boy, much to Uncle Henry's gratification, protested against returning to the cottage alone. Uncle Henry took him home. Two hours later the little son of our President lay fast asleep in his little bed, dreaming of the hump-backed cats and the jack-o'-lanterns hanging on the wall of old Boyd Hall. WILMA DUPUY.



Study Hour on Normal Hill

A hundred lights gleam in the night
From windows o'er the way,
And everything is still as death
Soon after close of day.

The bell has rung. It's study hour;
All minds to books are turned;
For woe to those who go to class
With lessons all unlearned!

And this is why it seems so quiet,
And things are all so still,
Save where the watchman beats his path
Around old Normal Hill.

WILLIAM J. BENNETT.

The Charm of the Bells

(Class Exercise)

AS I was seated by the fire one evening not many days since, watching the flickering shadows and letting my thoughts drift back into the past, I suddenly became aware of the ringing of a distant bell, which seemed only an echo of another bell. And, as in an echo, there was mingled in that sound many things that had gone with the ringing of that other bell. I heard the rush of feet and the chatter of girlish voices, and was moved by the air of general excitement. I followed the crowd to the brick building to which all were going. There, as I passed many doors, I remembered how I had gone to class in the different rooms so many times, and how success in certain classes even caused me to like certain rooms better than others, and I half expected to hear the clapping of hands as we passed noisily through the halls or a familiar voice saying: "Young ladies, it is against the rules of this institution to loiter in the halls." The office I hurried by. Many times I had entered it with fear and trembling. The tingling of the bell, calling to class and causing the crowd to rush along more hurriedly, carried me back to many memorable days. On one occasion I had met Tom in the hall, and, forgetting that I had only a few minutes to get to class, I had stopped and chatted until the second bell had rung. Upon being asked why I was late, I had replied, carelessly: "I had to come from upstairs in Boyd Hall, and I am so tired."

But soon it seemed that I was marching along with the cedar rope, and I realized that I was a graduate. After taking my place of honor, I recall how I listened to numerous speeches and heard the applause of friends; how best wishes and congratulations were bestowed upon me from all sides; how, while I was enjoying the excitement, the spell was half broken by the ringing of a second bell. I could no longer distinguish the faces of those near me. The applause died away and seemed only an echo from some far-away shore on which I had once lived, but on which I was to live no more. Here the walls of the room seemed to recede unwillingly, saying: "Even though you have this night graduated, you are under the law of the bell. Go now, and my blessings be upon thee, for at the ringing of the third bell the charm is broken." Even as the walls spoke, the third bell rang with a harsh and clanging noise.

Why was it that there was no clapping of hands? That there was not a call of lights out? That there were no half-suppressed giggles and hurried movements, followed by silence? Looking around, I found I had returned to my chair by the fireplace. The room was cold, for the fire had died out, even as my dream of school days had died out at the ringing of the third bell.

SYLVIA HUMPHREY

♠ ♠ ♠

Morning

(Class Exercise)

In the East the softest pinkness
  Shows through the early gray,
And, spreading slowly toward the West,
  Begins the glad, new day.

Sleeping grasses, trees, and flowers
  Wake in the rosy light.
Refreshed, they blush with the happy morn,
  Tired are they of night.

Pinker still and ever pinker—
  All the world grows pink.
Green things, brown things—all reflect it;
  Even the air, I think.

And now the birds spring up to greet
  Their trusted god, the sun;
The clear air fills with music,
  As their melody's begun.

The dawn's first sleepy quiet is broken;
  The noise will last till dark.
The challenging sound of the rooster's crow
  Is drowned by the dog's loud bark.

Up from the ground the smiling sun
  Everywhere sends his ray;
Gone is the pink; 'tis sunlight now
  The morn is changed to day!

MIRIAM CARVER.

Sounds

(Being a modern-day imitation of Thoreau's essay of the same name)

NOW, as I sit at my desk on this dismal, rainy evening, my watch ticks away with a tireless "chug-chug, chug-chug," like that of a solitary bass-horn player leading a march for an imaginary band; the electric light winks at me once at its usual time and then goes on as steady as before; some lonely, foot-sore tramp limps along the walk, stops, pulls at the gate, and halloos to know if there are any bad dogs; the train whistles four long blasts, and, with the clank of the bell keeping time with the exhaust, goes down the narrow track; occasional ejaculations come from my roommate as signals for me to pull him out of the bog of quadratics of simultaneous equations.

I am not so lonesome as some may think. I do not find the place half so lonely as the girls of the club find their rooms. I am not the only one within the limits of this house, which I call my home, because I have paid fifteen dollars for my part of it. There are two girls here. They live by day at the building on the Hill and by night in their homes of one room. One does not need a large mansion to live in, just as one does not need a large body to live in. Does not Mr. Claman feel just as comfortable in his little body as Mr. Harvey does in his big one? One room is quite sufficient. They live downstairs, and this faint humming sounds like the dismal sounds of the wolf calling on all the gods to restore his dead mate to him. Maybe it might be compared to the soft strains of the phonograph playing a lullaby with an old, worn-out needle. I listen, and find that I'm mistaken. A new gust of notes has been wafted to me, and they are those of a 'cello played by an infidel hand—a hand which has no respect for a 'cello. The poor 'cello—how I wish it were like us and could make its own sounds! And then we would not be troubled with poor music and nerve-destroying cords from it, at least.

Now that all are in their rooms, some studying, some writing, others nodding in their chairs, too lazy to go to bed, I am more with the world than ever. My only annoyance now until bedtime will be the desultory and scattered questions from my roommate, asking how to factor binomials, or to extract the square root, or a hundred other things. But this soon quiets down, and no more is heard from him. On the whole, my meditations may be continued without much danger of being broken by these interruptions.

Sometimes, when I listen at the right time, I hear the Normal bells—the supper bell, the study bell, or even the light bell. They seem to give out a sound which is softened into a melody by its passage and reflections. The sound is strained of its discordant overtones by its long passage through the pine trees and over the housetops. This sweet music changes to the queer gurgling sound of some one snoring across the halls. It is like the rasp of the rope against the well curb as the bucket descends into the water. Thus the silence of the night is broken until the rising sun disperses the morning mist and the rattle of the early train wakes the sleeper.

But there is that never-ceasing "chug-chug" of the watch with the red devil on its face looking up to me. Maybe it is he that bellows out this jolly sound as the second hand tickles him under the chin and the hour hand makes the yellow, holy halo about his head.

GRAHAM STUCKEY.

The Pines

On the campus of the Normal,
  Where many a path entwines,
Stand the many ancient shade trees,
  Stand the tall and stately pines.

Many song birds have they sheltered
  In their bosom, warm and kind,
Who, inspired by their kindness,
  Cheer and strengthen every mind.

In the morning bright and early,
  As the birds begin their song,
Through the branches comes the whisper:
"May thou happy be and strong."

In the twilight of the evening,
  When our hearts are filled with care,
Comes the sobbing of the pine trees.
  They, too, know what we must bear.

When our hearts are light and merry,
  And our paths from thorns are free,
A sweet laughter to us echoes
  From the bosom of each tree.

Tell your story to the pine trees;
  They will ne'er your tale betray,
But, by hearing each one's story,
  Better cheer another's way.

Blessings on the dear old pine trees,
  As they stand so grand and tall,
Cheering, helping, and caressing,
  Always kind and true to all.

HILDUR BERGLUND.

The Brink

(Class Exercise)

DAY was slowly breaking, and Mrs. Stanley was almost crazed with fear. Kathryn, who had driven with a party of young people to a play in a neighboring town, should have returned about two o'clock; but hour after hour had passed, and still she had not appeared. Perplexed, but with his usual composure, Dr. Stanley tried in vain to console his wife, who paced the floor and wrung her hands in great agitation.

"My dear, she has probably remained to spend the night with some of her friends," he insisted, again and again.

"No, George, I know she didn't!" Mrs. Stanley cried, in despair. "Aline is away on a visit, and Martha's mother is very ill. O, if she would only, only come!"

The last sentence, ending in a plaintive wail, seemed to bring an answer; for wheels were heard on the gravel outside, and some one ran quickly up the steps. Kathryn entered the room and threw her arms about her sobbing mother.

"O, mother, how glad I am to be home again! We have had a terrible time!" she exclaimed.

"Darling, what in the world has kept you?" Mrs. Stanley trembled with emotion.

"Sit right down here and dry your tears, and I will tell you and daddy about it," said Kathryn, excitedly. "You may remember that Allan said he knew a shorter route. Well, the play was over at eleven, and, after we had supper, we started home; but Allan suggested that we try the shorter road, so we started off with our buggy in the lead. Daddy, you know the road that turns off the main road at Cuthbert's?"

"Why, daughter, that road leads to Jonesville!" her fathered answered, in surprise.

"Yes; but, daddy, we soon took a road that led into the woods. It was as dark as pitch, but Allan insisted that he knew where he was going. We drove on and on for about an hour and a half, and Allan said that we ought to reach soon the lane that leads into the Oak Grove Road."

"Allan should have known better than to lead all of you into such a wild-goose chase," Dr. Stanley interrupted, with a grim smile.

"Now, daddy, you mustn't blame Allan. It wasn't really his fault," defended Kathryn, valiantly.

"Go on, daughter. Tell us the rest," Mrs. Stanley begged.

"All right, mother. We drove on and on, and Allan was just about to own up that he was lost, when our horse suddenly reared up on his hind legs and refused to go. The boys stopped their horses and ran to hold our horse. They struck a light, and—O, mother!" Kathryn hid her face in her hands, overcome with the terror of the thought.

"Darling, tell me what it was!" cried her mother, trembling with excitement.

Kathryn lifted her head and continued: "There, five or six feet in front of us, was a great bluff of the Black River!"

Mrs. Stanley screamed and burst into tears.

"Well, mother, darling, don't cry. Why, it is all over now."

"George, I knew that our girl was in danger. I told you that she was;" and Mrs. Stanley wept heartbrokenly.

"Well, daughter, tell us how you finally found your way home again," Dr. Stanley said.

"We were completely lost, and we wandered slowly about the woods for two hours before we found our road. Then we reached the main road about four miles on the other side of Jonesville; and, of course, after that we had no more trouble."

"It was, indeed, a narrow escape. We should all be very, very thankful that you are safe at home again." Dr. Stanley spoke deliberately and with great feeling.

"We certainly should. And, daddy," Kathryn hesitated, and then continued, "you won't be angry with Allan, will you? He is dreadfully worried and depressed. He is coming to see you and mother to-morrow and present the apologies that he says are due."

"My dear, this is no time to entertain feelings of anger or resentment," her father replied; and he smiled, but not grimly this time, and kissed the pleading, upturned face.

ROSE TAYLOR.


When It Snows I. The Sunny South.
Beyond The Deadline
Spiral Stairway of Old Nacogdoches.
When The Names Were Posted.
A Late Sleeve.
City Street Corner—The Game.
The Untrolden Path
Harvest Time.
Our Art Lady.
The Old and the New.

The Legend of Grand Ecore

In the pleasant, sunny Southland,
Where the sun is ever shining,
Is a bluff built by our Mother,
By our wondrous Mother Nature.
Here below's the winding river,
Rushing onward, onward, onward—
Rushing with a wondrous music
To the mighty Mississippi,
There to mix its bright, red waters
With the mighty Mississippi,
With the Father of all waters.
Then above and reaching upward,
Ever high above the river,
Is the playhouse of our Mother
That she used her arts in making.
And the pine trees and the oak trees
Rear their heads up to the Father,
Gitchie Manito, the Mighty—
He, the Father of the people.
All the colors of the rainbow
Blend together in the woodland,
In the pleasant, sunny woodland.
And the sky that bends above it,
Bends as does the bow of Hunter,
Smiles down on the pleasant woodland,
On the woodland and the river,
And the stream reflects his smiling.
Gladness lives there in the woodland.
There upon the bluff, so high up,
Is the village of the people;
There the wigwams of the people,
Of the noble, red-skinned people.
And the women and the children
Work around and in the wigwams,
While the warriors, the great warriors,
Smoke the pipe of peace together.
Here we see a lovely maiden,
See a lovely, red-skinned maiden,
Ling'ring near the band of warriors.
And all the eyes are turned upon her,
Follow lovely Minnelayee,
See the child of Chief Galaryee—
She, the sunlight of her people.
And a warrior bold and stalwart
Loves the Princess Minnelayee—
He, the son of noted Gehu,
Of Gehu, the honored racer,
Loves the maiden Minnelayee.
Loves she not this mighty warrior,
But turns always to her people,
To her father and her mother,
And's content with them to love her.
Down the lovely, winding river
Comes a great canoe a-splashing,
Rising, falling on the wavelets,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
In the great canoe the white men
Come on to the pleasant woodland,
Come to greet Galaryee friendly,
Trade with him their wares and trinkets,
Ere they go back up the river.
In the white man's band's a warrior—
He, the fair-skinned Don Lovito;
He, the handsome, pale-faced warrior,
Catches sight of Minnelayee,
While he lingers with her people,
And he sees in the fair redskin
All the graces of a princess,
All the freedom of the forest,
All the beauty of a flower.
And the princess, Minnelayee,
Sees the Spaniard, Don Lovito;
And at first his graceful bearing
Draws attention to his person.
Then his handsome, haughty features
Cause the girl to watch him closely.
Then a friendship grows between them;
And when handsome Don Lovito
Smiles on little Minnelayee,
She feels all the joy of springtime,
For his smile is like the sunshine.
Friendship then to something deeper
Grows, and handsome Don Lovito
Steals the heart of Minnelayee,
Till she loves the handsome Spaniard,
Loves the dashing Don Lovito.
But at last there comes a parting,
And the handsome Don Lovito
Tells the artless Indian princess
Of his wondrous home and home land;
Tells her he will take her with him
As his wife—he'll take her with him
Back to Spain, his wondrous home land;
Says that she must wait there for him
Till he comes back up the river.
Then he kisses Minnelayee,
Bids farewell to her who loves him—
Minnelayee, lovely red skin.
Then the great boats of the white men
Sail away, and Don Lovito
Stands and waves at Minnelayee,
Wafts a kiss across the waters
To the child of Chief Galaryee;
And the Princess Minnelayee
Stands and waves at Don Lovito.

. . . . . .

When the white men's boats have vanished,
Vanished down the bright Red River,

The fair Princess Minnehaycc
Sheds a tear and feels so lonely
But she vows that she'll be faithful
To her handsome Spanish lover,
To the smooth-tongued Don Lovito.
Then the warrior, her old lover,
Comes upon her in the woodland,
Tells her that he still does love her,
Loves her more than Don Lovito;
That her handsome Spanish lover
Is a white-skin, proud and selfish;
Is a paleface cold and heartless;
That he loves not Minnehaycc,
Loves not he the Indian princess;
But that he, a valiant redskin,
Loves the lovely Indian princess.
But the Princess Minnehaycc
Turns and tells the red-skinned warrior
That she loves the Don Lovito;
That she'll wait for his returning;
Tells the valiant son of Gehu
That his wooing is not pleasant;
Having once known Don Lovito,
She can never love a redskin.
And the warrior then in anguish
Turns and slowly leaves the princess,
Lifts his heart up to the Father
In a prayer for strength to leave her.
If his heart would change within him!
Can he hate sweet Minnehaycc?
No—O, no!—he'll always love her.
But his love shall hide within him;
Deep within his heart he'll hide it.
Then he turns back to the village,
Where he grows morose and silent.
Six months pass, and still the princess
Loves the dashing Don Lovito,
Still believes him a true lover,
Thinks that he'll come back to get her
And at last there comes a story
That the whites again are coming;
And at first her heart, so faithful,
Is made blithsome by the story.
Then again there comes a rumor
That the handsome Don Lovito
Brings a lovely maiden with him,
Brings a fair white maiden with him.
But she waits still for her lover,
And still scorns she all the stories.
Then one morning, bright and early,
She is standing near her wigwam,
When she hears the oars a-splashing,
Hears the cry of "Ho, the white men'"
And she rushes from the village
To a place high on the bluff land.
Then she sees canoes approaching.
As they near, she sees Lovito,
Sees the handsome, pale-faced Spaniard;
But beside him is a maiden,
Is a lovely, white-skinned maiden;
And his arm is 'round the maiden,
And his eyes are smiling on her,
And his head is bending toward her;
And she smiles back at Lovito,
Smiles her love for Don Lovito,
While her fingers, small and slender,
Fasten up her shining ringlets—
Golden, shining, curling tendrils.
And the Indian princess sees her,
Hates her as she ne'er has hated,
Hates her as a creeping reptile;
But she hates not Don Lovito,
Hates not she her untrue lover.
Then she hides back in the woodland,
Hides back in the friendly woodland,
Till the whites have passed the bluff lands,
And she hears no more the splashing
Of the great boats of the white men.
Then there comes her same old lover,
Comes the valiant red-skinned warrior,
And again tells Minnehaycc
That he loves his Indian princess;
Calls her "Sweetheart, Nena Muncha."
But she bids him go and leave her,
For she still loves Don Lovito.
When she is alone, she wanders
Up and down alone, she wanders
Up and down alone in anguish,
Till she, near the bluff-land edge is.
Then she plunges downward, downward,
Downward o'er the cruel bowlders,
Downward to the bright-red water;
And the water takes the princess
To the bosom of the river.
And the pine trees and the oak trees
Sing the death dirge of the princess,
Of the lovely Minnehaycc—
She, the sunlight of her people.
And the spirit of the princess
Rises upward, upward, upward
To the Father of her people,
Gitchie Manito, the Mighty,
The great Father, the Creator.
And the river keeps the secret
Safe beneath its laughing waters;
And none, passing, knows the story
Of the girl who there lies buried;
For the shining, bright, red waters
Still rush onward, onward, onward;
Still rush on with wondrous music
To the mighty Mississippi,
To the Father of all waters.

JOSEPHINE O'QUINN

The Temptation

(Class Exercise)

♣

IT was a cold, rainy night; but John Day, protected in his slicker and hat, smiled at the dripping pedestrians who hurried past him, and patted his coat affectionately. "Big John Day," as the fellows called him, was on his way to the train yards, where the great, puffing, and shining No. 99 was waiting for him. His heart filled with pride as he examined the massive engine, and he called gayly to the brakeman: "She's a wonder all right; you believe that, don't you, Bill?" Bill nodded wisely. Of course he believed anything that "Big John Day" said.

No. 99 left the yards at nine. At nine-five she arrived at the station, where, in a few minutes, crowds of people boarded her, some glancing at the big monster with admiration; and these persons, let it be said, never failed to arouse Day's silent approval. At last a lantern swung glistening in the rain, and a gruff voice called, "All aboard!" and No. 99 angrily and slowly moved out into the darkness.

One hundred miles from the station the night grew darker, but rain poured in torrents, and heaven itself seemed to be rent by flaming lightning and pealing thunder. But through the black storm No. 99 sped on, fearlessly, boldly. Of a sudden her speed accelerated, and Day glanced quickly toward the window by his side. Did he see the demons of the dark smiling at him? At his feet were the brakes. The engineer's steel-gray eyes fastened themselves on them in a strange fear, and he saw that they were slowly moving. With a cry, he bent his powerful body and clutched the brakes. A click, and that was all! The big fellow glanced at his watch. In half an hour No. 44 would be waiting at the switch at Tooke's Crossing to let his train pass. If he reached there before ten fifty-five! His face whitened, and the muscles of his body tightened in a maddening dread.

He was young, so young; and, by a sudden impulse, he thrust wide the window and crouched in the opening. The lightning showed him a meadow. One jump, and he was safe. And life was beckoning, coaxing him. There was only one chance in a thousand that he could save his passengers by remaining. Should he take this chance, to the danger of his own life?

No. 99 lurched forward, causing Day to clinch the sash to save himself from falling on the ground beneath him. White and trembling, he struggled. The wind moaned, "Come, come!" the raindrops that fell upon his tense face whispered, "How young you are!" and the thunder growled, "Save yourself at any cost!"

"I will, I will."

But then a mother touched his shoulder, "I am going to my child;" and her voice was low and gentle.

"My sweetheart is waiting for me." The lad spoke dreamily, as he clasped the engineer's hand.

"My granddaughter is dying." And the tired, kind eyes of an old gentleman sought Day's in tender appeal.

With a groan, "Big John Day" leaned forward and gripped the brakes.

GLADYS BRINGHURST.

♣ ♣ ♣

A Summer Shower

♣

A dim and distant thunder peal,
  A darkening o'er the sun so bright,
Which casts a gloom o'er all the world,
  And bars from us the happy light.

A thunder peal which nearer rolls,
  The gentle fall of summer rain,
Which quickens and then harder pours,
  Now ceases, then begins again.

But when at length the shower ends,
  A band of glory shows above,
With tints of every color rare—
  The promise of our Father's love.

ROSE TAYLOR.

The Quest of Gawain

(Imaginary report of Gawain to King Arthur, after he has returned from his search for Lancelot)

(*Class Exercise*)

Sir, my liege, I left you yestermorn,
And wandered through all the country 'bout
Until I came to Astolat.
In castle great the lord of it there dwells,
His two sons and one daughter, fair Elaine,
Known 'mongst all as Elaine, the lovable;
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.
I 'quired as to the where'bouts of the knight,
And found that one had been there not long since;
And as he told me this, the lord did tell
Of how with them the knight had left his shield,
And how for it would soon return; also
Lavaine, the younger son, had 'companied him,
And ere long would of him some tidings bring.
And when this tale was done, the lord did give
With 'customed courtesy the kind request
That, since my quest was o'er, I stop with him,
To which with courtesy I did reply.
With fair Elaine I wandered gardens o'er,
And sought in vain to take the little heart,
But only found myself a bit too late,
Because before one else had won the prize.
'Twas soon I found it was the stranger knight,
And then the shield was brought that I might tell
If it belonged to him for whom I sought.
And when I found to Lancelot it belonged,
Also to him belonged the maiden's heart,
I gave the diamond to her, knowing that
It would to him sooner be safely giv'n
Than if for him I searched the country o'er;
For truly does she know where he is hid,
And, knowing, guards with strictest secrecy.

ROSE TAYLOR.

Thoughts While Watching a Child at Play

Dear little girl, so slender and fair,
Little you're thinking while you're playing there
That those same little hands, now in sweet childish play,
Will some day be helping a life on its way.

Dear little girl, so eager and sweet,
Much you must learn ere in life you compete;
And the same little thought, which is " two twos are four,"
Will give you strength which will help to do more.

Dear little girl, with blue eyes and bright,
Little you think that you, too, must shed light
On life's shadows and sunshine, its hopes and its joys,
And later be taught that all these are but toys.

Dear little girl, how can I help you
Be a real woman—good, noble, and true—
Who will brighten the shadows, and bring the sunshine,
And help lift the burdens of sorrowed mankind?

Dear little girl, I watch all the day,
While you in your sunshine busily play.
From the depths of my heart, Love, I whisper this prayer:
" God, give her the courage to do and to dare."

MARJORIE HENRY.



Jimmy

(*Class Exercise*)

IT was Saturday afternoon. Jimmy was lying flat on his stomach on the mossy bank of the brooklet which flowed through his father's pasture, his heels in the air, his chin in his hands, and his eyes staring blankly at the little green snake crawling along the rail fence on the opposite side of the "branch." Under ordinary circumstances Jimmy would have been expending his marvelous fund of energy in capturing the hideous little reptile, to the future discomfiture of his playmates.

But the circumstances were not ordinary; for Jimmy was fairly on the way of being disappointed in love, and his heart was heavy. He had slipped off from the woodpile, where presumably he was cutting stove wood, to go fishing. But the fish wouldn't bite, and so Jimmy had lost patience, had thrown himself wearily on the ground, and was trying to think of a way to win back to himself the affections of Polly, the shrine of his heart's worship.

Steve Clark was the obstacle our hero had encountered. Until his interference, the course of true love had run smoothly.

At Sunday school one Sunday, directly after Christmas, Jimmy had accidentally got a seat by Polly. Polly had soft, blue eyes, wide awake, but not bold, and soft, brown hair, usually braided in two braids and tied with red ribbon. Jimmy had never sat by a girl at Sunday school since he could remember. Being unaccustomed to the situation, he was exceedingly conscious of himself and his neighbor and exceedingly unconscious of everything else. He sat on the front edge of his chair and stared fixedly. He could not take his eyes off the beautiful braids. He gave one braid a gentle tweak, and subsided abruptly and bashfully into the shallow depths of his chair. Polly looked around quickly, and awarded him a pinch on the arm and a smile to soften it. Jimmy felt a great sense of joy and gratitude rising in his heart.

The next Sunday he gave her his old card from the last lesson, and she smiled even more sweetly than before. Jimmy resolved then and there to get the same seat next Sunday and all other Sundays; and he had, until the last two Sundays, when he had been supplanted by Steve Clark. Steve Clark, who couldn't play marbles, nor swim, nor turn somersaults, nor "skin the cat" half as well as Jimmy could! Jimmy wondered bitterly at the injustice of the capricious Polly.

Suddenly he bounded up from the grass, kicked the can of bait energetically into the water, and turned his steps toward the house. He went in through the kitchen door, grabbed a piece of blackberry pie as he passed the cupboard, and devoured it as he walked resolutely to the hall door. Seeing his mother sitting in an easy-chair on the front porch, he tiptoed quietly to her bedroom and took out a piece of paper from the drawer of writing material. He jumped through the window, ran to the back steps, and sat himself precipitately thereon. He felt in his pocket, and found a stubby lead pencil. Resting the paper on the floor, he began the laborious authorship of the following.

"Miss Polly Parker.

"Dear Friend: Please, can I sit by you at Sunday school to-morrow morning, if you don't like Steve Clark best? Yours truly, Jimmy Carroll."

He folded it carefully, ran quickly around the house, out the front gate, and down the main street of the small village toward the Parker residence. But before he reached

it, he saw Polly in a fresh blue gingham dress coming down the sidewalk. He loitered along until she drew near. Then he lost his courage, and fled past her without looking. Soon he crushed his bashfulness and retraced his steps. He walked slowly past her, poked the note toward her, looking in an entirely opposite direction and trying to whistle away his embarrassment. As soon as the note was safe in Polly's hands, he took to his heels and ran for dear life, soon reaching the shelter of his own back yard.

From that time he was in a state of silent, hopeful ecstasy. He did his evening chores, ate his supper silently, but spasmodically, and went to bed, but not soon to sleep. He awoke early next morning, took his Sunday-morning bath with an air of resignation opposed to his usual remonstrance. Mrs. Carroll was astonished. She asked Jimmy if he felt well, and he said, "Yes'm," a little doubtfully. He did not study his lesson, since that was not an element of his idea of Sunday school. He left home unusually early, with his hair unusually smooth and his hands unusually clean.

When he entered the church, he saw Polly. She was sitting with her mother among the older ladies. Polly saw him, too, and looked kindly upon him, and his hopes ran high. He looked disdainfully at Steve, who sat on the seat behind him and pretended not to know Jimmy was there. When it was time for class, both boys walked primly faster and faster to their places, each watching his rival through the corner of his eye. When they were near the coveted place, Steve gave a bound toward it and sat down noisily.

That was a breach of etiquette, and Miss Sallie, the Sunday-school teacher, asked him to move, and assigned him a seat near the end of the row, far away from Polly's usual seat. The anxious Jimmy marched forward, took the seat like a gentleman, and kept it. And when Polly came in, she took her seat by him, showed him a piece of paper, which he recognized to be his note, partially wrapped in her handkerchief, smiled at him, and he was at peace with all the world.

ELIZABETH SMITH.

♠ ♠ ♠

Spring

♠

Merry spring returns once more,
Chasing away cold winter hoar,
Chasing away the frost and snow,
Winter's signals of chill and woe;
All the winter's dreary sadness
Flees away before spring's gladness.

Spring is coming, swift and fleet;
Baby buds peep at one's feet,
Peeping up with many a fear,
Lest old winter still be here.
Blossoms scattered everywhere;
Birds' sweet songs are in the air;
Joyful things with song or name
Spring's glad coming now proclaim.

ROSE TAYLOR.

A Scene of Misery and a Scene of Happiness

(Class Exercise)

THE need and distress of the world are so great at the present time that they aroused in me the desire to help some one, somewhere, somehow. I started out one cold, rainy afternoon, with no idea of my destination, but fully determined to alleviate one persons sufferings. I walked until I came into that part of the city where poverty is written on the face of everything. Unconsciously, I stopped in the midst of it and looked about me. The house in front of which I was standing was most dilapidated in appearance. There was a small fence around it, and the gate was hanging on one hinge in a very dejected manner. I went up to the door and knocked. An old woman appeared, and, after eyeing me suspiciously, asked me to come in. Her face was weather-beaten and wretched-looking, like everything about the place. The room in which I found myself was very small and ill-lighted, and, together with the old woman, formed a picture of utmost misery. Filth, the handmaid of poverty, was visible everywhere. The smoke from a greasy stove made the room stuffy and oppressive. The woman ungraciously motioned me to be seated and waited silently for me to begin. The words of comfort and cheer that I had half formed in my mind seemed paltry and inadequate, even foolish. I found myself speechless before this cold and unapproachable woman, hardened and embittered by the blows of life. I had stepped completely out of my world into a world of which I knew nothing—a world of hopelessness and despair. I felt, even in my inexperience, that I could not reach this woman. I groped frantically for something to say. Suddenly a wild idea sprang into my head. Desperate, I clutched at it. As an excuse for my presence, I stammered something about being in the wrong house and awkwardly retreated.

I was living at this time with my sister, who was married. When I reached home, I was depressed. I felt angry at the whole world for allowing such misery to exist. I opened the door, and then paused; for the contrast of this scene with the one I had just left was so striking that I stood for a few moments unobserved, watching the little group before me. The room into which I had stepped did not give the impression of luxury, but of entire comfort, and was pervaded by the spirit of a true home. My sister, with her mending in her lap, was seated by the table. Two of the children were lying in front of the fire, listening intently to the story of Sara Crew that their elder sister was reading aloud. Presently the child looked up questioningly from the book and said: "Mamma, are there people in the world as sad and poor as that?" I shivered at the recollection of the scene I had just left. At this moment the children caught sight of me, and, pulling me into a chair, demanded at the same time if I did not want to hear about the little girl that was unhappy.

ANNA BELL.



The Princess

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Pygmalion and Galatea

A Roman Wedding

"The Princess"

THE Navigators presented their class play, "The Princess," a dramatization of the poem by Tennyson, on the evening of May 24, 1914. Although "The Princess" is a very difficult drama, like all the other plays given under the management of Mrs. McVoy, it was a great success.

On the eventful night the auditorium was filled to overflowing with an audience which fairly teemed with expectancy. When the curtain rose, every neck was craned to catch a glimpse of the stage. And what a sight! Their tired eyes feasted upon a veritable vision of fairyland—an "enchanted" forest, if you will—consisting of rows and rows of fresh, green trees emerging from a greener carpet of moss and grass. The dashing prince and his merry companions, resting in this woodland dell, added a vivid dash of color to this already beautiful scene.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Princess Ida	*Willie Bonney*
Lady Psyche	*Charlotte Nawadny*
Lady Blanche	*Louise Taylor*
Melissa	*Betta Aaron*
Violet	*Emma Miles*
Portress	*Erline Courtney*
Prince	*Erin Scaife*
Florian	*Ruth Ford*
Cyril	*Florence Beatty*
Gama, King	*Mrs. Cooksey*
Ipse	*Lalon Nelson*

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

ON Tuesday, November 24, 1914, the Excelsiors presented their class play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The play was voted a grand success by every one.

Miss Steletta Westrope made a most dignified Duke, and Miss Dunwoodie Burges was a captivating Duchess. Miss Vivian Keller, as Hermia, and Miss Lizzie Taylor, as Helena, were both charming maidens. Miss Ethel Merrill and Miss Ruby Wilcox were the most ardent of lovers. Cecil McClung, as Nick Bottom, kept the audience in roars of laughter. Miss Eddie Teddlie, as Puck, made a most charming and frisky little imp with her mischievous pranks. In fact, the entire cast showed great dramatic ability.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Theseus, the Duke . . . . . *Steletta Westrope*
Hippolyta, the Duchess . . . . . *Dunwoodie Burges*
Egeus, father of Hermia . . . . . *Mabel Reid*
Hermia . . . . . *Vivian Keller*
Helena, Hermia's friend . . . . *Lizzie Taylor*
Lysander, a courtier . . . *Ethel Merrill*
Demetrius, a courtier . . *Ruby Wilcox*
Puck . . . . . *Eddie Teddlie*
Philostrate . . . . . *Mona Cannon*
Peter Quince . . . . . *Castle Holland*
Nick Bottom . . . . . *Cecil McClung*
Tom Snout . . . . . *Trueheart Ruffin*
Robert Starveling . . . . . *Bowen Eubanks*
Frances Flute . . . . . *Earl DeBlieux*

"Pygmalion and Galatea"

IT was with much eagerness and pleasure that the Normal students made their way to the Assembly Hall on the night of February 26 to see and hear what the gay "bunch" of Pericleans were to present in their class play, "Pygmalion and Galatea."

The stage, which the class had arranged for this great and last occasion, represented an Athenian studio—that part of his home which Pygmalion, the sculptor, loved best. In the center, and a little to the back of the room, was an inclosed partition, which hid a famous statue, Galatea, to which Pygmalion's fame was attributed.

Miss Kate Gosling, as Pygmalion, and Miss Thelma Hewes, as the sculptor's wife, played their part with such zeal and excellency that had an Athenian been in the midst he would have been indeed proud of the representatives of Greece.

Through the power of the gods, Pygmalion's beautiful Galatea was brought to life one day, and the difficulties in which she became involved through her sweet innocence of life's ways excited the audience to great interest and amusement. No other than Miss Allene Alexander could have played this rôle as delightfully. Graceful and beautiful, she was always welcomed when she appeared.

The audience was much interested in Miss Nancy Long, who, as Chrysos, was equally as interested in Galatea, much to the despair and vexation, however, of his lovely wife, Daphne (Miss Lurline Dupuy).

If there is anything that adds charm to a story, it is "true love that never runs smooth," and which, in this play, caused many amusing quarrels between Lencippe (Miss Arnaudlia Snoddy) and his spirited little sweetheart, Myrine (Miss Wilma Dupuy). Miss Mayble Gauthier, as Agesimos, and Miss Annie Mae Pettit, as Minos, both played the rôle of slaves, and their presence portrayed the manner of service of this ancient country of Greece.

Much credit is due this Fall Class of 1915 for the delightful entertainment which they, under the direction of Mrs. McVoy, presented to their large and appreciative audience.

GLADYS BRINGHURST.

"A Roman Wedding"

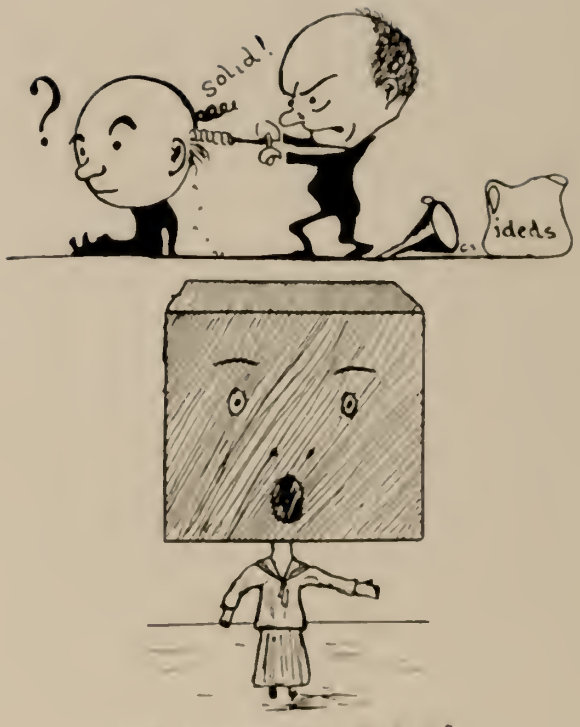
IN April the Latin Club presented its annual Latin play, "A Roman Wedding," which was received enthusiastically by the audience.

Ever since the first play given in the Latin tongue by members of the department in the fall of 1913, the students have been enthusiastic over the idea of Latin's "stunts." Last fall they had a Latin party in the Gymnasium, at which all wore togas and other Roman accouterments, had Latin music, greeted each other in Latin salutations, and feasted reclining on a Roman table.

This spring they decided to give "A Roman Wedding." Everything was faithful to the Roman ideas, both language and costumes.

The cast was as follows:

Sponsa, Tullia	*Virginia Prescott*
Sponsus, Gaius Piso	*Alton Alford*
Sponsae Pater, Marcus Tullius Cicero	*Virginia Russell*
Sponsae Mater, Terentia	*Gladys Latham*
Sponsi Pater, Lucius Piso Frugi	*Elaine Lazaro*
Sponsi Mater	*Katherine Marston*
Sponsae Frater, Marcus Tullius Cicero, adulescens	*Annie D. Corbett*
Flamen Dialis	*Gertrude Moore*
Pontifex Maximus	*Annie Rogers*
Iuris Consultus	*Dewina Atkins*
Quintus Hortensius	*Rosalie Goldberg*
Pronuba	*Marguerite Sanders*
Signatores	*Alma Avinger*, *Mary Alice Larche*
Tibicines	*Eunice Odom*, *Irma Scott*
Lictores	*Willie Swan*, *Annie Ruth Nuttall*
Marcipor, Phiotimus, Tiro, Anna (Servi)	*Edith Hawkins*, *May B. Lester*, *Beatrice Watson*, *Mary Lazaro*



AS THE TEACHERS SEE US.


NORMAL LIFE
and
FUN
J. O'MEARA

Behold the Metamorphosis!!!!

Natchitoches, La.

Mr. Peter Hezekiah Adam Hopper,
Caroll,
And La.
Mrs. Myranda Adaline Hopper,
Same place.
In care of the Mailrider,
Mail Box 76.

My Most Dearest Paw:—

This is fer Maw two. i'll take my pen in hand and seat myself, these shore air durned benches two; to let you know i got hear all o,k. with out gitten my braines busted out lack maw said i would. But they shore does feel considerable tuckered out. i jes guess that thar train what i came away over hear on went two fast fer thim. That train jest nachelly went so fast that i kept a thinkin as how it were goner turn over. Why paw it went fastern ole Bill did that time i rode him after the doctor. Thar wuz er powerful loter people on that thar train tho they jes nachelly sot there eyes on me and snickered lack sumpin were Almighty funny. i guss it were becuz i had on my meetin cloze, but i seed one jaw backer on thar that were a sight more dressed up than i were. Why maw he had a red tie jes lack that airn you give uncle josh that day he were fifty year old, and gosh ding ef he didn have on sox jes lack it only they had a yaller spot in thim. i dont reckin i kin ever dress up lack that an maw thar wuz the plumb purtiest little gal on thar but law don't tell Sal i said that or shed start goin ter meetin with that thar yaller-hided, long-necked Solomon Jenkins. Wall I guess i'm done broak in as uncle josh says. I done bin over to the biggest house hear an I seed lady Mac I guess she must be a king or queen or somfin lack that thar lady i read about in the stole bride cause all the boys call her lady jes lack they done that lady. she give me a kyard an asked me where i kom from an i tole her an she said i thought so & when i went out all the boys said she had set down on me. but I didin know it. wall she gimme a kyard what says everything i air goin ter study & they is Algebra guess I knows that,—english i don kneed none er that nuther an botany thats er bout Flowers an Apples an etc oh yes have yowl made ther cider yit an then I got history i knows all erbout magellan disciverin the Mississippi, and a hole lots more two. paw i shore did hate ter have ter take ther rural route course and be a mailrider but Miss Sophia said as how i must. i wisht i knew who i were goin to tote

mail fer i hope it ull be that putty little gal tho. You tell Sal as how i'm sweet on her as ever an i would write her but I feel kinder petered out like right now. i bin walking up an down steps so much i guess i'll go over ter the boys dromedary, taint like that their one i saw in ther circus nuther; an wash my face, i didn't git ter wash it yestiddy cause I aint had no towel. maw will have ter make some an send me one a boy had too hear an he is er going to lend me one fer this week. We have ter tote our dirty close down to the wash house an maw all ther boys hear have white sacks ter carry theres in maw you just orter see the washin they does down their. i don't think they bile the cloze lack you does tho an they iron by electric lights only all they has ter do is ter fasten ther iron to ther top of the house maw we has the purtiest lights down here an we cant blow them out cause i tried all yer have ter do is ter turn a little knob an its out quick as lightening paw it aint taken so much money cause i got nearly all my books second handed lack maw got her acordian. but i had ter buy one first handed a man on the train what i rode on the other day said he knowed God made that thar train cauze Noah said he made all creepin critters. They call that train a betsy bug or doodle bug or sumfin but hit went fastern any bug i ever seed if they call that slow i aint wantin ter nuckle down to none er there fast ones. A bell is ringin an i got ter go over to the kitchen an git dinner. a mighty funny time ter be havin dinner aint it just five oclock. the gals all sit by themselves an i sho am glad of it cauze they all gaze at me so i dont do nothin but choke now. an maw i know you wouldn't have no niger er passin things round at your table would you. Well they does here but i jes dare one er em ter lay er finger on me, if yowl don't git this letter let me know an i'll write ernother be careful when you open it or you'll tare the letter. Hug aunt jane fer me seems lack i aint seen yowl in a coon's age.

Your Respectid son

Mr. Honorable G. George Washington Jeremiah Hopper.

P.S. i'm powerful glad that thar man discivered a cole mine in aunt jane's pasture so she could git a hole lots of money and gimme a hole lot to kom hear on. I got a hundred dollars left an i'll rite fur some more when i kneeds it. Mr. G. George Washington Jeremiah Hopper.

KATHRYN BERLY.

Normal Hill, 4 2 15

My dearest Mother and Dad

From your previous and extended remarks on the morals and intellectual benefits to be derived from a strenuous, persevering adherence to parsimonious practices, I gather that you fail to adequately comprehend the undeniable nature of my pecuniary responsibilities. In order to prove to you that I'm not exaggerating when I contend that I spend no more than the exigencies of my position warrant, I append herewith an itemized account of this current month's expenses. I am confident that this will expedite matters, and that after careful consideration of the list it will be obvious to you that it will be impossible to imply an inauspicious decision by saying that there is a single item which could be dispensed with or classed as unnecessary, and that my urgent request for an increase in allowance over that of last month is within the contiguous bounds of reason. Really, dad, considering the fact that a fellow has to avoid the appearance of penuriousness I consider myself extremely conservative.

List of Expenses, March 1 to April 1

Talcum powder	$ .75	Shoe shines	$ 1.50	Silk shirts	$ 50.00
Toilet water	2.00	Laundry bill	7.00	Dancing pumps	7.50
Hair tonic	1.50	6 prs. silk half hose	6.00	Manicuring bill	2.50
Shaving powder	.50	Baseball suit	8.00	Walking cane	10.00
1 cake toilet soap	1.00	Ties	6.00	Monocle	2.50
1 tube dental cream	.50	Caps	2.50	Barber bill	5.00
1 box cold cream	1.00	Handkerchiefs	3.00	Safety razor	5.00
1 box nail polish	.75	English flats	7.50	Tennis racket	40.00
Cigarettes	2.20	1 suit	35.00	Soda fountain bill	2.00
Cigars	5.00	1 pr. kid gloves	5.00	Candy	1.00
Auto bills	15.00	Dress suit	45.00	Total sum	$284.00

I was not exceedingly surprised to learn of Sallie's contemplated matrimonial alliance with Jenkins. He is an atrocious type of man—in fact, a very nutty one—and I'm sure the vacuum in his cranium will never be replenished; but "she should worry," as he appears "to make the dough."

V. L. has very wisely absented himself for a few days; and "when the cat's away, the mice will play;" so, of course, I must be in the game. I deliberately *cut* Samuel's class to-day, but, of course, he has not conceived of my absence, as he, most considerately, never calls the roll.

While I was leisurely meandering down the hall to-day in company of four or five exceedingly attractive, but palavering and imprudent, young "Janes," we saw the omnipresent "*Lady Mac*" casually pursuing her way in our direction. The young ladies instantly had important business in the opposite direction, and I was left on my own resources to contend with the coming foe. But even while trepidation was paramount in my mind, I immediately realized the turgescency of the occasion and desperately approached her upon the subject of Shakespeare's masterpiece. Her mind instantly became absorbed in conscientious thought over the greatest play ever produced, and she neglected to perform her usual operation, "sitting a fellow flat."

Well, not wishing to incite your animosity against my extended epistle,

I beg to remain,

Your most devoted son, Jerry.

Kathryn Hurley

An Ideal Waiter

O, last night I dreamed the most beautiful dream!
It was no trouble at all.
When I awoke, though, and found it was only a dream,
My spirits they had a fall.

I have written my dream in rhyme just for you.
It was no trouble at all.
Oyster soup, chicken pie, pickles, ice cream, and cake—
These came at my "beck and call."

. . . . . .

"Yassum, I'll git yer sum mo' oyster soup;
Hit ain't no trouble er tall;
En I'll sarv hit up in er nice chiney cup,
Wid si'ver spoon en all.

"Chicken? W'y, sho,' miss—all fried nice and brown;
Hit ain't no trouble er tall;
En bres', secon' jints, liver, gizuds, en wings—
Yer sho' gwine git um all.

"Ice cream? Law, yassum—jes' all dat yer wants;
Hit ain't no trouble er tall;
En cakes jes' lak dem w'at yer ma allus makes,
Wid icin's en spicin's en all.

"Yer sho' gwine git ebert'ing dat yer wants;
Hit ain't no trouble er tall;
En neber min' erbout bringin' er tip,
But—my!—dem fo'ks duz call.

"Yassum, yer sho' gwine git jes' w'at yer wants;
Hit ain't no trouble er tall;
En now I mus' go, but I'll kum back wid mo',
Wid nuf fer yo' an' en all.

. . . . . .

"'Twas jes' de stew'dess er-callin' me,
En she wanter know fer w'y
I hangs aroun' here er-waitin' on you'.
So I telled her er little w'ite lie er two,
Fer hit ain't no trouble ER TALL.

KATHERINE PHARES.

The Derby Brigade

"BOYS, whose trunk is this being brought up?" queried the inquisitive "Speck."

"Why, a Freshie must be coming in, although it's rather late in the season for an animal, wanted to a winter clime, to be coming hither," responded the oratorical Holton.

"Mister, couldn't you tell me where Room 25 is? I've got a trunk ter carry there," said the driver.

"Upstairs!" shouted the curious onlookers.

The driver brought the trunk to the supposed Room 25, and the boys crowded around it. This was one time when the dormant curiosity of boys was aroused.

"Boys, let's open it," suggested Sylvest.

The remark had its proper effect; and just as sorrow, vice, and disease were spread by the curiosity of Pandora, so were the brown derbies—the contents of the trunk—spread all over the boys' dormitory. Each boy grabbed a hat and made for his "cell" to mark his property with his name.

As soon as the task was finished, the boys assembled on the front porch.

"Who could have sent the prize?" popped out Matt.

"Why, can't you see the name of the firm is in the hats? Don't you know that Natchitoches has generous merchants?" was the quick response.

"What a gift!" continued Matt. "What idea did they have in sending *this* over here?"

"I can imagine what it is," responded the analytic Shows. "You see, to-morrow is April first—April fool—and so they thought they'd play a joke by sending it over. I guess they did it because the hats were in the way."

That night all planned to wear the derbies to school next day.

All were up bright and early next morning; and as soon as breakfast was over, the boys formed in line and marched in single file to the academic building. They paraded the square as gayly and happily as though the derbies had been theirs.

At assembly President V. L. announced: "The members of the Derby Brigade will please see the President of the Institution at four o'clock this afternoon."

At the appointed hour the brigade appeared at the office in uniform.

"Young gentlemen, you have involved yourselves in serious and——"

"Well, Mr. Roy—er—"

"Please let me continue. Then you may say what you wish. The derbies that you now have were not intended for you, but were purchased by Mr Stopher and ordered sent to Room 25, *Main Building*, which is his classroom. Now, I have nothing to do with this incident; but if you do not attend to this immediately, the merchants in town may charge you five dollars apiece for the derbies."

"Well, Mr. Roy," interrupted Shows, "this is the way it happened: We thought, it being April fool, the merchants wanted to play a joke."

"That's all very true, Shows but that cuts no figure, not if the matter is pushed. I suggest that you people appoint a committee to see the merchants and settle with them amicably. Tell them how it happened, and all will be well."

The matter was settled to the satisfaction of the merchants by each boy paying fifty cents for his hat. The April-fool joke, instead of being on some one else, was on them; nor did the Normal girls let them forget it.

CLAUDE ELLENDER

Sam's Monologue

♣

'SPOSE I jest as well might start sweepin' at dis room. Jest look at dem two chairs pulled 'way out dere place, jest lak I knowed dey's gwine ter be! 'Tain't 'nough dat I got ter toat flowers to 'er ebery mornin' at six o'clock. 'Tain't no use, Mister Williamson; dem Normal girls dun gone an' found hit out. De udder mornin' I wuz er-carryin' a big bunch of dem sweet-smellin' corrations ter 'er room, an' meets one er dem Normal girls on de steps, an' she calls out jest as loud as she kin: "Hey, dere, Sam! Did Mister Williamson sent dose corrations ter Miss Ca'll?" 'Course I sed nothin', but she turned lak er top an' in er minute I hurd 'er say: "Look, quick! Mister Williamson done sent Sam up wid er big bokay of flowers fer Miss Ca'll!" An' den I hurd dem laf, an' laf, an' laf. I didn't say nothin', I didn't.

Dem girls dun gon' 'way heder Mister Williamson an' sot de weddin' day fer Chris'mas Eve. Wouldn't I laf ef dey would fool 'em an' marry 'fore dat time!

I shorely is glad dis here room is swept. Now fer dat auditorom. I know hit's er mess, 'case yer know dey had a museum number las' night. On' er dem highfurlootan singers from Bostin wuz here, an' three gents. One sung, nudder played de fiddle 'mos' as sweet as Mister Harvey, an' nudder un com'nied de lady on de pianer. Sho' wuz some good singin'; wisht Mary Ann could hab heerd hit.

Look at dat floo'! I kin allus tell w'en dem boys an' girls sets tergidder, 'case dey jest litters dis floo' wid dem programes tared in de little bittest pieces. I bet dey hez writ'n all ober der back. Yes, des lak I sed. Dat's how come dey tares dem up. 'Course, I wouldn't read dem nohow. Dat wouldn't be gen'leman-lak.

Now, look her', Sam! Yer'd better go back an' sweep dat floo' clean, 'case you know Mister Roy kin saw ebery t'ing. Eben dem Normal students *kain't* fool him offen. But I seed dem fool him des as slick as slippin' off de log yisterday. Er girl an' boy wuz walkin' down de hall eatin' a Her-She an' jest haben der best kin' o' time. I heerd him ax 'er ter tend sersoity wid him; but 'fore she hed time ter anser, Mister Roy walks outen his office rat in front o' dem. Dey both swallers dare candy, an' she sey des as solem-lak: "Doan yer 'mire Miss Nelkens? I thinks 'er critic be so int'resting!" An' he seys: "'Deed, I do; but I show laks Miss Gaulden's bes'." Mister Roy walks on by an' don't 'spect nothin'. But 'tain't offen dat dey fool him lak dat.

I wonder what time 'tis? 'Leben o'clock! Well, I'll be bound! I moster furgot ter carry der mail to der liberary. I'll be back atter while ter finish sweepin' yer, yer old auditorom.

♣ ♣ ♣

Laundry Day

♣

Get up, make haste, there is no time to waste,
  For to-day is laundry day!
We must hurry and dress, and there is my shirt to press!
  Why do we live this way?
You never can tell when you'll hear that bell,
  Then to breakfast we'll have to go.
There! Give me a dip; I must take out this slip;
  Everything must be just so.
O, *please* do hush! For I'm in such a rush—
  Where is my bag, I say?
There! The bell has rung, and I've just begun—
  And to-day is laundry day!

MAYBLE GAUTHIER.

A Faculty Romance

(As a Normal girl conceived it)

"SAY, boys, let's have something doing around here!" Speck threw down his book with a yawn. "I can't get anything out of this Cæsar! I wish the codger had lived a peaceful life instead of turning the world upside down."

"Cheer up, Speck, my boy, the worst is yet to come!" exclaimed Bunny, laughing good-naturedly. "Wait till you get to Virgil."

"Speak gently, my friend. Let's not cross the bridge until we get to it," interrupted Tom.

"Come, cut out all that deep talk. What were you going to suggest, Speck? Tell us quick. Don't keep us in suspense; it's bad for the indigestion. You know we had cabbage for dinner."

"Shut up, Joe; cabbages are no worse than gourds, and your head is one of the latter!" exclaimed Tom.

"Don't get too personal. My head is a rather unique shape, I'll admit; but that's a sign I have lots of gray matter—'nerve tissue,' as our Physiology 'Prof.' calls it."

"Well, fellows, if you'll give me a chance to exercise my vocal cords a bit, I'll tell you my plan," interrupted Speck.

Bunny clapped his hands. "Silence in the courtroom! The judge is about to speak! Your Honor, mount to your platform! Here's a chair, but it's rather wobbly on its legs, so don't get excited up there!"

"Ladies and gentlemen—" A laugh greeted this.

"Go gently, Speck! Where are the ladies?"

"O, don't embarrass him, boys! He's got Betty on the mind, you know! See how beautifully he blushes!"

"I ought to punch your head for that, but I'll forgive you this time. As I was saying, gentlemen, I have a plan."

"Hurry up, you snail!"

"Give me time. As you know, Monday is April Fool's Day. Now, why can't we get something up? I've got it in for some of these teachers around here. Let's pull something off on the Faculty. Somebody suggest something."

There was silence for a few minutes.

"Say, how about our Natural Science Professor? He failed me last month for talking."

"That would be great," ejaculated Joe.

"O, no! let's play a joke on Miss English Teacher; that would be more exciting!" cried Tom. "Monday is her birthday, by the way. Heard her tell one of the teachers."

"O, I've a brilliant idea!" exclaimed Bunny. "Let's make a combination of the two. How about it, boys?"

"Fine! Why, you're a real genius!" cried Joe, giving Bunny a slap on the shoulder.

"Have something about love in it," said Speck.

"O, boys, I told you Betty is having a morbid effect on our dear Speck!" said one.

After much discussion, it was decided that a dozen American Beauty roses were to be ordered sent to the English room to "Miss English Teacher" on Monday. The box was to contain a card bearing the inscription: "Roses to a Rose; from your ardent admirer, G. W."

. . . . . .

Monday morning was bright and clear. Twenty minutes before the bell rang, Tom, Speck, Bunny, and Joe hid in the room opposite the English room, their faces tense with excitement. "Miss English Teacher," entirely unconscious of the eyes fixed upon her, unlocked the door of the English room and entered. She had forgotten all about April fool. Imagine her surprise and delight on discovering a long, mysterious box on her desk! With bated breath, she untied the string and peeped beneath the cover.

"O, how lovely!" she exclaimed.

Taking up the card, she read: "Roses to a Rose; from your ardent admirer, G. W." A

blush spread over her cheeks. She buried her face in the flowers. At last she selected one from the box and fastened it in her belt.

"Move over, Joe; I can't see a thing!" cried Speck.

"Ouch! Get off my foot!"

"Well, any one would think you were a centipede. Every time I see you, you are yelling about some one stepping on your old foot."

Bunny nudged Speck. "Hush! There comes Natural Science Prof."

"Watch the comedy," said Tom, with a grin.

Just as he spoke, the Professor of Natural Science, in turning a corner, collided with the English teacher, who was going in the opposite direction.

"Face to face," hummed Joe, under his breath.

"O—er—er—e—er—excuse me!" exclaimed Mr. N. S. T., endeavoring to escape without further words.

A smile spread over Miss E. T.'s face. "Why, certainly. O, Mr. N. S. T., I want to thank you for the *lovely* roses you sent me!"

"Why—er—er—I nev—never—" trying to interrupt.

"How did you guess it was my birthday? The roses are exquisite! See, I wear one now!"

"Yes—er—er—yes, I see—er—" And Mr. N. S. T. fled to the Natural Science room.

"Why, I wonder why he acts so queerly," murmured the teacher.

. . . . . .

It was not until several days later that the Natural Science and English teachers were forced to join in the laugh. The joke was the beginning of a friendship. The "ardent admirer" really sent flowers decidedly more often than once a year, and on December 14, 1914, the E. T. and N. S. T. pulled off a good joke on the boys by being married quietly without even a hint as to their intentions.

GLADYS LATHAM.

♣ ♣ ♣

My Chemistry

♣

The hours I've spent with tired heart
  Are as a crown of thorns to me;
I count them every one apart—
  My Chemistry, my Chemistry!

Each hour a thorn, each thorn a care,
  To steep a heart in reactions flung.
I watch the month unto its end,
  And there an F is hung!

O, bitter tears! My cheeks do burn!
  Will Friday's slip bring gain at last?
Dear "Laddie," try once more to make one learn:
  O, change my grade, please, sir, and let me pass!

LETA ALFORD.









The Jesse Jameses and Their Doings -









The Buffalo Bills and Their Rendezvous -

The Jesse James Gang

♣

DUE to the rigid demands made by nature and society upon men, we (seven club boys), in order that we might have protection, might have due honor paid to us, and might prepare ourselves for the hardships of life, agreed to organize into a club of some kind.

We met one night in the boiler room and proceeded to christen ourselves "The Jesse James Gang" and to draw up laws to govern the gang. We elected L. O. Jeansonne, president; Burton D. Weaver, secretary and treasurer. One of the governing regulations adopted was that the maximum membership should be seven and the minimum three.

In a short time, the other boys of the club, seeing that the Jesses were running affairs, deemed it proper to organize themselves for self-preservation. So a few of them organized a band which they called "The Buffalo Bill Gang."

One night, while all the members of the Jesse James gang were "boning" hard on geometry, physics, methods, etc., there was heard a gentle, but imperative, rapping on the vice president's door. In answer to his "Come in!" there stepped into the room the president of the Buffalo Bills. With a sullen look and a menacing voice, he said: "I've come to warn you fellows." But even before he had spoken, the vice president gave the distress cry; and, as he ceased speaking, in stepped the seven Jesse Jameses. In an instant the Buffalo Bill was caught and tied, to be held until 9:30, the hour named for the execution. But just as the watch was ticking away the last seconds of the fatal hour, there bore down upon the Jesses a bloodthirsty band; for the cunning prisoner had secretly notified his colleagues, who also numbered seven, and they had come to wreak vengeance. Man for man the fight began, and was waged on the bed, on the floor, under the bed, over the tables, and with much bloodshed on both sides for about thirty minutes, when suddenly a Bill cried: "Jesse James, we surrender! You get our goat!" So the fight ended in victory for the Jesse James gang.

With the great power and prestige added to our gang by this victory, we, realizing an urgent need for more officers, elected the following: L. P. Ayo, corresponding secretary, Charlie Coussons, chief adviser; and M. F. Plauche, advisor lieutenant.

To this day our power is unbroken; and though the Buffalo Bills occasionally arise in all their arrogance, they are always quickly subdued; and with "Woe unto him who crosses our path!" for our motto, the Jesse James gang reigns supreme in The Shack.

JEANSONNE.

♣ ♣ ♣

How the Buffalo Bill Gang Came into Being

♣

ONE night, shortly after their union in bonds of gangship, as the Jesse Jameses were deliberating at a regular meeting in the furnace room—otherwise known as the "smoking parlor"—Cancienne, a daredevil sort of a fellow, knowing of it, grasped the opportunity to have a little fun. He would delude the gang into believing there was another sure-enough gang outside, and thereby make things interesting. He closed the door, locked it, and then began pitching coal through the little opening in the outside wall. In less than a minute all of the Jesses were crawling on the boiler, yelling for help. Not satisfied with this, the desperado procured a hose pipe and kept a stream on them until they swore they had a good shower bath. So far, so good. The door was unlocked, and the gang disbursed, the boys going to their respective rooms. By this time the great peacemaker, Shows, hearing of the night's escapade, notified Cancienne that he must play with the hose no more. Cancienne, thinking the Jesse Jameses might get revenge on him by using this same hose pipe, went up to tell Jesse of the decree. Jesse saw his chance to "get even." He signaled his band to come forth and rejoice in sweet revenge. Cancienne, realizing his danger, quickly sent messages to four of his friends. They completely vanquished the Jesse James gang, and thereupon banded themselves into a gang dignified by the name of "Buffalo Bills."

Little Laughs Now and Then

SMILE

When the letter you're expecting doesn't come—smile.
When the breakfast coffee is unduly spiced with chicory—smile
When the radiator spews and sputters and then goes dead on a winter night—smile
When you carry an umbrella to school on a cloudy day and the sun shines by lunch time—smile.
When you leave your umbrella at home and it rains—smile.
If you are used to it, smile to keep up the habit.
If you are not used to it; smile to see how it feels.
SMILE!

—*Current Sauce*

Mary W.: "Mr. Williamson, you're not going to the fair?"
Mr. Williamson: "No, I see the *fair* every day." (I wonder what he meant?)

Jimmie Davis at the table surreptitiously exchanged her small peach for Annie Mac's large one before the arrival of Annie Mac.
Alphonse (the waiter): "Miss Jimmie, please fo' God's sake, don't do dat. Miss Annie Mae'll have me chasing over dis here whole dinin' room to find her a big peach."

Aunt Patsy (when some of the girls were leaving the Infirmary after having had the measles): "Mrs. Keane, must I put dem condemned clo'es in dat pizened water?"

Miss Graham: "Name for us the six grasses that are used for foods."
A little boy, thinking of millet, hopped up and said: "Cat-tails."

Eighth-Termer: "I guess I'm not classically educated, and I wouldn't have any one know it for worlds; but I don't see any beauty about the Venus of Milo."
Second-Termer: "Who? I've never heard of her before. Who is she? Another girl from Alexandria?"

Mrs. Mc.: "Why don't people eat nightingales?"
Fannie Whisenhunt: "I don't know."
Mrs. Mc.: "Well, would you eat a canary?"
Fannie: "Naw."
Mrs. Mc.: "Well, why wouldn't you?"
Fannie: "They are too little."

Miss K.: "Mr. Carter, for what is water used?"
Mr. C.: "I don't know, I didn't have time to read my lesson."

Mr. Claman: "Of what use is the olfactory nerve, Mr. Bratt?"
Matt: "We hear with it."

Walter: "Tea or coffee?"
Speck: "Don't tell me; let me guess."

Pearl McVea (getting her dates slightly mixed): "Just think—this is Hallowe'en Night, and Lent begins to-morrow!"

Gone Are the Days

Gone are the days
  When my slips were clean and white;
Gone are the times
  When I sat up late at night;
Gone are my grades
  To lower grades, I know.
I hear those voices harshly sayin':
"Study more!"

Chorus

I'm flunkin, I'm flunkin'!
  Mr. Davis told me so.
The hairs upon my head are turnin'
  White as snow.

Why do I flunk,
  When I study hard, I think?
Why do I grunt,
  When I try so hard and sink?
Grievin' for reps.
  Which were spoiled *too* long ago,
I hear those voices harshly sayin':
"Study more!"

Chorus

I'm studyin', I'm studyin'!
  O, Miss Varnado said so!
I hope my hair will quit its turnin'
  White as snow.

Where are the ones
  That have this ground gone o'er,
The ones that have passed
  And left me long before?
Gone in the State
  Young loiterers to allure.
I hear some voice a-faintly sayin':
"Slow, but sure."

Chorus

I'm passin', I'm passin'!
  For my conscience tells me so.
My hair has almost ceased its turnin'
  White as snow.

Leta Alford.

The Demise of the Friendship Circle

♠

JUST after the recent "upheaval" in "A" building, was heard the following dialogue between Aunt Mary and Lavinia, the two maids of that dormitory:

"Lawsy, Laviny, I jest done hearn some gals down the shower tellin' the most 'citin' news. They done say how Miss Holme, Miss Sal, Miss Firginya, Miss Aline, Miss Carrie, and Miss Margy had done formed what dey called a 'frien'ship circle;' but Miss Price, she calls 'em ''sturbin' elimints.' Well, I hearn them gals say Miss Price done buss up that frien'ship circle fureber. It 'pear lack she doan luck no sech org'nization in her dorm'tory. Dey got obstrep'rous durin' study hour, an' Miss She done tell Miss Barnedo, an' Miss Barnedo she done take a big stick an' done stir 'round dat frien'ship circle. Miss Holme, she's done moved downstairs, an' one of 'em's been sent to East Hall an' one of 'em to West Hall. One's in 'B' buildin' an' the other's in the Model School. Say, Laviny, hiccome I'm jest hearin' 'bout dis?"

"Lawsy, A'nt Mary, ain't you neber hearn 'bout dat befo'? Why, I'm all time runnin' into dere telyphone lines what's stretched 'tween dere rooms. Why, dey's got all sorts of wireless telygraphies. Them gals natchurly kin make things fly up dere. I don't neber go in dere rooms 'ceptin' they's all in the same bed. Why, de beds is all bent down in de middle where too many's been in dem. I don't nebber go in dere rooms in de mornin' 'ceptin' dere's scraps all ober de floor, pans an' chalin' dishes an' jars an' glasses an' cups an' spoons. Dere rooms is always cites. I guess maby dere'll be some peace in 'A' building now dat the frien'ship circle is done buss up."

VIRGINIA RUSSELL.

♠ ♠ ♠

Filched from Tenth-Termer's Notebook

(Lines written while trying to select topic for English X from the various things on the Hill)

♠

In trying to decide on a subject to take,
I thought of the electroller and lake,
The President's cottage; the buildings all;
The beautiful grounds; the pine trees tall;
The swimming pool; the laundry; railroad tracks,
The power house, with its high smoke stacks,
The four white pillars, which tell of old days,
The dormitories, with girls full of plays,
The bell, whose tidings at mealtimes we hail
With joy. Then my thoughts passed to a dale
Which is found behind A.B.
In its midst a tiny lake I did see.
And the time I thought of was at evening;
The sun had kissed earth, and was leaving
His friend to be enfolded by the night.
The vision I hailed with greatest delight,
For I could once more see and think and feel
The calm which came into the soul so real
I then wanted to write something and tell,
So that others might enjoy the sweet dell;
But my pen will write nothing fit,
So I won't be able to describe even it

MARY ANNE WALL.

The Fancy-Dress Ball



The Normal girls a party had
Upon a Friday night.
To Boyd Hall they all went forth
In costumes gay bedight.

Colonial dames went out in force,
Colonial men galore;
Quaint Japanese and Chinese, too;
And clowns—well, by the score.

The Queens of Hearts, who made the tarts.
Went out in bright array;
The Knaves of Hearts, who stole the tarts,
Were forced to stay away.

Lord Fauntleroy, with golden curls;
Othello and his wife;
Gypsies and Indian warriors fierce,
All painted for the strife.

The Gold Dust Twins stayed not away,
Nor did Little Boy Blue;
Wee lads and lassies came and brought
Black mammies not a few.

Young farmer boys in overalls;
Bo-Peep, with dainty crook;
The Darlings, seven, so blithe and coy,
An active part they took.



The Pericleans, as old maids,
Pulled off some stunts quite swell;
While Mutt and Jeff, the long and short,
Did equally as well.

This company gay, in brave array,
Was served with cakes and cream.
With flaming hearts, with pins as darts,
Each member next was seen.

Some games they played, and then they tripped
The light, fantastic toe,
Till Mr. Row the old bell rang,
And home they had to go.

Here's to the teachers on the Hill,
Who gave the jolly ball!
A long, long life to every one!
A health to each and all!

KATHERINE PHARES.

A Normal Wedding

IT was a beastly, dreary, dull Sunday morning—the kind o' morning that breeds homesickness, lonesomeness, and all diseases of that species. A feeling of misery was predominant among the girls. Suddenly Nellie burst forth with the dangerous declaration that if something exciting did not happen to break the monotony she was going to scream at the top of her voice. As her lungs are very powerful, we feared the outcome if she carried out such a threat, and straightway searched our brains for some exciting plan. A mock wedding was proposed. No sooner said than done. And borrowing was immediately in order for the occasion. Everything available was put to use. After much confusion, all was ready.

The bride appeared in beautifully embroidered lingerie. Her only adornment was a long string of immense pearls, which greatly enhanced her beauty. The simplicity of her attire served to bring out her numerous personal charms. She wore a veil, which was exquisitely painted in lilies of the valley. Her bouquet was contrived of tissue paper, ribbons, maline, and artificial flowers. It was a clever piece of work, for to the casual observer they could easily have passed for orange blossoms, carnations, or whatever he chose to think they were.

The groom on this momentous occasion wore full evening dress. To tell the truth, it was a would-be full evening dress. Their ingenuity proved inexhaustible, for they had fashioned a frock-tail coat out of a cutaway coat, stylish about five years ago. Long bloomers pulled down to their "utmost" served for trousers. And they served well, I'll tell you. Contrary to custom, this groom had long hair. This would never do; so it was necessary for him to wear a cap. Being afraid that this cap would detract from his dignity, he used a burnt cork and produced a mustache, which added greatly to his distinguished appearance.

The other members of the bridal party were arrayed in equally as charming a manner. I will not go into further detail, but hasten on with the wedding. First, a herald was sent around with his trumpet (a horn, to be exact), announcing the wedding and inviting all to attend. Then the bridal procession advanced. It consisted of the flower girl, two bridesmaids, two groomsmen, the ring bearer, and the bride on the arm of her father. The groom was met at the foot of the stairs at the west end of the hall, where the ceremony was held. The solemnity of the service was very impressive. The bride promised faithfully to obey whenever she was told to buy her husband a Hershey or to give him her ice cream on Sunday.

The husband, in turn, promised to perform some of the duties of housekeeping, as making up the beds when called on and seeing to the laundry.

At this critical moment the dinner bell rang, and a mad rush was made to that wonder of wonders—two-o'clock Sunday dinner. ANNA BELL.

Jokes

Mr. Payne (to Miss Dancy): "Isn't your first name 'Lucy?' I declare, your name—'Lucy Dancy'—suits you better than any name I ever heard of."
Miss Dancy: "Your name is 'Payne,' isn't it?"

Man (getting on V. S. & P. with the Normal Christmas bunch bound for home): "Hello! What circus is this?"

Speck: "What would you call the place where cattle are dipped, Miss Helm?"
Miss Helm: "A 'ballroom,' because the cows 'hesitate' before going in, and it is a dipping vat."

During one of his classes a few days ago Mr. St. Amant had occasion to quote from the Bible.
Laura Hewitt (nudging her neighbor): "Listen to Mr. St. Amant quoting Shakespeare!"

Mr. Roy (making announcements in assembly): "There will be an important meeting of the Faculty this afternoon."
Freshie (to old girl sitting by her): "Do I have to attend that meeting, too?"

Miss Moore: "Were there ever more expressive words than 'Break, break, break?'"
R——: "Yes; 'broke, broke, broke' means lots more to me."

Miss Sheen: "In which of the galleries is the picture 'Fighting Temeraire?'"
Newton V.: "It's downstairs right next to the office."

Jessie: "What is NaCL?"
Hilda hesitates.
Jessie: "Hilda, you eat it every day."
Hilda: "I know now—pepper!"

Freshie (hearing the radiator popping early in the morning): "O, what is that?"
Old Girl: "That is the radiator, nut!"
Freshie: "O, yes; they are putting coal in!"

Willie (screaming at the top of her voice): "Bessie, Sam is out here!"
Mary Alice (in surprise): "I did not know that was the name of your beau."

Fannie W.: "Ludie Wade has her hair parted in the middle and up on her head. I wonder why?"
Bessie D.: "I know. Her hair won't blouse in the front like mine."

Lady Bird: "Tell me a story to tell to Mrs. McVoy."
Mary F.: "Take Robinson Crusoe—you know, the man that went to sleep for so many years; and when he came back everything was changed."

The Lemon Escapade

"O, I *do* wish we had something to drink with these!" sighed Gladys, selecting a cake from the box Inez had just opened.

"Don't you, though?" added Elma. "Goodness, how I wish we had some hot chocolate! Or 'most anything would do."

Eula laughed. "One thing sure, if wishes were chocolate, we would be drinking it now."

Ethel threw down her pen and abandoned her letter writing as a bad job. "Well, if we can't have chocolate, it's no use moaning about it. Why can't we have something else? There's no reason why we can't, because we can!" she exclaimed.

"O, yes, Ethel; you're so bright! Of course we can have water!"

"Who said 'water,' Inez Williams? I wish you wouldn't speak until you're spoken to."

"I suppose I'm sat upon, but I refuse to be crushed," Inez laughed. "If you didn't mean water, what did you mean? I don't see any punch or lemonade floating around—"

"But you can't make it out of water and air!" cried Elma.

"If you're a magician, produce it quick; I'm famishing," begged Gladys.

"Sh! Don't make so much noise, and I'll tell you where to get the lemons. Shut the door, Martha! Well, Mrs. Bowers has a great big bag of 'em in her safe."

"How do you know?" queried Eleanor.

"Never mind how I know. The point is, who's game enough to 'swipe' them?"

Inez punched Eula and giggled. "I know I'm not," she whispered.

"I'm scared to. S'pose she'd catch us! What would she do, you reckon?" asked Eula.

"Young lady, a prospective teacher of the State of Louisiana should never steal lemons. You are hereby expelled from this institution. The boys *never* do such things," mimicked Inez.

Elma jumped up. "O, Mr. Roy's not a bear! I'll go. I'm not scared," she exclaimed, suddenly. "Who'll go with me?"

"Well, I might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb. I'll go," cried Martha. "Come on!"

The two girls changed their shoes for soft bedroom slippers, and, trembling inwardly, but outwardly calm, they tiptoed down the hall and peeped in the infirmary door. All was quiet and still. The two rows of white beds, against equally white walls, gazed tranquilly back at the two tense faces pressed against the screen door. Mrs. Bowers could be heard talking to Ethlyn in the room beyond, never suspecting that mischief was afoot.

"Elma, you watch for her while I get them," instructed Martha, moving cautiously to the safe.

"I'll cough if I hear her coming," whispered Elma. "Hurry up!"

"All right. Where did Ethel say they were?"

"I don't know. Can't you find them?"

Martha shook her head and continued to rummage around among the dishes and bags.

"Here they are!" she cried, bringing forth a yellow bag.

Elma gave a sigh of relief. "Come on; let's get back. I'd never make a successful burglar; my conscience hurts."

"That's better than having your stomach hurt," laughed her companion.

"Did you get them?" demanded Ethel, a few minutes later, when the two amateur thieves entered the room.

"You bet, and there's just lots of 'em!" answered Martha, depositing the yellow bag and its contents on Ethel's lap.

"We ought to get two glasses apiece for our trouble," ejaculated Elma.

Ethel and Gladys were squeezing the lemons into a pitcher of cold water.

"Where is the sugar?" asked Inez, who was looking on.

Gladys dropped the lemon she was holding, and it rolled off under the bed, where it was later rescued by Eleanor.

"Gracious! I never thought of sugar!" she cried. "Elma, wasn't there any in the safe?"

"Yes, I s'pose so; but I am not going to swipe any, if that's what you are thinking of."

"No, indeed," added Martha. "I have to say an extra long prayer to-night as it is."

Ethel, seeing arguing would be in vain, tried to think of other ways of procuring sugar, for sugar had to come from somewhere.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed, a bright idea flashing into her head. "I'll ask Mrs. Bowers for some." And, before the others could protest, she suited the action to the word. A few minutes later she was back, bringing with her a bowl of sugar.

"What did she say?" inquired Inez, heartlessly.

"*Child*, she was the *sweetest thing;* but I thought I'd die laughing. Guess what! She told me she had some lemons; that she'd give us some for lemonade!" A chorus of laughter greeted this. "Of course, I said I wouldn't think of taking them; but, anyhow, she insisted, and went and looked in the safe for 'em."

"O, no, not really! You are joking, Ethel," interrupted Martha. "You're just trying to scare us."

"I'm not, either. O, I wish you could have seen her expression! It was the *funniest thing* I ever saw!" she cried, beginning to laugh at the memory.

"Shut up, crazy! Did she catch on?"

"That's just what I don't know. O, mind out, Gladys! Don't put too much sugar in that lemonade! Here, give me some!"

Inez took a sip of lemonade and a big bite of cake. "Eat, drink, and be merry," she cried; "for to-morrow we may die."

ANNE TOWLES.

♣ ♣ ♣

Cedar Rope

♣

'Neath those young and stately cedars,
With their branches hanging low,
Gathered groups of busy weavers
During years of long ago.
There once more a group assembles,
With the same loved thought so true,
Not through fear, though each one trembles
As he twines the rope to view.

By this rope are we united
Firm and strong to school and friends.
In our life the loved Normal
Its great truth of music blends.
On the hills the radiant sunbeams
Flit like fairies to and fro,
Bringing back the wondrous daydreams
Of our lives so long ago.

O, great, binding chain of nature,
Thou to us doth seem most dear!
May thy ties be never broken;
May thou ever reflect cheer;
May our thoughts around thee linger
Through the paths of future years,
And thy mem'ries e'er be with us
Through our joys and through our tears.

MARGARET MORRIS.

An Election on Normal Hill

GREAT excitement prevailed on Normal Hill on Saturday, February 27, due to the election of May Queen.

There were two candidates in the field—Misses Lacombe and Flower. Every one felt sure that the election would be a quiet one, but things livened up when on the day before the election stump speeches were made in the auditorium on both sides. The speeches were very interesting, and to a stranger walking into the auditorium at that time it would have seemed that a political fight was about ready to begin.

On Friday afternoon we all paid our poll-tax and registered our names for voting the next day. Later on the band came out and paraded the campus. This was the thing that animated all and filled them with the election spirit. All afternoon we saw the leaders and campaign managers walking around from building to building soliciting votes for their candidates. Every here and there a little crowd could be seen whispering and seemingly making plans as to how to manage the campaign. Each side knew that the other side intended to carry on a truly political campaign.

Immediately after dinner the "Flowers" came out with their candidate on a wheelbarrow and with immense banners, on which were written, "Vote for Flower." They paraded the grounds and exhausted their lungs with stump speeches and with yells for Flower.

Again that night, after the class play, the "Flowers" had a parade and stump speeches at the sundial. In the midst of these speeches the "Lacombes" came out in full force and encircled them. They, too, had yells and stump speeches.

A long time before breakfast on Saturday morning, every one was running to and fro in great excitement. Bets were made for Hersheys and Blue Bells. After breakfast, the polls were opened and the voting began. Each dormitory had a poll, and Main Building had one for the town votes. Of course this was the first time that there had been woman suffrage on Normal Hill, so our rush and excitement to get to the polls can be easily imagined. The campaign managers rushed from one poll to another soliciting votes. The tellers were all furious, and notified the managers that soliciting of votes was not allowed at the polls. Whenever a person would come to vote whose name was not on the list, but who had paid her poll-tax, immediately people from both sides would rush to her to find out whom she was voting for. Whichever party she stood by rushed to headquarters to secure permission for her to vote. The demagogues on each side hurled accusations concerning votes bought and sold. Roommates were antagonistic; they did not speak to one another. The boys were all neutral, and refused to tell whom they voted for.

The votes were counted at 1 P.M., and in vain did we beg the tellers to make known the results. We tried to bluff the tellers into giving us the returns by telling them that the teller in some other building had told us the results there.

After dinner, while the votes were being counted, parties from both sides tried to eavesdrop, to learn how the votes were going in the courtroom (the Faculty room). Sometimes the rumor would spread that Flower was winning, then that Lacombe was in the lead.

At society no one could sit still, so great was the desire to hear the announcement of the returns. The people who did not go to society all listened near the building for the yells, so as to know who had won.

As soon as the returns were announced in Mortar Board, several girls ran out to tell us that Lacombe had been elected May Queen. The "Flowers" formed a procession, and the "Lacombes" did, too. We thought S. A. K. would never adjourn, but finally it did, then the "Flowers" ran in to get their candidate, and the "Lacombes" raised their candidate on their shoulders and marched around the campus yelling and singing. The "Flowers" took their defeat as well as the "Lacombes" took their victory. Both processions ended with speeches of thanks for the hearty support and votes of their followers.

The roommates are all speaking now. Many of them are disgusted with woman suffrage, but others are resolved that the land of Stars and Stripes will never prosper until women enjoy the privileges of men. The only signs of the election that remain are the hoarse voices on both sides.

ELAINE LAZARO.



Results of the May Queen Election

OFFICIAL BALLOT

FOR MAY QUEEN

(To vote for, mark X)

Miss Alice Lacombe X

Miss Merril Flower

REFERENDUM

MOST POPULAR GIRL

Fannie Robin

MOST POPULAR BOY

Matt Buatt

BEST ALL-ROUND GIRL ATHLETE

Lucy Guyton

BEST ALL-ROUND BOY ATHLETE

Leon Killen

BEST ALL-ROUND STUDENT

Virginia Prescott

BIGGEST BABY ON HILL

Mollie Zenor

MOST POPULAR TEACHER

Mr. Prather

(Write below what you would suggest as the best method of improving *esprit de corps* at the Normal)

Woman Suffrage

Conversation in the Dormitories Before Breakfast

IN order that these bits of conversation be realistic, they should be delivered through a megaphone. Yelling is the universal habit of Normal girls. Even their profoundest secrets are yelled in resounding tones. Of course it would be far more soothing to the nerves to be awakened by soft, mellow voices; but girls who live in dormitories have neither nerves nor soft voices.

When the last tap of the rising bell has melted into silence and everybody has rolled over for a final five-minute nap, some energetic soul usually bellows cheerfully a few bars of "Ballin' the Jack" or "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." This patent waker is invariably followed by an unceasing flow of conversation.

"O, I'm so sleepy!" "I nearly froze to death last night." "Please come pull down my window, whoever that is passing by." "Who has a tub?" "Well, I put my towel on the door last Monday." "I know there was a mouse in here last night." "Turn on the water for me." "If you don't lend me some shoe polish, I surely will get P— in personality." "Who has a black needle and thread?" "Did I leave my switch in your room last night?" "How long has it been since the bell rang?" "Please somebody save my life with a hairpin." "Can you lend me a clean middy? I can't get mine until I pay my excess laundry." "No, it had pleated ruffles all over the skirt." "You put on that black ribbon first because you knew I wanted it." "If somebody doesn't lend me a green tie, I'll have to go to the Infirmary." "When you get through with our whisk broom, you want to bring it back." "I think he's a mess; he didn't even ring me up one single time during the holidays." "Babe, if you have a little Fairy in your room, lend it to me for a few minutes." "Well, here's my pin at last, right behind Harry's picture." "Only fifteen minutes before the bell rings; I'll never get down in time to hear Daisy say the blessing." "I like it much better gathered at the waist." "Why, he always brings me a box of candy." "Peel me a handkerchief off the window pane." "If you'll make my bed, I'll make yours all next week." "They say she's rolling to get thin." "I'll give you my butter for breakfast if you'll let me wear your blue dress." "I heard that he actually asked her to return his pin." "There's the bell. I knew it would ring before I was half dressed." "Don't forget your clean napkin." "Bring Willie's letter; I must mail it this morning." "O, put on your coat and finish dressing after breakfast." "Put a biscuit on my plate." "Everybody's gone but us. Come on, or we'll be hours late." "Wait for me; I hate to get sat on by myself."

After the medley of voices dies away, a girl down the hall tragically calls: "Lucy!"

"Y-e-e-s, Kate," comes the answer through a mouthful of pins.

"Have you gone yet?"

"Of course, goosie; I've just eaten your roll," floats back sarcastically as the door slams behind Lucy.

"Lucy!" Kate calls, desperately. Silence. "O, my goodness! I've hooked myself up crooked, and I'll have to wear my bedroom slippers!" groans Kate, distractedly, as she runs down the steps, hooking her dress with one hand and jerking on a slipper as she hops along on one foot.

In noisy groups they leave the halls, only to return before the echoes of their voices have died away.

Rosy Loomis.

Sometime

Then I dipped into the future far as human eye could see.
That's a classical expression; 'tis quite poetic—gee!

But I only want to tell you what we girls at Normal see:
When we dip into the future, think what Normal then will be.

'Twill be quite a great improvement on what Normal is to-day,
For we'll banish all the teachers—put them outside, there to stay.

After we have sent them skipping to some far and distant land,
Then we'll have the rules, the teachers, everything in our own hand.

No one then shall say we must not go to town on days we like;
No one shall say: "When the bell rings, you must turn out every light."

No one'll stop us on the walkway; we can go straight on to Sam's;
And no one will then remind us that some day we'll have exams.

We can sit up late at night-time; we can stay in bed quite late;
And we'll have no books to study. "Say, now, won't that just be great?"

And we'll do just as we want to—go to pictures with the boys—
And, though that's the one I said last, won't be least among our joys.

JOSEPHINE O'QUINN.

Jokes

Mr. Whisenhunt: "Mr. Hamilton, what are the first movements of the child?"
Ruffin: "Breathing and perspiration."

First Girl: "I wonder why Mr. Payne is frowning so?"
Second Girl: "The reflection of his hair in his eyes hurts them."

Practice Teacher: "How was the dispute over Hamilton's plan for retiring the war debt finally settled?"
Pupil: "The dispute was settled by a compromise, which located the national capital in the South and permitted Congress to consume the State debt."

Mabel Jones (telling the joke on Matt Buatt): "He said we hear with that canal in the nose—what is the name of it?"
Jimmie: "O, yes—the alimentary canal!"

Clara: "You studied French, didn't you, Elizabeth?"
Elizabeth: "Yes."
Clara: "Well, how do you pronounce 'h-e-a-d-a-c-h-e'—'hedashe' or 'hedasha?'"
Elizabeth: "'Hedasha,' of course."

Carrie: "Elizabeth, how much did you flunk in English?"
Mary: "Why, Carrie, when you flunk, you just flunk!"
Carrie: "I saw Esther's slip, and she had 'English 6' on it."

Mr. St. Amant: "Miss Brown, what are you doing—learning something?"
Miss Brown: "No, I am just listening to you."

The Forbidden Path

PREVIOUS to the Fall Term of 1914, the name, "forbidden path," held no terrors for the young men of the boarding club. They had always regarded forbidden paths in the light of those who, by reason of their superior standards of conduct, had no reason to believe that such things would ever mar the even tenor of their way. Nor is it strange that such ideas should have prevailed among the young men, for had they not always been studiously obedient, even to the minutest detail of every rule and regulation? True, there had been times in the past when, just as the shades of evening were gently falling, orders had come for them to meet under the shadows of the "lonesome pine" for a *seance;* but, fortunately, the *seances* had been few and far between, and it was invariably true that some mistake had been made and the model young men had been unjustly and cruelly misrepresented.

But, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, there went forth a command, saying: "Thou shalt frequent forever no more the path that leads to Dining Hall!" Whereupon there was awful consternation in the ranks of the young men. Could it be true that they, of all others, would be forbidden the right of way of that beautiful path—that straight and shortest path?

But their dismay was quickly turned to righteous indignation when they learned that some of their own number, worthless profligates that they were, had unwittingly transgressed the law, and that, as a result, all alike were forced to bear the humiliation of not being permitted to walk this beautiful walk, a privilege held dear by them all.

Thus dawned upon the young men of "The Shack" a new interpretation of the term "forbidden path." And now, when the silver peals of the noonday bell (the sweetest of music) sends its waves of gladness over Normal Hill, the boys, meek and dejected, wend their way by devious paths and byways to Dining Hall, unheedful of the music of the gentle tapping of a thousand feet upon the path, unheedful of the laughter that is wafted to them across the tennis courts—that laughter which, like siren calls, is urging them to their doom. Downtrodden youth! Such is the irony of fate.

W. J. BENNETT.

Penz's Theory of Evolution

FRANK PENZ, meeting George Poret in the hall, accosted him thus: "Hello, Poret! How are you? Come into my room. I have a fine book to show you."

Upon reaching his room, Penz took down a book from a case and handed it to Poret.

Glancing over the title, Poret saw, written in large golden letters: "Darwin's Theory of Evolution."

"I believe every statement in this book, and that you can't get something for nothing, don't you?" asked Penz, with great pride and emphasis.

"Pshaw! Penz, I don't," answered Poret.

"Well, I would like for you to tell me of a statement in this book that is not true!" exclaimed Penz.

"Say, Penz, do you believe in the evolution of mankind?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, if you do, your *grandparents* were monkeys," replied Poret.

"*Mais non*, I can prove you better—"

At this critical moment the listener rushed rather lively out of the room, followed by an old shoe, and, dodging, glanced backward just in time to see "Darwin's Theory of Evolution" land heavily in a distant corner of the room.

CHARLES WEBB.

Salmon

Salmon we had up here one day,
And dear we had to pay.
The pains and aches through all the night
We fought with all our might—
All night long, all night long!

The lights stayed on till nearly four,
Which ne'er was 'lowed before.
"Ptomaine poison," the doctor said,
And gravely shook his head—
All night long, all night long!

'Twas not among the girls alone;
The boys—they, too, did moan.
Our President was badly scared,
The teachers in despair—
All night long, all night long!

Now come and take this good advice,
And don't try salmon twice.
You surely better list to me,
Or sick you'll surely be—
All night long, all night long!

ANNE TOWLES.

Tenth-Term Blues

Ah, what can ail thee, friend of mine,
  Alone and sadly pondering?
The sun is sinking in the west,
  The birds are homeward wandering.

Ah, what can ail thee, friend of mine,
  So mournful and so woe-begone?
The shades of night are closing in,
  And almost now the day is done.

I see a tear shine on thy cheek,
  One trembles in thine eye;
A far-off, dreamy look now haunts
  Thy face turned to the sky.

Hast thou trouble, friend of mine,
  That thou wouldst from me bar?
Dost mourn alone in secret, dear?
  Seek solace from that star?

You shake your head. Ah, friend of mine,
  Your sad plight now I see.
A poem for "English" thou must write.
  Adieu, and luck to thee.

JUDITH CARVER.



Pseudo-Tragedy

I AWOKE—not with a quick clearing of the brain in which one grasps the situation, knows it is Monday, and is ready for action, but by slow degrees. First, I felt a vague, annoying uncomfortableness—a feeling of being too hot. Then I heard a roaring, which was my fire, but which *seemed* to be one of the various noises made by my dream—"B" Class. What finally roused me was the customary call from the cook, and that call was calculated to dispel dreams as well as to make one spring up startled. Somehow, one's name will always penetrate the brain, even in deep Sunday-night, Monday-morning sleep.

When I did open my eyes, I needed no one to inform me that it was late. That condition, when it exists, is felt just as soon as any other element of environment. I mechanically left my warm bed and chattered over to the fire. A furtive glance at the clock told me the depressing truth that there were but five minutes in which to be off to school. I felt no surprise, no disappointment. This was far too common a state of affairs to me. I accepted it as it was, and set my teeth for the struggle, for Time and I had to fight it out.

Dressing with me is a science, if it *isn't* an art. I was soon, incredibly soon, all dressed, except (and at this point my heart sank) the hair-combing.

Now, this was my first day as a Ninth-Termer—a *teacher!*—and we were to teach on this first day of the term. My problem was a new one. How could I fix my hair in the accepted teacher-way in only one minute? True, I had practiced long and earnestly for days; but it was a long process and nine times out of ten a failure, resulting in a queer, untidy roll. I thought a moment. This was no time for hesitation. I recklessly gathered my little pile of hair, swung it up in the *old* way, and tied *a piece of ribbon around it!* My cheeks burned painfully. This question of ribbon was one which had been extensively and tirelessly discussed among my newly-dignified classmates. We firmly believed that any one attempting to teach under such circumstances was a sure failure. Then the *awful humiliation* of having a critic teacher look you over and see that you weren't ready for your work! It was a choice between two great evils—being late for my first critique or wearing the obnoxious ribbon! In my judgment, I had taken, if not the least, at any rate the most definite, evil.

I snatched my books and made for the door. I brought up images of every teacher I had seen with ribbon on at any time. "There's Miss Dancy, and Miss Sheen sometimes; but they—"

Here my reasoning was interrupted by a call, which I recognized as my mother's voice: "Mary, it's pouring down rain. Be sure to wear your rubbers and take your umbrella. Child, *what* do you mean by tramping out in that wet without your things on?"

This rain was all I needed to complete my utter dejection. Why, of all mornings, should Nature choose to weep to-day? I feebly argued to my mother the newness of my shoes and uselessness of rubbers; but it was in vain, and I knew it. Even as I spoke I flopped beside the shoe-box and began drawing forth rubbers. Halfway through the box I pulled out one of mine, and then with dogged perseverance I succeeded in finding the other one behind a trunk. Aunt Dinah, the cook, with more words and bustling than could ever be necessary, found my raincoat and an umbrella; and, struggling with the

one and opening the other, I departed. Lunch and breakfast were not in my curriculum on a late Monday. Good old Aunt Dinah waved a yellow sack from the porch and entreated me to "git yo' lunch whut I done fix yo'," but I ignored her cries and flew down the walk.

How awful was my fix—coming to school late, and this the first morning! Then there were those *creaking new shoes* to announce to everybody that a teacher was late. No one can realize the awfulness of such a situation, unless he has grown up looking forward to the time when he would be a practice teacher and has formed the rules and ideals he would strive for. In the eyes of such as I then was, my being late this morning would nearly ruin my career as a teacher, to say nothing of the immediate unpleasant results. All such anxious thoughts lent wings to my feet. With lapping overshoes and trailing slicker, I sped onward—down Front Street, down St. Denis, on past the courthouse. I had not the courage to look at the big clock. It wouldn't be in Normal time, anyway, I thought. On, on, across muddy short-cuts, through puddles, faster and faster I flew. If only the bell would ring a little late! It had done that once, I remembered. I vaguely wondered why I saw no Model School children going to school for the second period.

By this time I was passing the graveyard, and, glancing across the street, I saw Mr Harvey going in the gate of his boarding house. I chuckled a little to myself. So *one* teacher was late! Misery loves company.

The track was dreadfully muddy—the soft, squashy kind of mud; but I splashed heedlessly through. I could hear Mr. Roy stirring about in his perch above to see what was causing the commotion down there.

I ran on into the stile, and gave it a hard push; then up to the HIII. Model School or cloak-room first? My tired, rubbered feet spoke for the cloak-room, and won; so I raced up the steps and burst against the door. It wouldn't open. I tried again, pushing harder; and then I saw that it was locked! Locked!! What *was* the matter? I could see clearly into Mrs. McVoy's and Mr. Claman's rooms, and there was no one within either. I knew there were classes in both at the first period, too. I was bewildered. Slowly the staggering truth flashed upon me. *It was early, very early, and I was the first pupil at school!* I sank against the door and let the idea soak in. Yes, of course, Mr. Roy had announced that school would take in twenty minutes later this new term, and I had actually, for once in my life, forgotten good news.

A great wave of relief and happiness surged over me. I was on time! I could walk into critique as dignified as the rest, and—joy of joys!—I could leisurely take *off my ribbon* and do my hair as I pleased. I forgot it was raining. For me the sun shone again.

MIRIAM CARVER.

The Snow at Normal

On Monday morn we lay abed
And waited for the bell,
But slow to rise each sleepy head
Until there came a yell.

Then from our beds we scampered fast,
And to the windows flew.
The ground was white with snow at last—
We'd have *some fun*, we knew!

And then the contest was to see
Which one could first get dressed;
But too much haste at work, you see,
Our progress did arrest.

For while we peacefully had slept,
With dreams of lessons planned,
A nymph had to our campus crept—
It changed to fairyland.

The day before the grass was brown;
This morn 'twas glistening white.
The trees with sparkling snow bowed down
Were made so in a night.

And when at last the campus gained,
A merry crowd we played;
From every side the snowballs rained.
We would have longer stayed;

But just as battle hottest raged,
And victory was in view,
"The bell!" (by which school life is gauged)—
And we to breakfast flew.

And then to school we made our way,
With minds ill fit to learn;
For we would fain resume our play,
And not to work return.

MARGARET PICKLES.

Not a Comet, But—

"COME *quick* and see something *awful!*" exclaimed Sunshine, bursting into our room, her eyes as big as saucers, just at the first tap of the nine-thirty bell.

"What in the world is the matter with you, anyhow?" we all three demanded, excitedly; but she had rushed out as suddenly as she had come in.

Inez threw down the cold cream; Ethel, the comb, and I, my Virgil; and we tumbled pell-mell into Sunshine's room, whose window had become the center of attraction.

"O, that's only a balloon which some one has sent up!" said Ethel, in a disgusted tone.

"No, indeed; that isn't a balloon; it looks more like an aeroplane!" exclaimed Inez, somewhat excited.

"I know what it is. Why, it's a Zeppelin! Maybe the Germans have come over to America to throw bombs on us!" ejaculated Anne, wisely.

"That's nothing but a bright star," said Zaidee, our monitor, wishing to restore peace and calm to the building.

"By the way," joined in Gladys Rose, "I read in the paper yesterday about a comet. That must be the one it was speaking of."

"It can't possibly be a comet, for look how it is moving!" cried Elma, who had been watching, but keeping silent all the time.

We all pressed our faces against the window glass, and agreed that the light was moving very slowly up and then down.

"Turn out the light; then we can see it better," advised Jera, one out of the large crowd of girls who had collected in the room.

For a few seconds an uneasy silence pervaded the whole room, but it was suddenly broken by Sunshine saying: "O, I *know* judgment day is coming *sure* enough! For don't you remember that cross we saw around the moon a few nights ago?"

"O, yes! It's in the Bible that when seven nations go to war against each other, the world is coming to an end, or something like that," added Eula.

"What do you know about the Bible? Shakespeare said *that*, you crazy thing!" contradicted Pearl.

"Girls, girls, don't fuss! Maybe the world is really coming to an end," admonished Martha, trying not to look alarmed.

"Please don't talk about judgment day, you scare me to death!" wailed Inez, in a pitiful little voice.

Each of us tried to put on a brave face and talk big; but, nevertheless, all the girls' thoughts were running in the same channel as Sunshine's. I know I had a mighty queer feeling in my heart, and afterwards some of the other girls confessed that they had the same sensation.

As we could not come to any decision, Ethel suggested that we go downstairs, where we could get a better view of it. Anne, seeing some other girls in the hall, called to them: "Have you seen that queer light in the sky?"

"No; what do you call all this?" asked Eleanor and a few other girls in the same breath, who had to follow us to find out for themselves.

The crowd rushed downstairs, and we found the girls on the first floor just as excited over it as we.

"Come on, all of you," said Ethel; "let's go outside on the walk and look at it."

At the suggestion, we, an excited bunch of girls, hurried out, not realizing how much noise we were making.

"I don't see it any more," said Ethel, in a very disappointed tone of voice.

We moved farther out so the trees would not be in our way, and then we saw (what do you suppose?)—*the new light on the tower!* GLADYS LATHAM.

♣ ♣ ♣

Jokes

♣

Mr. Claman (holding up his hand with fingers outstretched): "What does this symbolize?"

Bright Pupil: "A claw!"

Mr. Claman: "O—er—I hope not!"

Louise: "Say, what kind of a car are you going to have when you die?"

Gladys: "Have you gone crazy?"

Louise: "Why, no; I am going to have a Speeder; so that I can outride the devil."

Leon Killen was not at critique one morning, and Miss Graham asked his little sister the following question: "Marguerite, why wasn't Leon at school to-day?"

Marguerite blushed and appeared to be ill at ease, but finally managed to say: "He didn't get up in time this morning; you kept him out too late last night."

Examination Question: "Describe the appearance of an egg one minute old, two hours old, twenty-four hours old, six weeks old."

Betty's Answer: "When an egg is one minute old, it is fresh. The yellow is perfect, and also the white. It is not addled a bit. When two hours old, it begins to get a little addled on one side. Twenty-four hours old, it should be kept on ice. Six weeks old, the egg cannot be used for setting, because it is addled; and if you set it, it may not hatch; and if it does hatch, why, the chickens may not live; and if they do live, they will be frail."

THE FACULTY



"TO-DAY"



"TO-MORROW."


On the Battle Field.
Up the Golden Stair
Unwind Them.
His Just Deserts.
Love Scene
Shorty.
A Letter From—
Fancy Dress Ball
Part Company at Style
This is the Life
Mother Goose Rhymes
Our Mable.
Tennis Friends
Back to the Soil.
Her Confidante.
Lyla—Find Molly.
So Artistic

Jeansonne or 'Lasses?

"HEY, yo', Sam, kom over heah quick! I knows dat whut yo' done been askin' Uncle John erbout. Hurry up, yo' good-fer-nothin' nigger, yo'! I doan see why Mr. Roy ain't done turn yo' off, yo' so *bloomin'*, everlastin' slow." Uncle Alec was gesticulating wildly with his hands.

"What's dat, Uncle Alec; what's dat?" panted Sam, as he ran up.

"I doan orter tell you', yo' sich a slow poke. Hit somfin' I doan keer nuthin' tall erbout, but yo' is sich a gossiping nigger. Well, I knows why de boys calls dat Jeansonne feller 'lasses.'"

"Well, nigger, why doan yo' gwan tell hit an' quit stan'in' thar lack a blockhaid?"

"Well, on co'se ef yo' goner act lack dat now, I jes' ain't gwinter tell yo' nuthin' a tall."

"O, gwan dar, nigger; I doan mean nuttin' nohow."

"Well, quit cher callin' me 'nigger.' Now, I ain't a nigger lack yo'; I'm an observation kind er nigger. Yo' knows that thar Miss Overbey whut teaches here? She had me inter her labatory er-cleanin' up, when all dem dar scholahs kom in thar to 'speriment with dirt. Now y' jes' be still, kase I'm gwinter kom ter hit in eh minit. Dey wuz all er-wuckin', when I seed dat Jeansonne feller slip off fum all de res', en he wuz lookin' so s'picious lack dat I skin my eyesight over dat way; an' d'reckly, when I wuz close by, I heerd him say to hisself: 'That can looks mighty lack hit's got termatoes in it to me.' En rite den an' dar I raises my rite han', an' de debbil hit me if dat ar white man didn't clam rite up dem dar shelves lack er coon wid he dogs atter him, er-hangin' wif bofe feet en dem two white han's uv hissen; an' I tell you, nigger, he wuz a scrumptuous sight er-hangin' thar, so cam an' peaceful, lack er nigger jes' 'fore he gwinter be baptized; but all at once, 'fore I knowed whut he wuz er-doin', he'd yanked dat can er 'maters lack greased lightnin', en wuz clamin' down, when he fell kerplunk, an' dat dar can er 'maters jes' busted wide open. But, nigger, whut does yo' reckin? They wan't no 'maters er tall, but hit wuz de bes'-lookin' blackstrop 'lasses yo' eber laid yo' white eyes on. En dat white man, he jes' set dar, wif dat 'lasses er-runnin' all ober de flo' an' him an' de cheer, jes' erlickin' his lips lack dey done turned ter sugar an' he ain't had nuthin' ter eat fer a month. An' dem dar boys an' gals lack ter wipe dat flo' wid laffin', an' he wuz er ridiculing sight. But he jes' rise up ambiguous lack, when Miss Overbey, she kom in, an' she giv' dat Jeansonne feller a towel, an' he nachelly bawn wiped dat 'lasses up; an' rite den an' dar Mr. Readhimer, he call out: 'Say, 'lasses, how ye lack yo' job?' An' all dem gals jes' went inter coniptions. Yasser, Mr. Davis, I'ser komin' soon as eber I can make dis here low'-down white trash ub er nigger quit pestikatin' me."

KATHRYN BERLY.

Normal Calendar

FALL QUARTER

1. Dormitories open . . . . . September 14, 1914
2. Freshies try to blow out electric lights . . . September 14, 1914
3. Toe the line of registration . . . . . September 15, 1914
4. Exit of those minus song books from the Auditorium . . . . . September 30, 1914
5. Freshies learn that you can't get something for nothing . . . . . September 30, 1914
6. President Roy announces: "Every one can go to the matinée; it's bought and paid for" . . . . . October 12, 1914
7. Faculty leads the way to the circus . . . . October 21, 1914
8. Goldfiish aquarium presented to the school by Mr. Williamson . . . . . November 2, 1914
9. Dean Varnado becomes Dean of women . . November 24, 1914
10. Thanksgiving dinner . . . . . November 25, 1914
11. Salmon episode . . . . . November 27, 1914
12. Faculty and students arrive at Shreveport Fair in box cars . . . . . November 28, 1914
13. Mr. Stopher selects lullaby for Mr. St. Amant . November 29, 1914

WINTER QUARTER

14. Mr. Williamson obtains a true Christmas Carroll . . . . . December 23, 1914
15. Mr. St. Amant and family visit grandmother . December 23, 1914
16. Christmas holidays . . . December 23, 1914, to January 3, 1915
17. Snowballing day . . . . . January 11, 1915
18. Street Fair comes to town . . . . . January 12, 1915
19. Girls' basket ball vs. Mansura . . . . . January 15, 1915
20. Bones announces that he expects to graduate before he dies . . . . . January 19, 1915
21. Lyceum number, Pasquale L. Montanni . . . January 22, 1915
22. Arrival of Rosemary; East Hall prayer meeting . January 23, 1915
23. Mental gymnastics learned from Magician D'Amores . . . . . January 29, 1915
24. Girls' basket-ball game, Alexandria vs. Normal . January 29, 1915

25. Dr. J. C. Hazard, alias Haphazard, becomes member of the Faculty . . . . . January 29, 1915
26. Sundial placed on Academic Court . . . . February 2, 1915
27. Debate, E. L. S. vs. S. A. K. . . . . February 4, 1915
28. Band of parish teachers swoop down on Normal Hill . . . . . February 4, 1915
29. Teachers dine at club; ice cream for lunch . . February 5, 1915
30. Boys' basket ball vs. S. L. I. I. . . . . February 5, 1915
31. Lafayette's goat buried . . . . . February 5, 1915
32. Pericleans bury troubles, plans, and critique in a hose-house . . . . . February 6, 1915
33. Fancy-dress ball . . . . . February 12, 1915
34. Model lunches served in front of the Model School . . . . . February 16, 1915
35. " King Rene's Daughter " presented by Music and Art students . . . . . February 19, 1915
36. May-Queen campaign begins . . . . . February 19, 1915
37. Suffragette's parade . . . . . February 25, 1915
38. Stump speeches and snake dances . . . . February 26, 1915
39. Great election comes off . . . . . February 27, 1915
40. President Roy, alias Claude Ellender, announces at club-meeting
    (1) Girls must push hand cars down track and boys push them up for exercise.
    (2) Girls may entertain their boy friends in the reception room Sunday nights until 10 P.M.
    . . . . . February 28, 1915

SPRING QUARTER

41. Pericleans bid the Normal farewell . . . . . March 4, 1915
42. Normal Lights let their lights shine . . . . March 11, 1915
43. Miss Moore and the Dummy leave on the Doodle . March 13, 1915
44. Debate, E. L. S. vs. M. C. C. . . . . April 16, 1915
45. Ben Greet Players . . . . . April 22, 1915
46. Spring Commencement . . . . . May 27, 1915
47. Every one leaves for home . . . . . May 28, 1915

A Dip into the Future

IT was a beautiful autumn day, and the trees glistened with every hue. I was sitting under the lone pine on Normal Hill, trying in vain to gain an inspiration from nature for the article that our Potpourri editor had asked me to write about the present Normal. First one thought and then another came up in my mind, only to be discarded. Suddenly I was interrupted by a slight rustling in the leaves. At first I supposed it was some girl who was slipping upon me, but I looked about and saw nothing. The rustling continued. Could Cæsar's ghost be molesting me?

At that instant something struck my foot; and, jumping up in fear, I saw what caused the noise. A tiny little woman, dressed all in black, with a queer, pointed hat on her head, stood at my side. I gazed at her in astonishment, and presently she began to speak.

"I am Princess Ivy," she said, "and I have read your thoughts. You wish to write about the present Normal, but why not write about the future Normal? I will help you and give you the rare, wonderful privilege of gazing on the Normal twenty-five years from now."

Speechless with amazement, I could only nod a faltering assent; but, reading my mind again, the fairy continued.

"Close your eyes," she said, softly.

As I obeyed, I had a strange feeling, as though I were drifting far away into the heavens. Then suddenly I seemd to stand still, and there arose before my eyes a cloud, which gradually cleared away, disclosing a scene which was familiar and yet greatly changed. It was the Normal, but how different! There was the Academic Building, and there the Training School, and near the first stood the venerable old columns wreathed in ivy—landmarks of antebellum days. But opposite the Academic Building stood an unfamiliar edifice—a beautiful stone building—and I asked the Princess Ivy what it was.

"That," said the fairy, "is the Science Building."

Then there burst upon the scene a noisy crowd of boys and girls, who were perhaps sons and daughters of former graduates. It appeared to be the first day of school, and here and there happy groups were meeting each other. My eyes followed the crowd, and I was surprised to see them enter three strange dormitories. I turned to Princess Ivy with an inquiring look, and she told me that these new buildings had replaced East Hall, West Hall, and the old Infirmary Building. However, before I could take in the details, the scene shifted, and I recognized the grounds back of the

dairy. A quaint, home-like-looking building, evidently the Infirmary, for a white-capped nurse stood in the doorway, nestled among the pines. Again the scene moved and brought into view the boys' grounds adorned with two splendid dormitories of brick and stone.

The scene then shifted from one place to another, disclosing different views of the campus. Beautiful trees decorated the grounds, and the Training School Building was covered with Virginia creeper. The walks were edged with flowers, and a boulevard, with green oaks and electroliers, led from the east door of the Main Building to the limit of the grounds. At the end of the boulevard stood two immense electroliers, which I soon learned represented the first two graduating classes of two hundred members. A familiar figure walked down the boulevard. It was our President. His hair was gray, but he stepped as quickly and lightly as of yore. He was talking to his companion, and I caught the words: "Twenty-five years ago I did not think that I should live to see the Normal number two thousand students, nor did I think that it would ever be a college Normal."

The sun slowly sank in the west; and as the gorgeous color of the sky faded into beautiful tints of rose and blue, the lights of a hundred electroliers burst forth. Then, borne on the autumn breeze, came the silver tones of the evening bell, and—I awoke from my dozing to find it all a dream and the campus bell was summoning me to my room.

MARY RUTH CONERLY.

The Fete of the Faculty Sprites

IT was a cold night in October. The pines were moaning and bending their large branches toward one another as if confiding some great secret. The walks were covered with brown pine needles, and the grass which grew upon either side was stiff and yellow.

Down one of these walks came Florine, hurrying to her room from the library. She could see the lights from the different buildings shining like great stars, and she said: "What a veritable fairyland the Hill is! I wish some good fairy would teach me to be of exactly the nature that each teacher up here admires, so I could soon have my name among those of the many graduates."

At this, one of the pines gave a very great moan, and several of its needles blew against Florine's face. She began to hurry along; but no matter how fast she walked, a host of pine needles whirled before her, while Dining Hall seemed to sink farther and farther into the piney woods.

Florine's first thought was to run, and she began to suit the action to the thought, but she had gone only a few paces when she heard her name called softly.

Looking quickly around, she caught sight of a tiny creature, in a dark-brown suit and a very elfish cap, perched upon her shoulder. The little creature began speaking in a very sharp, but weak voice: "I heard your wish; and although I cannot grant it exactly, I can give you the opportunity of gaining it by taking you in fairy form with me to a fete. There you will meet the fairy spirit of every Normal teacher, and can then judge for yourself as to what will please or displease each, and—"

"O, do, *please*, and I will promise to be most attentive!" interrupted Florine, joyously.

Now, this little sprite had a motive. As he had not been on the friendliest terms with the other fairies of the Hill lately, he had decided to gain revenge. He would send this mortal to their fete, transformed so that she could hear and understand their secrets. Therefore in one, two, three waves of the wand, Florine found herself, in clothing and size, an exact copy of her companion.

"Come along," said the voice at her side; and Florine followed the fairy.

She was led to a place which she recognized immediately as that part of the campus beneath the great water tank. The fete had begun. Any number of fairies were present, and Florine longed to get among them and hear them chat. The sprite, however, bade her wait behind one of the seven arbor vitæ. At length her patience was repaid. Several fairies, led by one very tiny one, advanced directly toward her tree. Sitting in a circle before her, they plunged into conversation.

The smallest seemed to be the leader of all. He said: "Gentlemen, I have been busy all day trying to get up *all* announcements and correcting *School Ad* papers. My, if the students only knew what an impression they could make with me if they just would compress their wonderful *thoughts* into two pages instead of four, I am sure I would not be so overcrowded much longer! And if they would only agree with every argument I use, how easy everything would be!"

Here the little fairy stopped and heaved a sigh. Florine sighed, too, and said, in a very low voice: "Pointer number one. Thank *you*, *Fairy Boy*."

By this time another fairy was speaking, and Florine became all attention at once.

This one spoke very slowly: "Why, Brother Spirit, you complain for no cause. How would you like to have five lessons a day to prepare and have on your finger tips, have to correct all examinations, and, besides, know all *current events?* If only each student would buy a World's Almanac, and also a Judge—as I was saying, if they would do that and in that way learn a great amount of Civics for themselves and the way to appreciate good jokes, how happy I would be, and how failures would be lessened!"

"My dear brother, you require too much of students. All I would ask is that they answer fifty Physiology and Hygiene questions and never ask for their papers. I would put special emphasis on the last part of that sentence. Surely that would not be hard to do." This came from a very erect little spirit, who always stood with his heels together.

"Why, my, I would not even ask that much," said Spirit Number Three. "I would promise to pass any one who does not *speak* unless *spoken* to, and who can write the reaction between Cu and H_2SO_4."

"Ha, ha! That is a pretty great demand, brother," said a fourth spirit—"especially to hold one's tongue. Why, any student can pass with a grand record in my work if he can put a basket ball into the basket five times out of five."

"Well, well, gentlemen, this will do," said the leader. "We must leave this pleasant place and return to guard our mortal bodies. Already the trysting place is almost deserted."

Within a second Florine was alone. She was in a great hurry to get to her room, in order to jot down in her little memory book all the knowledge she had gained on this October night. Therefore, quickly touching herself with her silver wand, she was once more a mortal, hurrying to her room in Dining Hall.

. . . . . .

Six months had passed before we again saw Florine. This time she was not alone. Crowds and crowds of girls and boys were assembled with her before a tall pine. Each person was trying to see above and beyond the broad shoulders of his neighbor, and from every mouth came the cry: "Is *mine* there?" Florine was congratulating her classmates, as one after another saw that his name was upon the list; but she did not ask the question which trembled upon the lips of so many, for a month before she had been elected Faculty Representative of the spring graduating class. EUNICE LAWES.

Normal Cooks

Who said that school-teachers good homes cannot make?
Normalites prove the best wives men can take,
And most of them all are the ones from our course.
Come on with me now and visit the source.

A is for angel food, some pretty sight.
B is for biscuits, so fluffy and light.
C is for chocolate, we all like to drink.
D is for desserts; you'd like them, I think.
E is for entrées, we serve before dinner.
F is for fondant, our greatest prize winner.
G is for gravy, so rich and so brown.
H is for hermits; we shape them so round.
I is for ice cream, which calls you all here.
J is for jelly, so firm and so clear.
K is for kisses, so free from all germs.
L is for lemon pies, we make by turns.
M is for mayonnaise, pretty and yellow.
N is for nut creams, so rich and so mellow.
O is for omelet; we beat it to swell.
P is for pudding; we make it so well.
Q is for quail, and we serve it on toast.
R is for rarebit, of which we can boast.
S is for salads; of all kinds we make.
T is for Tartar Sauce, which is no fake.
U is for utensils, so clean and so neat.
V is for veal, so juicy and sweet.
W is for Weeks, our dear teacher so fair.
X is for Xerxes, a dessert so rare.
Y is for yeast, and a good bread it makes.
Z is for zeal, and that's just what it takes.

Now that you've seen all the things we can do,
I'm sure you will say that, before we are through,
We can look onward through glasses so rosy,
Knowing that we shall have homes that are cozy.

Potpourri General Information Bureau

Dear Potpourri:

I got my slip this month with the following written on it: "Geometry, History, Chemistry, English." I study all of these subjects, and want to know if that means P Plus for the month. I am a new girl, and feel that there has been some mistake.

"Freshie."

Dear Little New Girl:

You are doing very nicely in your work. We advise you to sit on the front seat in your classes next month, smile, look the teacher in the eye, and laugh at his jokes even if you have to tickle yourself to do it.

☼ ☼

Dear Potpourri:

What is a "Freshie?" New Girl.

Dear Miss New Girl:

A "Freshie" is a certain natural phenomenon of the animal kingdom, individuals of which species make their raw appearance on Normal Hill every three months; but especially do they flock hither at the beginning of the summer quarter. Though it has not been definitely decided, some naturalists contend that this species is related to the giraffe, their belief being based on the unusual length of the neck. Others express the belief that they are closely akin to the chameleon on account of the rapid change of color, under trying circumstances, from green to red and from red to green. They browse about the campus, consuming vast amounts of chaff and furnishing amusement to the enlightened denizens of the place. After a few weeks' existence in this crucible of high-browed culture, some of them take on the aspect of camels, for by humping themselves they reach higher planes and get their desert. Others assume the likeness of crayfish and back rapidly down. By the end of the term they have lost their identity and become *normal* in many ways.

☼ ☼

Dear Potpourri:

How can I obtain a dignified manner so as to keep my hall quiet at night?

Monitor.

Dear Monitor:

Watch Mrs. Price in "A" Building for a few nights, and you will absorb dignity enough.

☼ ☼

Dear Potpourri:

I am very much distressed. I talk so fast in my classes that no one can understand me. Why, when I call the roll, I am on the last name before the third person has a chance to answer, "Here." This annoys me greatly, and I am coming to you, dear friend, to assist me in overcoming this difficulty. Respectfully,

C. C. Whisenhunt.

Dear Mr. Whisenhunt:

I am at a loss to assist you. The only thing I can suggest is for you to call the roll a sufficient number of times for the last person to have time to answer.

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Why have the Normal girls stopped going to the Presbyterian Sunday school?

MR. WHISPERER.

DEAR MR. WHISPERER:

If you stop having spelling matches on books of the Bible (Deuteronomy, etc.), we will come back to Sunday school.

AN ABSENTEE.

o o

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Please tell me how to remove freckles.

BESS J——.

DEAR BESS J——:

Buy one cake of Octagon soap, mix with chloride of lime and sulphuric acid, apply in large quantities, and leave on for a week.

o o

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Please tell me how to make the girls in Dining Hall stop talking during study hour.

MISS VARNADO.

DEAR MISS VARNADO:

The only sure way is to choke 'em.

o o

DEAR POTPOURRI:

How may I cure "blushing?"

MR. CLAMAN.

DEAR MR. CLAMAN:

I recommend your using "whitewash."

o o

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Why do the girls always stop and pat their hair every time they come to a door?

A CURIOUS BOY.

DEAR CURIOUS BOY:

Try it and see.

o o

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Wanted—A remedy for hair which has been rolled up too tight overnight.

Most confidentially, MARY HAYNES.

DEAR MISS HAYNES:

Soak your hair in plaster of Paris every night and hang over the radiator. This is a *sure cure* for too-kinky hair.

o o

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Please tell us how we can sleep until five minutes before the breakfast bell and then get up and be dressed in time for breakfast.

"THE GIRLS WHO WERE THIRTEEN MINUTES LATE ONE DAY."

DEAR "GIRLS WHO WERE THIRTEEN MINUTES LATE ONE DAY:"

You were really in a jam that day, but the old saying is: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR POTPOURRI:

I would like to receive information concerning the lengthening of one's body after he is full grown. I am so short that I am really annoyed when I go to the picture show, as I can never see over the person in front of me. H. L. PRATHER.

DEAR MR. PRATHER:

Here are some exercises that might aid you in adding a few inches to your height: Catch hold of two ropes suspended from the ceiling, and have them drawn up until you are about one foot from the floor. Then tie a five-pound weight to each ankle and drop them on the floor. Repeat one hundred times three times a day, after each meal. I will assure you that in four years' time you will have added at least one-eighth of an inch to your height.

☼ ☼

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Please give us muscular movement, so that we can pass in writing.

NORMAL LIGHTS.

DEAR NORMAL LIGHTS:

Smile at Mr. South.

☼ ☼

DEAR POTPOURRI:

We are desirous of tinting our hair a beautiful shade of red. At present our hair is coal black or light; but since red is so fashionable, we would like to get the recipe.

Lovingly, VERA ABBETT, HILDA MOODY, NOELIE BODIN.

DEAR GIRLS:

First, you must remove every bit of the brown from your hair. To do this, wash it in a mixture of chlorine and peroxide every night for three weeks. This will turn your hair white. After this, upon receipt of stamped envelopes, we will send you the address of a company and sample cards of theirs showing the fashionable shades of red.

☼ ☼

DEAR POTPOURRI:

Please tell me why my mouth has lost its Cupid's bow. NORMAL GRADUATE.

DEAR NORMAL GRADUATE:

The reason why your mouth has lost its Cupid's bow is because, since leaving the Normal, you do not have to say, "Pass the prunes" and "Prove the prisms."

☼ ☼

DEAR POTPOURRI:

My best is coming all the way from Dakota to see me. Will you please tell me how to get on the good side of Miss Varnado, so that she will let me have the reception room without a chaperone? L. W. W.

DEAR L. W. W.:

Follow these instructions, and you will have no trouble in gaining Miss Varnado's favor: Wear high-top shoes all winter; take your parasol and wear your rubbers and raincoat to school when it is the least bit cloudy; lace your middy to the neck; get to breakfast on time every morning; do not loiter in the hall and talk to boys; then march up to Miss Varnado and tell her that your mother's sister's best friend's son is coming, and she will gladly consent to turn the reception-room entirely over to you.

Dear Potpourri:

Would you be so kind as to tell me why my application to the Matrimonial Bureau has received no consideration? Yours very truly, Samuel Clayman.

Dear Mr. Clayman:

By investigation we have found that your application was considered. But on account of its unheard-of requirements, no one with all of the qualifications has been found. At one time the Secretary, Mr. St. Amant, found a person who, according to all appearances, seemed O.K., but upon further investigation, it was discovered that, although thoroughly domesticated, she was unfamiliar with literature and had an ear for "rag-time" music only. Another very promising candidate met the requirements of being versed in literature and having a love for the music of the great masters, but she was ignorant of the art of dishwashing. We, therefore, advise that you strike out one or two requirements from your application, and we assure you that you will be successful.



A Word of Thanks

We extend our thanks
to the entire Faculty and Student Body
for their
co-operation in our work;
to the following
persons, who,
though not on the Staff,
have helped us in many ways:
Camille Taylor,
Norma Wooten,
Ethel Bailey,
Cleo Vaughn,
Leta Alford,
Ella Clark;
and especially to
Fannie White
and
Anna Dornon
for the
splendid work they have done
for Potpourri.

The Staff.

Epilogue

Come, come, come,
  Let us thank thee, Fairy Queen,
For helping us to make
  Our Potpourri to mean:

A mixture of everything
  We have loved and thought of here,
A medley of mem'ries glad,
  A medley of mem'ries dear.

Elmira Montgomery.



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Cash on hand and in banks	$161,869.29	
Demand loans on cotton	5,459.34	
Other call loans	30,128.00	$200,456.71
Loans and discounts		588,916.00
Overdrafts		71.45
Stocks, bonds, and securities		77,397.40
Banking house furniture and fixtures		8,160.00
TOTAL		$825,522.18

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS		
Demand	$186,736.30	
Time	140,208.71	
Dividends unpaid	4,852.00	$331,827.01
Reserve accounts		1,113.41
Capital	80,000.00	
Surplus	20,000.00	
Undivided profits, net	25,802.46	
Profits on other real estate	6,779.30	132,581.76
Bills payable		50,000.00
TOTAL		$825,522.18

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